

August :: Ten Cents

Chatelaine



In This Issue:

Famous Canadian Portrait Painters Discuss
What Makes a Woman Beautiful



Chatelaine

"Mistress of her Castle"

This magazine is equipped to serve the chatelaines of Canada with authoritative information on housekeeping, child care, beauty and fashions, and with entertaining fiction and articles of national interest.

TORONTO, ONTARIO



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IN HOLIDAY MOOD

TEN TO ONE you're reading this issue on the verandah couch at your holiday home, or down on the beach somewhere. For it's holiday weather and therefore no time for serious problems. The August *Chatelaine* has been planned with one thought—to add to the pleasure of your mood.

The girl on the cover was the first thought. She's sun-tanned with the August bloom that wise damsels know how to attain. She's vital with the out-of-doors beauty of the summer months, and was painted for us by Alan Wilson.

Yet what is it that makes her beautiful? Would all artists agree on her charm? The question led to a pilgrimage to the studios of six famous Canadian portrait painters. Edward Dix, the Toronto writer, made the visits with an enquiring mind and a quick pencil and has brought you in this issue the ideas of such men as E. Wyly Grier, Kenneth Forbes, John Russell, Allan Barr and others. And while the article is designed for your holiday mood, it is crammed with ideas that every woman can benefit from in building her own impression of beauty.

Beryl Gray, one of our favorite authors, to judge by the fan mail that appears in the weeks after the publishing of a new story, brings one of those tales that could only be written of Canada. Miss Gray, whose home is in Vancouver, in "The Black Siberians" tells the dramatic story of a little Vancouver office worker, who marries a romantic new Canadian and is taken to his strange and unfathomable family of Russians in northern British Columbia. There's so much of this enthralling romance in the clashing personalities of our own land—and yet so few writers set it down!

Allan Swinton, the Canadian writer, whose name is known in all the big magazines in England, America and Canada, brings a new twist to the old triangle theme of a beautiful woman, her handsome husband—and the other man who thought he knew what she really wanted. "The Best in Life," is a story that will find a sympathetic understanding in the minds of the majority of wives.

"Fond Affection" comes from Nova Scotia and the Bay of Fundy shores where Martha Banning Thomas writes her romantic fiction in the most romantic setting in the world. Only this time she used the material she gained in her recent sojourn in California to tell a tale of the movie world, and of a shy, gentle girl who came into the lives of two movie stars, the hero and heroine of many hits.

IF MEN knew why women married them, they'd be surprised. Somebody made this provocative statement at a routine meeting of the Ladies' Aid, and one by one the members began recalling just why they had married the particular man they did. One plump little person remembered vividly that her burning ambition had been to learn to dance—and she had believed her husband would teach her. Now she was middle-aged, her family grown-up and her husband wedded to his armchair and slippers. Yet why should she not fulfill her lifelong ambition—just because life had cheated her of it? Would she be utterly ridiculous? Would her husband help her? What would the neighbors say? On this theme Isabel Campbell has written one of those tenderly human stories that few of us can resist. It's "Dancing Mothers."

Next month will bring a dramatic article from Nellie McClung, now of Victoria—"Should Women Preach?" Mrs. McClung tells the story of how near to settlement the ordination of women came in the United Church of Canada in 1928 with the proposed ordination of Miss Lydia Gruchy. She believes that much of the failure of this plan should be attributed to the indifference of women.

This summer the ordination of Miss Gruchy is coming up again at the Assembly. What will happen this time? Women everywhere should consider it a vital problem.

Byrne Hope Sanders.

CONTENTS, AUGUST, 1934

Volume VII. -- Number 8.

FICTION

Dancing Mothers (short story)	Isabel J. Campbell	3
Second Rate Actress (short story) ..	Ann Morse	8
The Black Siberians (short story) ...	Beryl Gray	10
The Best in Life (short story)	Allan Swinton	12
Fond Affection (short story)	Martha Banning Thomas	14

GENERAL ARTICLES

Editorial	1
What Makes a Woman Beautiful? .. Edward Dix	6
Is Love a Disease of the Liver?	
..... Christine Anderson	18
The Last Word	68

BEAUTY CULTURE

In the Headlines	Nora Whitton	27
Summer Notes About Beauty	Annabelle Lee	28
Fashion Shorts	Kay Murphy	30

THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

The Chatelaine House	46	
Jams and Jellies	Helen G. Campbell	48
Cold Plates	M. Frances Hucks	50
Meals of the Month	M. Frances Hucks	52
CHATELAINE PATTERNS	64	

CHILDREN'S FEATURE

A Cut-out for the Children	62
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THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2, CANADA
JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Chairman of the Board.
H. T. HUNTER, President.

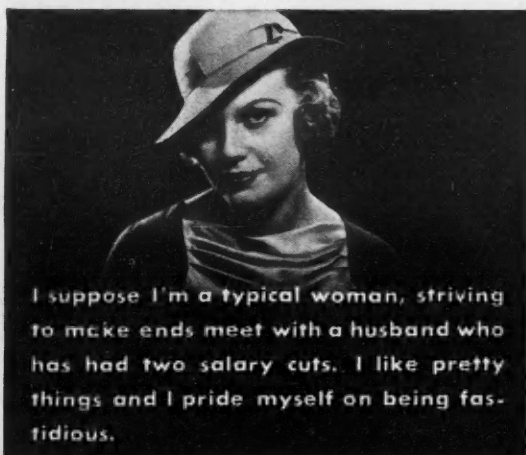
H. V. TYRRELL, Vice-President and General Manager.

Publishers of: *Chatelaine*, *Maclean's Magazine*, *Canadian Homes and Gardens*, *Mayfair*, *The Financial Post*, *Hardware and Metal*, *Canadian Paint and Varnish Magazine*, *Sanitary Engineer*, *Canadian Grocer*, *Drug Merchandise*, *Dry Goods and Stylewear Review*, *Men's Wear Merchandise*, *Bookseller and Stationer*, *The General Merchant of Canada*, *Canadian Hotel Review and Restaurant*, *Canadian Machinery and Manufacturing News*, *Modern Power and Engineering*, *Canadian Trade Abroad*, *Industrial Opportunities in Canada*, *Canadian Printer and Publisher*, *Canadian Advertising*, *Canadian Automotive Trade*, *Bus and Truck Transport in Canada*.
BRANCH OFFICES: 1070 Bleury St., Montreal; 420 Lexington Ave., New York; 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 621 Monarch Bldg., San Francisco; England, The MacLean Company of Great Britain, Limited, Sun of Canada Bldg., 2 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1. Telephone, Whitehall 6642. Telegraph, Atabek, Lesquare, London.—SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: in Canada, Great Britain and British Possessions, \$1.00 per year; United States, Mexico, Central and South America, France and Spain, \$1.50; other countries, \$2.00 per year. Single copies 10c. Copyright, 1934, by The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited. Registered in Canadian Patent and Copyright Office. Registered in United States Patent Office.

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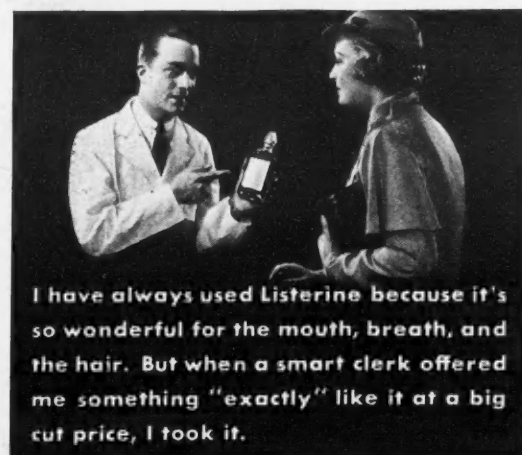
The story of a typical woman troubled with a very common but not-very-nice complaint



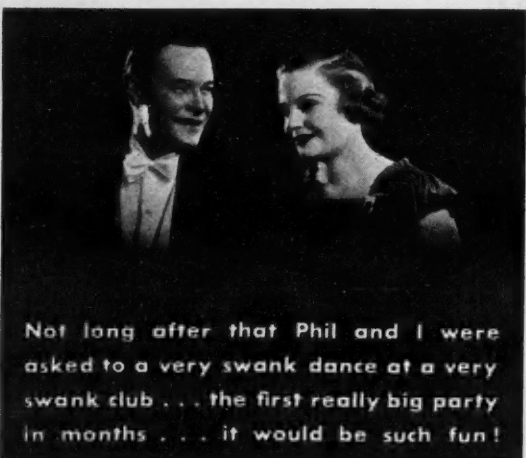
I suppose I'm a typical woman, striving to make ends meet with a husband who has had two salary cuts. I like pretty things and I pride myself on being fastidious.



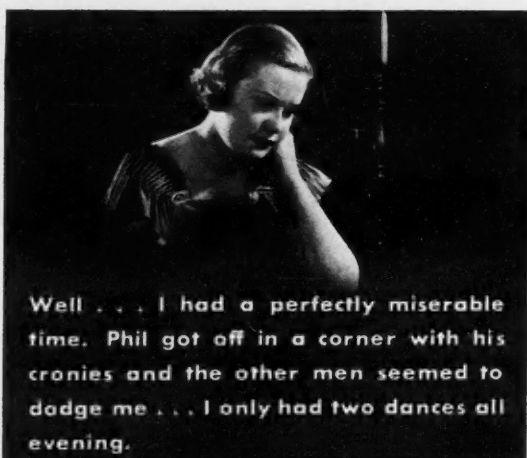
Phil stepped on me pretty hard on my last month's bills and I started the new month with a determination to save money.



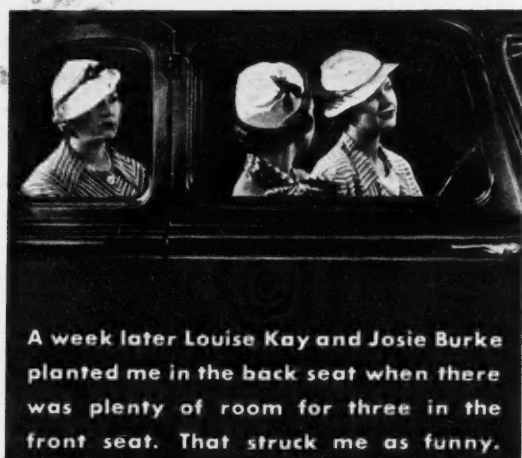
I have always used Listerine because it's so wonderful for the mouth, breath, and the hair. But when a smart clerk offered me something "exactly" like it at a big cut price, I took it.



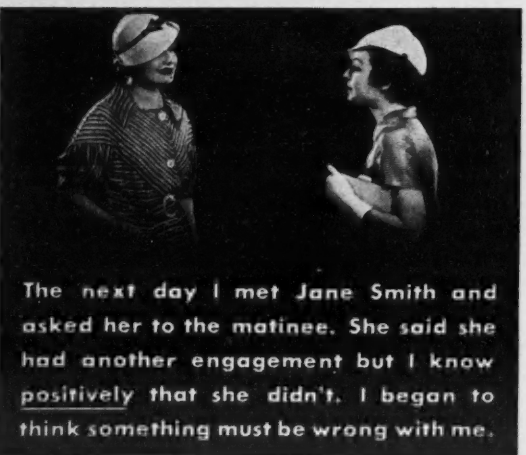
Not long after that Phil and I were asked to a very swank dance at a very swank club . . . the first really big party in months . . . it would be such fun!



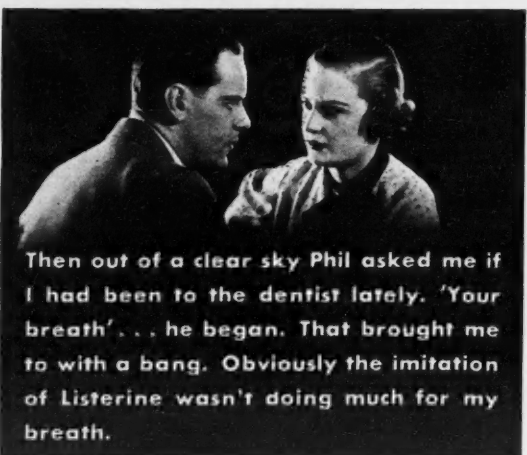
Well . . . I had a perfectly miserable time. Phil got off in a corner with his cronies and the other men seemed to dodge me . . . I only had two dances all evening.



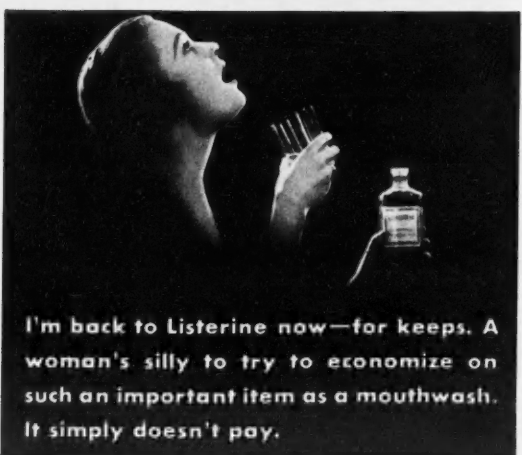
A week later Louise Kay and Josie Burke planted me in the back seat when there was plenty of room for three in the front seat. That struck me as funny.



The next day I met Jane Smith and asked her to the matinee. She said she had another engagement but I know positively that she didn't. I began to think something must be wrong with me.



Then out of a clear sky Phil asked me if I had been to the dentist lately. 'Your breath' . . . he began. That brought me to with a bang. Obviously the imitation of Listerine wasn't doing much for my breath.



I'm back to Listerine now—for keeps. A woman's silly to try to economize on such an important item as a mouthwash. It simply doesn't pay.

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Use it before social engagements to check Halitosis (BAD BREATH)

Dancing Mothers

by ISABEL CAMPBELL



With insubordinate mutterings,
Mary slammed the door.

"If men knew the reasons why women
marry them, they'd be surprised—"

IF MEN knew the reasons why women marry them, they'd be surprised."

This definite statement caught the ears of the members of St. James's Guild in one of those lulls in the conversation that make even the most innocuous of statements appear significant. In confusion, Mrs. Springer bit a thread from the bedspread she was embroidering, and endeavored to evade fourteen pairs of questioning eyes. The Reverend Mr. Beatty ran a finger around the inside of a white collar that divided his round red face from his round black waistcoat and gave a hearty laugh. Being the only man present and being a bachelor, he felt that the occasion demanded levity.

Not so the ladies. They stared at Mrs. Springer and waited for her to stop biting on the thread. She finished off all the loose ends with her small teeth and spreading the delicate, snowy linen coverlet on her dark blue silk lap, smoothed it with brown, work-roughened fingers. When she finally raised her eyes, she saw that she was in for it and gave a deprecatory laugh.

"I didn't expect to be heard by everybody," she half apologized. "I was just talking to Mrs. Armhurst here, and everybody stopped talking all at once."

Mrs. Armhurst, sitting next to her, billowed merrily in her large chair. She leaned forward and patted the thin wiry little woman beside her with a pudgy hand.

"You're right," she chuckled, "they'd be surprised all right. I married Burt because he laughed so loud. Now he

has dyspepsia because I'm such a good cook and growls from morning to night."

She collapsed back in her chair and shook with little laughs that spread down her corpulent figure like rings from a stone tossed into a pool. Fourteen chairs edged into a closer ring and from the outskirts where he hovered anxiously like a curious pouter pigeon, the Reverend Mr. Beatty realized that his ladies, by some peculiar feminine alchemy which he never understood but which he had come to accept philosophically, had changed from decorous middle-aged members of the church into females of the deepest dye, ready—even anxious—to discuss their most intimate secrets with the most cold-blooded detachment.

If they were going to tell why they married their men, it was no place for a bachelor. He took himself off.

When his hostess came back from the front door, she edged herself into the circle. Mrs. Armhurst was still laughing at the good joke she had played on Burt, and which he, in turn, had played on her. Mrs. Springer had folded up her sewing, laid it away in the bag which hung from the arm of her chair and was sitting upright with a nervous intensity oddly at variance with the tired lines across her forehead and around her grey eyes. The conversation was now out of her hands. With that sudden access of intimacy that strikes women from time to time, they leaned forward, each anxious to tell why she had married her husband.

"I married Tom," said Mrs. Bailey, "because he was an architect and I wanted him to build me a house."

"Did you get it?" demanded young Mrs. Van Brock, the bride of the group.

"I did," replied Mrs. Bailey firmly. "In fact, I got three. We're going to move into the fourth one next year." She snapped the catch of her purse with a definite click.

"I married Henry because I wanted children," announced gentle Mrs. Tollefsen. "He was such a handsome big man, perfect physically in every respect, except that he wore glasses."

"And now you have six," snapped Mrs. Bailey, who, for all her three—going on four—houses, had no offspring.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Tollefsen, "and they all wear glasses." This appealed to Mrs. Armhurst as inordinately funny. She rippled and rolled in her chair.

"I married Luther because he was funny," said sad-faced Mrs. Cartwright. "He kept me roaring all the time we were engaged." She twisted the wedding ring on her long finger.

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● It's the smart thing nowadays to have picnics without work. They are called picnics à la Heinz because the Heinz Shelf provides most of the food needed for a joyous, satisfying, outdoor meal. You simply fill the hamper with Heinz delicious picnic-makers, add a loaf or two of fresh bread and . . . away you go!

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"What time is the dance?" she asked, as she sliced the cold roast and laid circles of pink beef on a platter.

"Nine o'clock," said Jo, wriggling with excitement. Her mother smiled. "You'll have plenty of time. While you're waiting, you can set the table for me."

Jo slid from the stool and edged toward the door. "I haven't time. I've got to manicure my nails."

Without turning her head, Mrs. Springer said in a quiet voice:

"Set the table."

Recognizing what the family called her "no-argument voice," Jo went into the dining room and proceeded to do as she was told.

While Mrs. Springer was mixing biscuits the front door banged, what sounded like twenty pair of hob-nailed shoes marched down the hall, a deep voice shouted: "Tenshon, right face, forward, march!" The door was kicked open and two boys in Scout uniforms marched into the kitchen.

"Company, halt!" Feet banged on the floor.

Dick, and he, who was known erroneously as "little Ralph," were home.

"Mom," said sixteen-year-old Dick, "I forgot to tell you. We're going on a week-end hike with the troop and we've got to have enough food for tonight, tomorrow, that's Saturday, and Sunday morning. We'll be home in time for church."

"You should have told me earlier," said his mother. "I know it but I forgot."

"Well, there's a ham in the refrigerator. Get it out and slice it. There's bread in the bread-box." She nodded in the direction with her head because her hands were covered with flour. "Ralph, you get some eggs and a box of bacon, and under there," she pointed with her head again toward the cabinet, "you'll find apples and bananas." Dick went after the ham, Ralph, with a lunge toward the cabinet, began jerking at the door which caught. Impatiently, with overgrown strength, he yanked. The catch broke, the door flew open, and several screws and a spring fell to the floor. On his hands and knees, he gathered up enough fruit to feed several troops and started toward the breakfast room.

Mrs. Springer patted out her biscuits and began cutting them into neat circles with quick jabs of her biscuit cutter.

"Get a hammer and fix that catch," she said.

"Oh, mom, I haven't got time."

"Get a hammer!"

"Oh, gee," cried the impatient boy, but depositing his fruit on table and chairs, he procured a hammer, and with furious bangs and a great many expletives, finally put the broken catch back on again.

"Haste makes—"

"Waste!" shouted the boys in unison, and clattered away to gather up their equipment.

A smile twitched at the corner of Mrs. Springer's mouth as she slid her pan of biscuits into the hot oven.

"A firm hand and a level head," she said to herself, "and lots of patience." She was fond of thus summing things up. Jo rushed in from the dining room.

"Papa just called from the study and said he wanted a pitcher of orange juice for supper. He says winter's coming and he's going to begin his orange juice early so he won't have bronchitis." The dread word caused a slight spasm of Mrs. Springer's heart, though she answered calmly enough.

"He hasn't had bronchitis in five years, but if it's orange juice that does it, he can have it. Get six oranges from the cabinet there and fix them."

"There aren't any here," said Jo, her head in the cupboard. "The boys took them all."

"Go down cellar and get some," said her mother, "and while you're down there, fetch a jar of watermelon preserves. We can begin eating them now."

Jo danced up and down in the middle of the kitchen. "Make Mary do it, mother. I've got to dress."

A level glance sent her downstairs in a hurry. Thus, in the midst of turmoil and confusion, Mrs. Springer went her apparently placid way. But the telltale lines on forehead and around eyes, the tight mouth, the grooves from nose to chin, the thin, wiry, quick-moving body told their story. Only at the price of nervous energy and constant control were peace and order kept.

She took a big green glass orange reamer from a drawer and when Jo came running up the stairs with her arms full, she said: "Run along now and get dressed."

When Jo was halfway through the door, she heard her mother say: "Forty-five."

Jo turned back. "Forty-five," she cried. "there are not that many in the basement."

"Run along," said her mother, "I wasn't talking to you."

Jo's black eyes danced. [Continued on page 44]

"But I'm a little tired of his jokes after twenty years."

One by one they told their stories, while Mrs. Armhurst punctuated their remarks with spasmodic chuckles like the exhaust from an old car.

"Why did you marry, Mrs. Eidenburg?" demanded Mrs. Bailey, who always assumed the chair in the absence of a definitely appointed chairman.

Mrs. Eidenburg laughed oddly. "It was this way," she explained. "Mark and I were students together in the university. We worked next to each other in the biological laboratory. When I found that he had a scholarship to go to Mexico to collect Gila monsters I just couldn't resist him. So I married him and we went to Mexico on our honeymoon. It was perfect." She sighed a little and her eyes strayed to the window with a far-away look in them.

"Well, go on," prompted Mrs. Bailey, "what then?"

Mrs. Eidenburg drew her eyes back. "It's funny, isn't it," she demanded, "how things turn out. Mark sort of lost interest in Gila monsters and made up his mind to write his thesis on snakes. After we came back to the university, he spent the next five years counting the scales on snakes' backs. It ruined his eyes."

Mrs. Bailey nodded grimly. "Yes," she agreed, "it's funny how things never turn out just the way you expect." She turned to Mrs. Springer who had started all this.

"Why did you marry?"

Mrs. Springer sat upright in her chair with the poised mobility of a small, wary bird. With one of her rough fingers she smoothed a strand of fair silky hair into place. Into her large, alert grey eyes stole a dreamy softness.

"You'd never suspect it," she said in her crisp, birdlike little voice. "I married Ralph because I wanted to learn how to dance."

Mrs. Van Brock, the bride, laughed right out loud.

"You women are just razzing your own show," she said confidently. "I don't believe one of you. There's only one reason for marrying, and that—a flush crept up her soft young face—"that's love."

"You're right, my dear," said Mrs. Springer, the softness still in her eyes, "but there are reasons for love." She spread her hands before them. "You'd never believe it now, but when I was in college I used to play the piano." She moved her stiffened fingers. "I couldn't do it now, but I used to play the piano in the school dance orchestra. I paid my way through school that way. So I didn't get to go to any of the dances. . . . though I was popular enough," she added with a touch of feminine pride.

Mrs. Armhurst nodded. "You were a pretty girl, Mary."

Mrs. Springer went on with her story. "Ralph came to all the dances." She turned to her neighbor. "You know how big he is and how he seemed to dominate."

Mrs. Armhurst nodded again. "But he was thin then," she amended.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Springer, "he was thin then and he had lots of black hair—he still has—and his face was nice and red and he was strong and hearty, and when he danced he used to tuck his girl under his arm like a football and gallop down the floor. I played so much I could do it without looking at the keys, and I used to watch him and laugh every time he laughed. I tell you I used to envy those girls he danced with, and right then and there I made up my mind that I would marry him and learn to dance."

Mrs. Van Brock leaned forward. "And did you?" she asked eagerly.

"I married him," said Mrs. Springer.

"But you didn't learn to dance?"

"No."

Mrs. Armhurst explained. "Mary and Jo and Dick and little Ralph."

"Four children," said Mrs. Springer, "right in a row. And then Ralph—big Ralph, my husband—used to have bronchitis every winter, and we didn't have much money, you know—a professor is never rich—and I had lots to do, and on week-ends, we always drove to the mountains to pick up rocks, and what with one thing and another. . . ."

her voice trailed off.

"And now you're too old," said young Mrs. Van Brock tactlessly.

Mrs. Springer gave her a quick glance. "I'm only forty-five," she said crisply.

Mrs. Van Brock blushed. "I—I didn't mean," she stammered.

Mrs. Springer relented. "Of course, my dear," she said kindly. "I know what you mean. Forty-five seems ancient to twenty. Mary, my oldest girl is just your age, but it doesn't seem old when you're forty-five."

Mrs. Van Brock had not the wit to keep still. Intent only on vindicating herself she said:

"I didn't mean that you couldn't learn to dance now, but that you probably wouldn't enjoy it."

Mrs. Springer drew her brows together and squinted her eyes speculatively. After a moment she set her lips stubbornly, though she said nothing.

Mrs. Armhurst, watching her, began to chuckle again. "Don't start anything, young woman," she advised. "You don't know Mary like I do. If she makes up her mind she is going to learn to dance, she will, and if she makes up her mind she is going to enjoy it, she'll enjoy it all right."

"Well, why don't you?" persisted the bride, who was young enough to believe that all-middle-aged people are hopelessly frustrated. "Why don't you come to the Saturday night dances at the Faculty Club?"

Mrs. Springer blushed. "I—I couldn't," she protested.

"I don't know how, and everyone else, who goes there, does."

"But," argued the young woman, "there are lots of people just like you on the Faculty and they have formed a class on Friday nights. Mr. Kotchke, or Hotcha, or something like that, teaches them."

"I don't know. . . . my husband. . . ."

Mrs. Armhurst heaved herself up. "My, my, it's five o'clock. I must go home and get supper. Any of you ladies going my way?"

SEVERAL OF them went her way in her car but Mary Springer preferred to walk. During her walk home through the tree-lined streets, her quick eyes noted automatically the fact that the Watermans had already covered their lawn with manure. She sniffed the air, recognizing the smell of coming frost. And the Jackson boy was in the garage in overalls, washing the storm windows.

"Winter's coming," she thought as she turned in at her own walk. And as she opened the front door of the small bungalow on which the last payment had been made that very year, and which was undoubtedly now the property of the Springer family, she thought "Forty-five."

She did not have time to think of herself after that, for once in the house she ceased to be a woman and became a mother.

"Mamma," cried young Mary from the bathroom above the sound of rushing water, "bring me a clean bath towel; I forgot to get one."

"You always do," answered her mother, "get it yourself."

The girl rushed out of the bathroom clad only in knickers and brassiere. "Go back this instant," commanded Mrs. Springer firmly, "and put on your kimona."

"Oh, dear," cried the girl, "I'm going to a dance tonight and I'm in a hurry." Nevertheless, she dashed back for her kimona and then clad in a scanty bit of pink silk, rushed down the hall to the linen closet and grabbed a towel.

Changing from her best silk to a housedress, Mrs. Springer called after her: "Come back and shut the linen closet door."

With insubordinate mutterings, Mary dashed back a second time and slammed the door shut. Tying an apron about her waist, Mrs. Springer went into the kitchen. Her younger girl, Jo, followed her and perched on a high stool.

"Mom," she cried excitedly, "make Mary hurry. I've got to dress, too."

Mrs. Springer looked fondly at the girl, her thick dark hair tumbled over her high-colored face just as big Ralph's had done in the old days, when they first met.

Illustrated by H. E. Eldridge

"You're a mean, selfish, stubborn old man" she cried and ran from the room.





Diana Wynyard, Madeleine Carroll, Katharine Cornell, Marlene Dietrich and Edna Carver, "the most pictured girl in America," are interesting contrasts.



Woman Beautiful?

by EDWARD DIX

and our modern art—and a pretty girl becomes a chic girl, a surprised-looking girl, a brazen girl instead of the softly attractive girl that nature intended her to be."

"But you're telling me what makes a woman not beautiful, Mr. Grier," I interrupted. "What I'd like is—"

"What makes her beautiful? Well, every healthy-minded girl who does not disfigure herself is pretty sure to have a definite kind of beauty. Attractiveness is so nearly akin to beauty that it causes in the mind of the male who is attracted the one thought that the girl is beautiful."

"Character, now, has more to do with the beautifying of the face than anything which art can introduce. And there must also be naturalness. I mean by that, that the pensive type of woman is out of place when she tries to appear vivacious in the same way that the vivacious type is out of place when she tries to appear pensive."

I asked Mr. Grier who, among many, he considered was the most beautiful woman to have been painted by him. He replied unhesitatingly with a movement of his hand toward the far corner of the studio.

There was Mr. Grier's "La Poudreuse" in evening dress, contemplating herself in her mirror.

"I think this one," he replied.

"La Poudreuse," was lovely.

"Observe that long line from the point of the chin to where it meets the neck," said Mr. Grier. "That is a point of beauty—a very definite feature of classical beauty. It was much stressed upon by Rossetti, the artist and poet, and by all the artists of the Grosvenor Gallery school."

"The Greeks are the ones who showed us in art the most beautiful women," he said as we turned away from "La Poudreuse." "As far as the proportions and general conformation of the face are concerned, the Greeks excelled the arts of all nations in all periods. Sheer beauty was established by the Greeks, though, I suppose, the Chinese and the Japanese won't agree."

JOHN RUSSELL, in his studio at the Russell School of Fine Arts, warmed up to my subject in a way that I had scarcely hoped to expect and launched immediately into his

theory that the more civilized we become the more we are apt to see our stature diminishing and our physical make-up changing to its disadvantage.

"Men and women who come into close contact with civilization tend to become diminutive. They're packed into too small areas; they're too circumscribed," he asserted.

And thereby they lose, according to this painter, what he considers one of the attributes of beauty and perhaps its most important—physical perfection.

"Where would you find the most physically perfect people?" I asked him.

"Among the people. All physical beauty has come out of the masses."

"Do you mean an athletic beauty?"

"Yes. Take the Norse people—the Scandinavians. Their bodies are most perfect. They have the greatest stamina. They have the finest complexions. Some of their blonde women are among the most beautiful I know."

"And character?" I asked.

"All finely developed people usually have a good deal of character," he replied.

"So the beautiful woman must have both physical perfection and character?"

"Decidedly—and charm."

"And what is charm?"

Mr. Russell hesitated. But then every artist had hesitated here.

"Charm to the artist is form and color and movement and line . . ."

"And why do you say that the physically perfect comes from the masses?" I asked.

For answer Mr. Russell showed me reproductions of some of his well-known nudes.

"This one, now," he said, pointing to his nude of the Exposition des Beaux Arts in Paris in 1927, "she was a Breton peasant girl. This one was Danish and of the same class. This one was also a French peasant girl. And look at them. They're all physically perfect."

"Take all these women who attracted painters," he continued. "Take, for instance, Lady Hamilton. Why was

she beautiful? Because she was vivacious, natural, winsome; because she had what appealed to every painter. There, again, she was the peasant girl type. She was illiterate. She was coarse. Yet she swayed Europe. She had everything to give and nothing to lose."

ARCHIBALD BARNES, however, when it came to his turn, wouldn't be drawn out at first. Mr. Barnes is deliberate, reserved, polished, and not inclined to be over-enthusiastic.

Beauty was something indescribable. One had to remember that there were many types of beauty, many dark and fair women and he had painted them all. Charm?—A combination of color and line? Well, yes, you might put it that way but—

"May I show you this?" he said. It was a photograph of his portrait of Mrs. Harold Murphy.

"She is dark—and she is beautiful," said Mr. Barnes. "Look at that finely modelled head."

He walked across the room to his easel.

"And this one which I have just finished," he began—and showed me Miss Allison.

Miss Allison is sitting against a Gainsborough background, with just enough sky and light in a corner to give an impression of a fine summer day—and she is very fresh and young and blonde.

"Look at her eyes, her mouth, her nose—*gamine*, you might call it; her expression; yes, I think she, too, is beautiful," said Mr. Barnes simply.

And somehow there seemed no need for definitions.

Nor could Allan Barr say why he believed that his portrait of Mrs. Alleyne Sutherland [Continued on page 30]

Which seems to you most beautiful—and why? Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Lady Diana Manners, Fay Wray or Katherine Hepburn?

—Camera portrait by Hugh Cecil.

What Makes a

An interview with famous Canadian portrait painters

THINK FOR a moment of all those portraits of beautiful women that hang in the museums and galleries of the world.

Think of the famous artists who were inspired by the beauty of these women and made them immortal by art—Velasquez and Rembrandt and Romney and Gainsborough and Reynolds down to Lavery in our own day—an imposing list.

Think of these beautiful and celebrated ladies themselves—Lady Hamilton, for instance, and Mrs. Siddons and Madame Recamier and Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, and the "Mirror of Venus."

Then come down to our own times and consider feminine beauty as the modern stage and screen display it—the Ziegfeld Follies, or a "Scandals" chorus, or Mae West, or Anna Sten, or Greta Garbo, or any of the Miss Americas for the last ten years. The effect, you must admit, is apt to be rather dazzling. You just sit back and admire; it's best not to question too closely. People who ought to know what beauty in a woman is say that these women are beautiful, and apparently that's all there is to it. You who have no aptitude to analyze beauty—and who wants to take beauty to pieces, anyway?—don't trouble to ask yourself what it is that makes them beautiful.

But supposing, just for a change, that you did. Supposing that you asked yourself such questions as these:

"Why are they beautiful?"

"What makes them beautiful?"

"What makes their beauty effective?"

Then you might as well be prepared from the start for a lot of trouble. I know, because for two whole weeks I went around the studios of some of the most prominent of our

Canadian portrait painters—I thought they ought to know—and asked them point-blank:

"What is a beautiful woman?"

From the queer way they looked at me at first I might have been pronouncing the unforgivable heresy in art. There was in their look a mixture of curiosity and compassion. Only when I insisted that I was really in earnest did they become serious. Then they frowned, they stammered, they went into an attitude of profound thought, slipping out of it to talk of the weather and dragging themselves back. Then at last they would smile. Honesty would shine in their faces. They had the answer. Out it came.

"I don't know."

"You don't know!" I'd exclaim.

"Well, there are so many things to be taken into consideration—charm, for instance; and character; and color; and line; and movement. Oh, it's something indescribable!"

"But would you know a beautiful woman when you saw her?"

"Oh, yes—surely." This with conviction.

"Take Lady Hamilton, now," I would say. "What made her so attractive to Romney?"

"Oh, Lady Hamilton. Well . . ."

And with that I'd have to go to another portrait painter to hear some more about charm and character and color and movement and line.

"Look here," I'd tell him, "you know the Venus de Milo, don't you? Isn't she the standard of ideal feminine beauty—height five feet four inches, bust thirty-seven inches, hips thirty-eight, waist twenty-six? . . ." and so on, because I had looked it all up before.

"Yes, but in painting I don't think we have any such definite standards or rules," would be the reply. "There are all types of beautiful women—blondes and brunettes and red-haired ones—and they're all beautiful according to their type. You're trying to ask me to give you a definition of beauty which the world has been trying to do for years. It's impossible."

And it did look impossible. But when I had completed my round of the studios I felt that all these artists had not

spoken in vain. They had all given me something. What makes a beautiful woman or why does a woman happen to be beautiful? There were certain things . . .

There was charm. But charm was vague, charm was elusive, charm was indefinable. Yet a woman to be beautiful had to have charm. That was definite enough.

There was character. To be beautiful a woman had also to have character, though one painter protested that women today don't want character. They'd rather be thought pretty, he said.

There was—physical perfection. A painter of nudes was strong on this point.

There was—vivacity: There, perhaps, lay Lady Hamilton's beauty.

There was—good coloring.

There was—health.

There was—attractiveness.

And there were other things deemed so essential by one of the foremost portrait painters in Canada that they have to be put into emphatic "don'ts."

Don't pluck your eyebrows.

Don't bob your hair.

Don't grow a double chin.

The first makes you stare unnaturally. The second robs you of your femininity. The third destroys "that long line from the point of the chin to where it meets the neck which is a feature of classical beauty."

The artist who said it was E. Wyly Grier, and Mr. Grier said it with feeling as he sat in front of the fireplace of his attractive studio on Crescent Road, Toronto.

"Why do women want to pluck their eyebrows?" Mr. Grier exclaimed. "I'm entirely out of sympathy with this modern habit. Nine cases out of ten it's most destructive to natural beauty. Always it produces an unnatural expression quite out of keeping with the woman's temperament."

"Take a brunette, now: a brunette needs eyebrows," he continued. "She needs them so that her eyes won't stare like discs in her face. In any case, the impression produced has always a touch of the sinister. The whole thing is a revolt from sentimentality and applies to our modern literature

the left half of him instead of the right. "So you worry so you can't do me the third act?" He had that sleepy look to him that meant thought. Napoleonically he took up his telephone. "Get me Pickstein," he ordered his operator, turned back to Grant Hanna. "What does your sister look like?"

Grant frowned. "That's out, Sig. No police alarms or publicity. You'd only set Pete Coyne hotter on the trail." "What does your sister look like?" Sig repeated softly.

And Grant shrugged his wide shoulders. Even, he grinned. "Blonde, small, pretty," he said, "dark eyes, demure nose, and the look and habits of an imp."

Sig shifted his cigar again, cocked an eyebrow over the description. "Hello, Pickstein?" he said into the telephone, "this is Sig Gromans. Lissen. I want a girl. Yeah. Small, pretty, blonde, but none of those hennas. This is class stuff. Brown eyes, and—ah—some kind of a nose. Also kinda lively." He paused, obviously listening to Mr. Pickstein.

And Grant muttered, "Resemblance isn't any too strong. But, at that, she might do."

"I'm Eve Knolles," the girl said, her voice low, curiously breathy.

Sig Gromans nodded. "This is Grant Hanna." He waved a podgy hand.

"The playwright?" There was a widening of wide, dark eyes.

"Sure, that's him."

A faint pink stole into Eve Knolles's pale cheeks. She turned to Grant. "And you say," she gasped, "that I'll do?" Eagerness lighted her. "Is it a real part?"

Grant was embarrassed. He thrust his hands into his pockets. "Sorry," he said gently, "but it isn't a play this time."

"Not a play?" Her voice went flat, the color ebbed from her face.

"It's like this . . ." Sig Gromans broke in, quickly,

father. Anyway, I don't call my mother 'mother.' I call her Nancy."

Eve Knolles was smiling at him. She said quietly, "Then I'm sure your mother would rather you call me Nancy, too—just until she's back with you again."

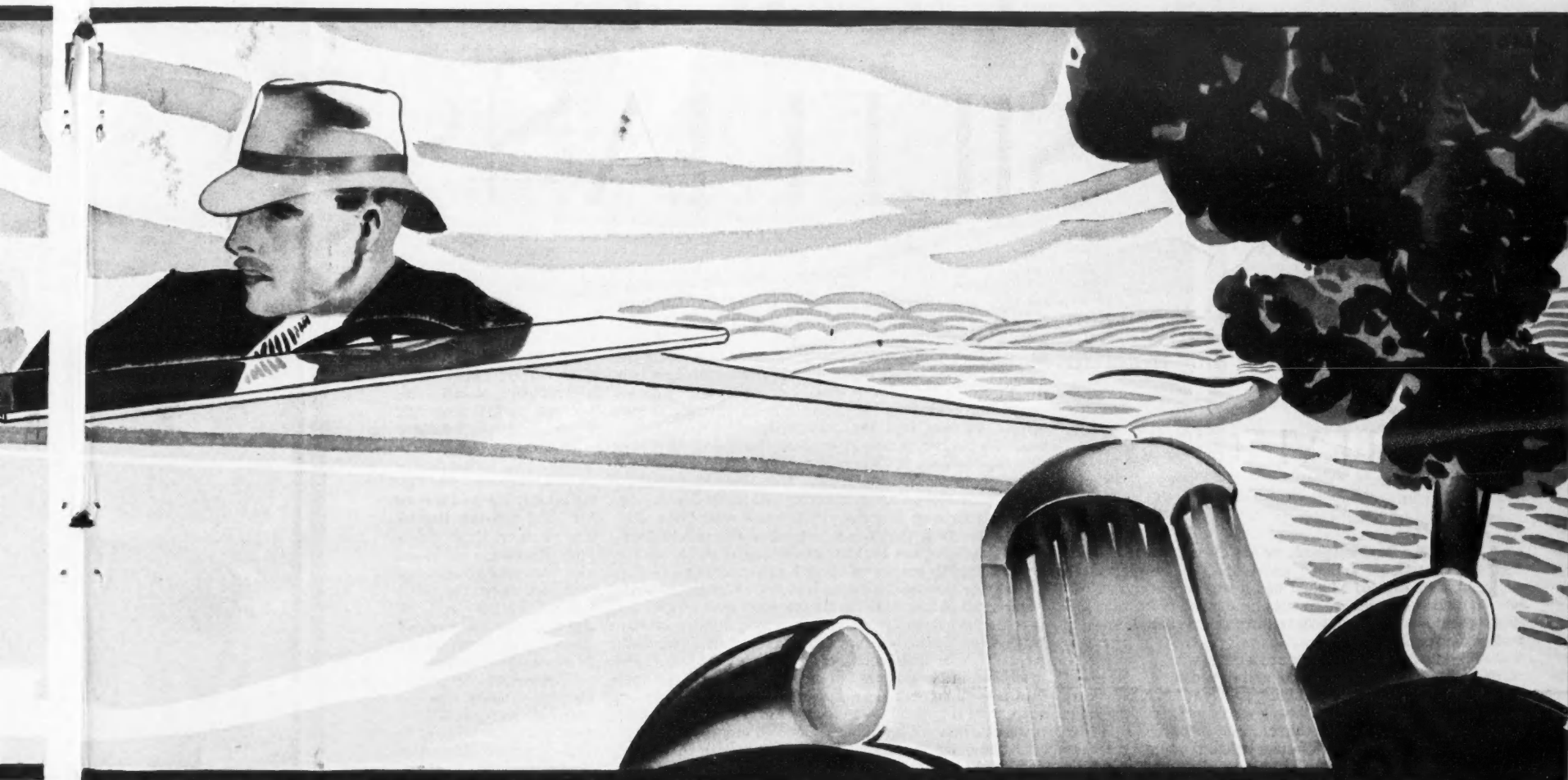
Standing his ground, Harry eyed her. "I'll think about it," he promised. "Say, why do you wear darns in your gloves? I only have them in my socks."

IT WAS just seven that evening when Grant Hanna turned the car from the highway, started up a narrow dirt road. Far ahead, at the crest of the long rise, a house lay, white and low, its every window flashing gold from the setting sun, the trees encircling it a scarlet blaze.

"Silver Hill," Grant murmured on a note of pride.

And Eve Knolles stirred. Since they had left New York, come deeper into this rural, quiet countryside, a tension seemed to have shut down

[Continued on page 36]



At her side, Grant froze. Eve was pale, fatigued, caught off her guard.

"No," he shouted, "she mustn't be a name. Positively not. Just somebody who can do a young mother part . . ." Sig hung up.

An uncertain scowl had come over Grant Hanna.

"What's eating you?" Sig grinned up at him, "This girl will impersonate the kid's mamma until she shows up. The investigator will be satisfied, the kid will stay on your side of the family, you'll be unworried, and I'll get the last act of that new play. So what?"

Thoughtfully, Grant Hanna stretched his long legs, stood up. "It might work at that," he admitted.

"Woik?" Sig Gromans complacently beamed. "It will be a loafing job. Pickstein says he'll have her here in fifteen minutes."

BUT IT WAS an hour before the girl appeared in the doorway. Time enough for the young Hanna nephew to topple spectacularly from his chair, to upset an inkwell on the rug, to start a small bedlam playing caged lion with the huge wicker wastebasket Sig Gromans affected for his correspondence.

The girl was, according to specifications, small and fair. She had that ethereal look that comes of inconstant eating, and she was not pretty, though, given success, she might be. There was a quaint dignity about her as she came in, paused, looked expectantly at Sig Gromans.

He blinked behind his cigar. "How about it?" he asked Grant Hanna, after allowing him time for contemplation.

gutturally explained the situation. "Strictly business," he rumbled, "even, Mr. Hanna has got a housekeeper up there to look after you."

When he had done, she stood quite still for a moment. "The country," she murmured, laughed a little shakily, "I ran away from the country. From the dullness of it. I want to be here, in New York, on the stage. I can act . . ." Abruptly she checked.

"Then you won't do it?" Grant Hanna seemed disappointed. "I'm sorry. You see, this is quite a bad jam for me."

Eve Knolles looked at him. Squarely. She smiled a small, dry smile. "Do it? Of course I'll do it. I can't very well refuse." Her small hands, gesturing, said eloquently that there were such crass facts as food and shelter. "At least," she shrugged, faintly ironic, "I shall be acting."

It was not much, but it appeared to satisfy Grant Hanna enormously. He smiled, turned, removed his young nephew from a promising book of matches he had found. "And this is Harry," he introduced, "Harry, for a little while you are going to call this young lady 'mother.'"

Harry stared up at Eve Knolles. "Why?" he demanded. "Because," Grant spoke reasonably, as man to man, "otherwise your father might take you away from Silver Hill and you wouldn't see your own mother again for a long while."

Harry thought about that, didn't seem to think much of it. "Pooh," he pooh-poohed, "I'd run away from any ole





SECOND-RATE ACTRESS

HE HAD discovered that the glass over Sir Henry Irving made an excellent mirror, far better than the one over Ellen Terry, or Otis Skinner, or any of the other famous actors' and actresses' pictures that solidly lined the walls. The glass crinkled reflections to exactly the right queerness, accentuating facial eccentricities to absurdity.

So he puffed out his cheeks and stretched his mouth with two fingers, and pulled down his eyes with another two fingers. He curled out his tongue until it nearly touched his nose, and his nose turned pink with the effort. Then he stepped nearer, scowled horribly at his reflection, saw that it was good. And he was pleased. His eight-year-old soul visibly quivered in an ecstasy of artistic achievement.

While across the room his uncle sat on a corner of Sig Gromans' desk and groaned. "He's my young sister Nancy's child," he was groaning. "She landed him on me last week. I need the benefit of your advice, Sig."

Sig Gromans, who was very small, peered out from under his cigar, eyed Nancy's child making

faces at Sir Henry. "You come down from Connecticut," he grunted, "to talk to me of kids, when what I want is plays—anoder Grant Hanna play from you?"

But he listened. Any producer would listen to handsome young Grant Hanna, author of those smash hits, "Teakwood" and "Bachelor's Bow."

"Nancy," Grant was telling him, "has always been on the flighty side. Charming but irresponsible. She eloped at seventeen. At twenty she was divorced, the boy here awarded to her. That matter was settled six years ago."

Grant paused and glanced at his small nephew teetering now in a chair, grimacing horribly at the great Bernhardts. A harried look came over him. "Yesterday," he groaned, "the Elkins family—they live down the road from us in Silver Hill—got a new boarder."

"And I," Sig Gromans purred heavily, "am to be interested in the Elkins's new boarder when a third act to that new play of yours—"

"The Elkins," Grant Hanna frowned, "suspect that he's an investigator sent by Nancy's ex-husband, Pete Coyne, to prove that Nancy's an incompetent parent. Which, heaven knows, she is. Harmless but haywire." Grant sighed. "She should come to Silver Hill and impersonate a competent mother for a while, but she's off somewhere on a trip, address unknown. Pete Coyne wouldn't be any worse for the boy than she is, but there's my responsibility, and"—again Grant sighed—"I'm sorry for this poor little devil here. As a bit of wild life he grows on one . . ."

Sig Gromans shifted his cigar so that it eclipsed

By ANN MORSE



There was only the strength of his arms to hold her against that sense of terror.

Illustrated by
JACK KEAY

ensuing days; for old Mikhail clung with persistent fancy to the idea that she was Ivan's bride, and Ivan, who perhaps in turn resented her guarded attitude, seemed to take a baffling delight in so annoying her on those long winter evenings when they were thrown closely together in the big, warm farmhouse kitchen.

"Look here, you'd better come and hold my hand, I think," he remarked once in those quiet, modulated tones that seemed in such contrast to his whole outward appearance. "He really can't make it out because I let Berkh entertain you so fondly. He says I'm very foolish."

Elinor stiffened. "Don't be so silly!" And Berkh's arm, resting across her shoulders as they were standing at the table looking at an illustrated paper, dropped abruptly. "Oh, cut it, Ivan," almost sullenly. "It's not funny—and I believe you make half it up."

Ivan laughed briefly from his own seat by the stove and flung back his dark head in a characteristic gesture. "Why in the name of heaven should I?" and Elinor's cheeks burned with more furious hatred. She pitied most intensely the unfortunate girl who some day might be Ivan's wife, and did not hesitate to tell him so.

But all that had stopped abruptly when Olga came, unconcerned enough, on a late February day, with the baby in her arms, and settled down as casually as if she had lived there always. As indeed she had, as Elinor found later, on cross-examining an oddly sullen, reluctant Berkh.

"We were all brought up together," he explained, almost unwillingly. "She lost her people very early, and when father died, mother brought us back here to live. She, Olga, ran off with someone over a year ago, just before I went down to the city again."

"But the man? Her—or was he her husband?" Elinor had enquired with pardonable curiosity. "Where is he, and why . . . ?" But Berkh had told her, almost fiercely, that he didn't know; that Olga never had been one to talk, or confide her secrets, and he, for one, would not ask idle questions . . .

And Elinor, although she thought in private that the question would be scarcely idle, and with only the thought of Berkh's very evident displeasure at his cousin's return to comfort her, had to endure, as well as all her other trials, this girl's watchful, half-veiled glances and her own unfathomable silences.

And now, on this cold, wind-blown [Continued on page 40]

of you," casually. "He forgets all about it again next day."

But Elinor made some excuse to leave the room, trembling with suppressed anger at his rank impertinence; and it was only the comforting tightness of Berkh's arms much later and his confident assurances that Ivan really was not half as dreadful as he seemed, together with a delicately voiced

suggestion that some day they would be alone—Ivan only stayed because he felt the old man needed him—that stilled the resentment in her heart; relieved, even though she wondered whether it was right to be relieved, at the thought of some dim, peaceful future.

But even with that thought to cling to, it was hard in those



The BLACK SIBERIANS

A dramatic love story of Canadian contrasts in character and tradition

by BERYL GRAY

HERE, ON this island, we are often called the Black Siberians. I don't know why, exactly—although they say old Mikhail had a wicked glance and fist, forty odd years ago, and his daughters too beautiful for their own good—but we're three generations down from him, and civilized enough . . .

The late afternoon sunshine of a clear, wind-blown March day fell across the kitchen floor and turned the pale yellow of Berkh's hair into bright, shining gold, as Berkh sat, weary from his day's toil, in his heavy shirt and breeches, elbows on widespread knees and chin on hands, staring at the floor. Elinor, in that half hour of quiet before the supper preparation, sat by the window, Berkh's socks in hand, mending, and remembering with a slow frown, those quiet, lazy words and half amused, half embarrassed laugh on that icy day two months ago, when they had first stood at the wide wooden gateway at the top of the hill and looked down on the rambling, snow-surrounded farm on the slope below.

She had looked at Berkh then, and despite the pleasant, comforting assurance of his grip upon her arm, it seemed as if something hard and strange had passed across his face as he stared there at the scene of frozen land and sea beyond. Gone as swiftly as it came, but for an instant she had been vaguely afraid of Berkh. Even as now, when he sat immovable, eyes fixed upon the floor, and thought unfathomable thoughts.

In that moment the whole kitchen seemed strange, unfathomable. The heavy, newly scrubbed plank floor, the stoutly built but age-worn furniture, and the silent figures on each side of the great black stove. The old, old man of nearly ninety—bent and shrivelled, with long, thin grey hair and beard—who sat interminably in the huge, red-cushioned armchair and rarely moved or spoke. Even yet, old Mikhail frightened her when he did choose to speak and open those incredibly bright, black eyes. His voice held unexpected depths, and in these failing years he never spoke a word of English, so that even Berkh found difficulty in guessing what he said. And Olga, who had been there three weeks now; who spoke a beautiful, soft English, and with it gave no explanation of her presence—Olga, who was Berkh's cousin and who must have inherited some of that too dangerous beauty of old Mikhail's daughters, with her long, black hair bound loosely at the back, her dark, watchful eyes fixed in meditative scorn on Berkh's fair head, and the tiny, black-haired baby held close against the dull red of her dress.

All silent—Mikhail, Berkh and Olga—and the only cheerful, everyday sounds, the singing of the kettle far back on

the stove and Ivan's idle whistling, as he sat on the cedar chest against the wall and carefully coated a pair of thick, worn boots with waterproofing. Strange, too, that of them all Ivan should sit and whistle; for Ivan looked by far the wildest and the blackest there, with his thin, dark face, long straight black hair, which time and time again he tossed impatiently back from his forehead; his penetrating, almost fierce black eyes, and firm, straight line of lip. Not even handsome, either with that clear-cut fairness of Berkh, or with Olga's dusky loveliness of outline; but lean, wiry and vaguely impelling. Frightening, too; especially when he would lean over old Mikhail's chair and speak that strange Russian tongue so fluently. To Elinor's mind Ivan epitomized everything that was incomprehensible and barbaric, even though he was Berkh's brother and their father had been an English gentleman of birth and education.

Often she wondered when, as now, their strangeness sent a vague sense of fear, and Berkh sat, staring silently, as was so much his habit in those last few weeks, if she could have faced it, had she known. So utterly unlike Berkh's carelessly pleasant "nice little country sheep and fruit farm," this lonely North coastal island of rock and forest and few clearings, a full mile from any neighbor and three miles by rough road, from the wharf where boats called only once, or twice a week at best. With only the radio to keep them in touch with the outer world; and yet, reflecting with the faintest sigh, as she bent more closely over the socks, she would have done it still again. Her life had been abysmally dull—six years in a dark back-lane office, small opportunity for friends, and evenings largely spent with two comfortably placed and dreary aunts who did not need her in the least. No wonder then that Berkh Lawrence, accountant in a dingy office just across the hall, should hold her with his diffident charm and tall, slim fairness. Berkh was courteous and gravely pleasant, and his tales of his up-country home well told and picturesque, even though, as she now realized, their truth was flavored with a zest for attractive enhancement.

So attractive that she had visioned something in the nature of a rich, handsome country estate—something vaguely sunny perhaps, like she had seen in glamorous films of Southern ranchlands—and shared Berkh's keen desire to leave the city and return to the life he knew so well. While this—snow, ice and cold; sheep with their grimed, matted coats huddling together under their crude sheltering for warmth; and a farm in many ways as primitive as forty years ago—was the reality she must inure herself to face as Berkh's chosen wife.

She could; she would. She straightened abruptly, and catching Ivan's eyes, dark with heaven only knew what manner of reflection upon her, bent once more quickly to her task. She hated Ivan with a hatred she knew to be wholly unreasonable. She remembered Ivan on the wharf—heavily coated, muffled in a woollen scarf, and cap pulled well about his head; lean, and dark with two days growth of beard. He had not appeared unshaven since, but somehow it seemed to symbolize his wildness; and even then she had known a moment of real alarm as he approached, ridiculously wondering if he were going to seize her in some half savage clutch of welcome. But he had merely held out one hand and looked at her with a hint of something that seemed like sardonic amusement in his piercing eyes.

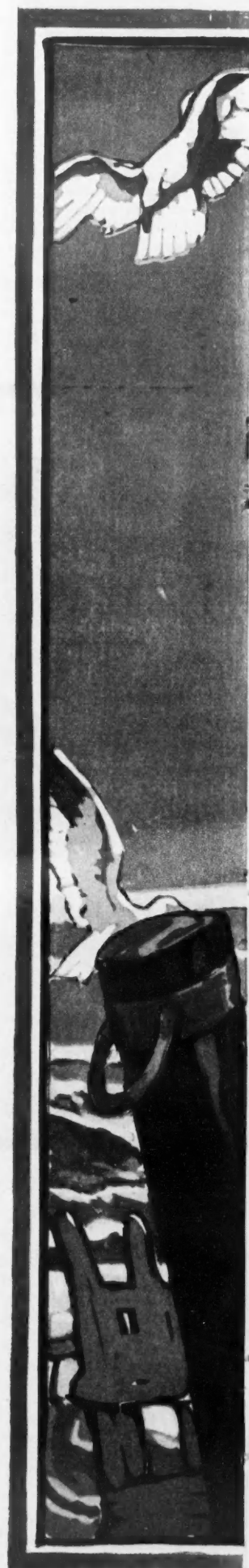
"Hello!" quietly enough, and had turned away to Berkh. And that same evening, gathered in the kitchen after supper, old Mikhail unexpectedly roused himself out of his deepening trances and had fixed her with those bright eyes, bursting into such a flow of excited language that involuntarily she had slipped her hand through Berkh's arm as they stood before him. His fingers had closed over hers reassuringly, and Ivan had flung the newly married couple an odd glance before he suddenly busied himself with putting fresh wood on the stove.

"Apparently he thinks the lady mine," he announced unexpectedly, in that quiet, low voice of his that somehow seemed to hold a faint touch of suppressed humor. "He says, in so many words, I have chosen a fine appearing wench although rather delicate to the outward eye, but that no doubt a few months here will help her to regain strength."

"Oh!" Elinor's grip had tightened, and her rather pale, faintly freckled face beneath her wavy, short brown hair flushed deeply with embarrassment and a swift dislike of Ivan, mingled with her fear. "Berkh, tell him I'm yours. Make him understand."

Berkh, little pleased himself and slightly frowning, hastened in speech that was mostly rapid English, to obey; but Ivan turned, shaking his dark head, laid his own strong hand on the bent shoulder, speaking abruptly. Then he shook his head again, and his eyes met her indignant ones, still with that faint amusement in their depths.

"He says to guard you carefully from Berkh—that he has a fatal way with women," he went on, quite calmly. Then, as Berkh's face tightened with undeniable anger, shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, don't worry about his nonsense, either



IN LIFE ...



Illustrated by EDWARD RYAN

she had struggled always to keep their relationship, as near perfection as she knew how to make it.

It was that mutual trait that had drawn them together in the first place, the demand for perfection, the intolerance of anything in the least cheap or shoddy, or second-best. That was why they had not yet had the children both wanted, because they would not until they were sure that they could give them everything which they considered they should have. And that was why she could no longer tolerate the sham of living as his wife.

The scent of the garden filled the room which it had been her delight to furnish in the daintiest way she could with the small funds that remained after the house had been built. It was low-ceilinged but spacious, oddly angled because of dormer casements and sloped ceilings where the roof cut down the walls. The simple furniture was beeswaxed to a deep brown glow, the mauve muslin curtains, the bed-spread and the drapes at its head were crisp and immaculate, as always. The atmosphere was of and by herself, and she epitomized it, dainty and fragrant in her yellow organdie with the high waist and mauve tulips embroidered on it.

The bees buzzed in the clematis below the window as she wrote on steadily amid the charm she had created and for five years maintained to be the setting for delights that had not come:

"... we promised that there should be nothing but the truth between us and I do not doubt that you have kept your word. It is to keep mine that I have to write this letter. I've fought against this, Johnny. I ask you to believe that. You'll remember how I tried to make you have me at the camp last winter, and how I've tried to make you put a man in there and come and live with me again. But you would not listen; and even when you have been home for a day or two, your mind has been up there with your ambition. You've had your life; but I have had nothing but the waiting and till a year ago when Donald Vickerman began to come, my time was simply miserable. You met him when you were down in May and I know you liked him. He has made my life a different thing again; he has filled the gap you left, has been everything to me without hint of return until two months ago he asked me to marry him and has pressed me ever since. I want to, Johnny. You've starved me and I'm sick and tired of life this way. Donald is leaving for Japan on the day you will receive this and I shall go with him. You'll get a divorce, Johnny. A proper divorce, with the truth spoken. No evasion to protect me, please. I'm the defaulter and I want to take the

blame. But you have your life and I have none, and Donald wants me and you do not..."

She finished without haste, saying all she had to say, telling of the arrangements she had made for the establishment till he could take time to make his own dispositions, signed it with a firm hand, sealed it and stamped it. The rail-service past the lumber settlement far up in the woods was bi-weekly; and should he come down at once, by the time he could arrive on the returning train she would be two days out on the Pacific. And she was not leaving him in this way, with no more than a letter because she was afraid to face him, but because she was done with him. If there had been anything to see him for, she would not be going. She almost hated him for the aching loneliness he had caused her.

THE REST of that day and the morning of the next, she spent in doing everything for him which she could conceive to be her duty, and by noon all was done. The *Hoka Maru* sailed at midnight, her trunks had gone down to the docks and she had but to pack her hand-baggage and walk out to put *finis* to her romance with Johnny Stainer.

It had been a romance, to begin with. She paced the garden—their garden—before lunch, waiting for Donald, and remembered all too well: the young forestry student fresh from a summer's cruising, brown, lithe and eager, whose impetuous and passionate advances had fired her with an ardor no less intense; three years of happy courtship while he ran his father's little mill, then the old man's death and their marriage, with the mill as their own.

With a lump in her throat her gaze went round the five acres of naturally parked ground that they had stumbled on, had watched, had dreamed of owning, and then incredibly had bought with the proceeds of the "big year," and the small brown house now gay with creepers that they had put up till they could afford to build the permanent and perfect home of which they had dreamed. They had dreamed of, had worshipped, perfection always. And now five years had passed; the garden which had been laid out from the first to be the setting for the perfect house had matured luxuriously. The lawn was a lush, bright green; the borders of perennials were curved swaths of color; clematis lay in purple banks along the eaves beneath the dormers, and creepers massed their blooms about the pillars. And it was three whole years since Johnny had gone mad, said he saw a unique opportunity, sold the mill for cash and started his own high-rig logging outfit back in the Kittyou. It was the chance of his lifetime, he insisted, Larrigans would have to meet him—he'd make 'em—and he'd make her dreams come true. And the end of her dream was this, that she should abscond under that cloud that does not leave a defaulting wife, to sanctuary with a kinder man. A wave passed over her of anger, hurt and resentment. So much delight, so much inspiration, so much faith and hope, to end this way. Oh, Johnny, that he should have done this to her!

She swallowed and her eyes were wet as she fought for self-control, with the September sun hot on her head, while crows in the elms cawed sleepily and the hum of the garden insects filled the air with minute sounds.

A motor honked as Vickerman's car rounded the trees that screened the gate. Thank heaven! That's how it had been always these last eighteen months. Just when she was near despair Donald had come, with his quiet friendliness, his loyalty, his thought and, latterly, his love, to take the hurt away.

She crossed the lawn to meet him and as they kissed, she clung to him. "I'm so glad you've come. I just can't bear to be alone any more."

He found her hand and kissed it as they went up the steps. "I know, darling. It's going to be hard. Partings always are—that's human nature. But keep straight on and very soon you'll find a difference. There'll be new memories, happy ones, of what has happened since you left here, taking the place of those that hurt you, and your life will grow around them and what else you choose to take. I know I shall want you always; you are everything a man could want and you've been unhappy here. Don't think; just stay quietly and let me take you out of this to where you'll not be unhappy ever again."

[Continued on page 32]

THE BEST

by ALLAN SWINTON

AS HAD happened once or twice a week for the past year, Donald Vickerman came to lunch with the lovely Mrs. Johnny Stainer, whose husband was a vague, sunburned figure somewhere in the big bush on the foothills that lay dark and green between the Rockies and the sea.

In the afternoon they played a round of golf and drove home by the shore road to tea before he went to his office for an hour.

The house lay in five beautifully timbered acres just outside the City of Vancouver, and they sat on the verandah in the drowsy August afternoon, while the garden with its riot of bloom, the paddock and the elms beyond, shook in the heated atmosphere. Bees droned from flower to flower, and sometimes through the scent of honeysuckle came the clean smell of the sea from the half-tide rocks beyond the belt of woods to the westward.

Presently he said: "Have you finished all that thinking you were going to do?"

She looked up quickly and a shadow crossed her face. "I'm sailing on the *Hoka Maru*, as I told you," he went on. "Hasn't this gone on long enough? Won't you come with me?"

She seemed as much part of that garden as the flowers themselves—dark, finely made and gracious, in the full bloom of womanhood, but with a lingering little-girlishness about her. Her hair was brown and curly, her head small and proud, and her face had a mobility of feature that expressed the finest shades of mood.

Vickerman said: "It's two months now since you saw him, isn't it?"

She nodded, with wistfulness in her hazel eyes.

"Why do you hesitate, Pauline? He is not in your life at all—has not been for years. And obviously he doesn't need you. You've said I've made your life worth living—"

"Yes, Donald," she said earnestly and with warmth and tenderness, "You have. Without you there'd be nothing in the days but loneliness. You've filled that up. This last year I couldn't have gone on without you. Though if you hadn't been here, what could I have done?"

"Then make up your mind now. Cut this off and start afresh. I've done everything I could to make you see how much I care. Women are no new thing to me; you know that. There are lots of women. But you're a rare thing—and the only woman I could ever trust enough to marry. More than that, I love you. Let me book another passage and take you quietly away with me. The minute you've done that, a new life will begin. There'll be no more loneliness, no more humiliation. The things that hurt you now will slip away. Everything passes. And the bad is to forget and the good to remember; and the days, because they pass so soon, not to be wasted in unhappiness—"

Her gaze came from the garden back to him. He was ten years older than her twenty-eight—a tall, slim, brown-haired man with the hallmark of breeding and wise twinkling eyes, a man born to money, a cultivated man who had missed none of the opportunities wealth gave to live hard and well, and who had the knowledge of himself which much experience brings.

She thought of the three years just drawing to a close, of the slowly widening gulf between her and Johnny since he had begun his logging operations up the Kitzyou. For two years they had not had a week together except for Christmas. In the past twelve months she had not seen him half a dozen times. As Donald said, he did not need her. She was wasting her life, waiting for a man who did not care.

Anger and hurt came to her face at the thought, and she drew her breath sharply. Her eyes were indignant and her mouth curved with injured pride. "All right, Donald, I'll come. I've had enough at last. You've been everything to me for all this time except a husband. You might as well be that. You've earned it, haven't you? You've served me as well as ever you knew how. I'll try to pay you back . . ."

SHE SAT at her desk which, so long ago it seemed, she had placed in the window of her attic bedroom so that she could overlook the garden and do her thinking, and composed her letter very carefully, because bitter though it was, she wanted even this, the end between her and Johnny, to be as



He was pounding on the door again. "Don't you dare come in here!" she screamed.



Illustrated by

John Holmgren

It was rather terrifying—as if she knew the way his thoughts grew and heard the rhythmic habits of his heart.

woman or not. She had given not the slightest sign when, with elaborate humility, he had introduced himself. "In case," he said, "I want to see you again—"

"Or," she suggested quietly, "in case I want to see you—"

He gave a rueful grimace at the correction. "What number shall I give the telephone operator?"

"Why not drive out?"

"You might be away."

"Then, of course, you could come again."

He left without learning her name. She was punishing him a little for feeling too sure of himself. She knew him perfectly. You could scarcely avoid knowing him; his picture covered whole half-sheets of the newspapers.

Tossa, leaning on her sundial after he had gone, thought of him not without alarm.

"Cinema charm," she warned herself. On the blank, copper face of the dial she traced with her forefinger the last three hours. "Angus—Angus MacPherson, I'm afraid you're very lovable!" The stone surrounding the disc was still warm. "Gone with the sun," she murmured aloud.

Several years ago a worldly woman, who liked Tossa very much, had diagnosed her character with startling accuracy. "You have a fatal fault, my dear. It is called Fond Affection. It makes you loyal, selfless, and rolls up plenty of heartache. Men do not understand it, though they recognize its presence as a lizard knows the sun. And they will play up to it by looking tired or patiently noble—until you fly to succor them."

So then, out in her orchard when she found herself planning meals for Angus MacPherson, the famous cinema star, because she thought he looked a bit thin and wan, she called herself utterly presumptuous and honestly hoped he'd never come again.

He was there next day. She had gone away, but he waited. She found him on the rear porch of the house smoking a briar pipe, half asleep in the sun. The shadows of grapevines moved over him in a dissolving pattern. A blue bowl filled with moss and tiny woodland flowers stood on

the window sill. "Hello!" he called to her. "Do you want to know what I've just found out? It's quite important. Everything is so darned right around your place. Perfect; pats my nerves back in place."

"Nerves," she jeered at him, pulling off the old fedora hat from a damp forehead, "You! Aren't you ashamed?"

This time he stayed for hours. And Tossa began clutching at furniture. Never had she met a person so attractive. More than this, she felt as if she knew him thoroughly; not just the way he walked or carried his fine head, but himself, the thing he was in purest essence. It was rather terrifying, as if she watched the way his thoughts grew and heard the rhythmic habits of his heart.

AND THE man came again and again to her small house folded in the hills. She never summoned him, but he fell into her unspoken welcome with long sighs of content. And after a month of this pleasant companionship, he told her quite simply that he loved her. His eyes, when he said this, made her fly to her secret embattlements.

They had been standing on the sunny porch. The sun was hot on the flagstones. Sweet earthy smells were released from the garden.

"Tossa, come here."

"Why?"

"Come here. I want to kiss you."

She walked to the kitchen door. "Very sweet of you, I'm sure, but I must scrub the potatoes for baking."

She heard his quick stride behind her. He caught her hands, holding them straight down at her sides. He drew her against him, bending his head so that his lips touched her throat. His hair fell forward and one lock lay over her closed eyes.

"Darling, darling," sang the Chinese nightingale," he quoted. And she thought these words the most exquisite utterance he could have made.

And she surrendered. It seemed somehow mean and small to be warning herself against herself. Was she afraid of a

"Listen, I'll say it now. I love you, Angus MacPherson. But it's not what you want, I'm afraid. It's affection—affection. Do you understand? I'm fond of you. Not just a fine, shattering burst of emotion. I like you—and that is harder to forget than love."

"What nonsense are you talking?" His head was rough against the cloudy sky. "I'm saying I love you. It's the only real thing that's happened to me."

By her elbows he lifted her so that her lips were level with his. Then he crushed her close. "Darling, darling!" he murmured against her hair.

With a long sigh he released her. "Shall we live in your house when we're married? If you like it better than my place, then I like it best."

"Don't let's talk about anything definite yet. Let's take happiness now, being together." There were long skimming drives over the hills, hills that looked like the dull backs of elephants in the sun.

They lay on the white sands of the shore and watched the rollers crashing home. They saw that vanishing beauty of green water standing up against the western sun, their wave-tops crumbling, and now and then within their veined, translucent depths, the dark silhouettes of seals. "The breakers march and march," Tossa would mumble, caught up in the spell of the thunderous sea. "Isn't it frightening? Never done, yet never knowing what they do."

He did not enjoy her preoccupation with matters outside himself. "Don't think of the waves; think of me!"

And she stayed unshakably firm about not sharing an instant of his cinema life.

"Sometimes," he accused her, "you act as if you'd had some devastating experience out here. You couldn't be picture-shy just on principles."

"Who can tell?" she teased him.

"Some beastly cad? Answer me instantly. I'll hunt him out and punch his face in."

"No, no." Her laugh was soft, reassuring. "Not that, foolish one. But I once was obliged to watch a lovely young

little pain, a hurt that might be more precious than happiness?

Later she let her maternal instincts run riot. She couldn't be cautious just for today. At dinner she saw that his baked potato was properly fixed. "Here, let me do it, you gillie! You've left so many lumps in it—lots of butter, like this. And pepper and salt." And she wanted to shield him for ever from being tired, disappointed or ill.

That evening there were no stars. A soft mist of enchantment hung above the orchard grass. Tossa swayed in it like a lady sweetly lost in a dream. Angus had led her out under the apple trees. "I might have missed you, Tossa. I might never have come to that hillside to enquire the way home."

She felt a quiver run through his big frame. "Tossa, do you realize you've not said it once . . . that you love me?"

She reached up her hands to pull at the points of his soft collar.

They said Tossa had a fatal fault that would bring her many heart-aches. It was called—

Fond Affection

by

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS



AT LAST Angus and Tossa gave up all pretense at playing. The cards fell from their hands and lay in a flat heap, red hearts covered by black spades. They stared at each other like two people who must wait for a last, long moment of silence to expand to its last extremity before speech.

The man's face was lightly bandaged so that one corner of his mouth lay under the folds. His eyes blazed miserably above the slanted gauze.

Tossa looked at him with her chin sunk in locked fingers, so that the corners of her lips were pushed up, giving her a false expression of smiling under sombre eyes. She had thick, mole-colored hair which sprang in buoyant waves all over her head. It was this contrast of cold-looking hair and a vivid face which lent peculiar emphasis to her appearance.

"Tossa!" Angus had said to her any number of times. "Thank heaven, you look as you should look at twenty-nine, utterly natural and charming. Where, I ask you, are the faces of the women out here—the so-called beautiful women? I answer at once, because I know. They haven't any. They arrange every expression to match their clothes. You, bless you, are merely Tossa."

"Wishing you were the same," she would answer in wistful mockery.

But tonight they knew these foolish pleasantries were behind them. Tossa was often obliged to suppress an old-fashioned ache of maternity over Angus. Wisdom charged her to discipline these pangs; Angus would be dreadfully bored if he knew. Sometimes when he had come to her small house in the California hills, swaying with weariness after a hard rehearsal at the studio, she felt so irresistibly drawn to him that she was forced to clutch at pieces of furniture to hold herself from going to him. She would push him crossly down on her divan, fling a robe at him, never going near enough to tuck it in.

"Come here," he'd snarl at her, "I need more personal attention. Can't you warm up a bit?"

"I've dinner to get."

"Sprinkle Cologne on my brow. Run your fingers through my hair," he'd keep shouting at her no matter where she was, and often she had gone to the kitchen. "Lots and lots of wimmin would jump at the chance."

"But," she would shout back, "please let me remind you that I'm not lots and lots of wimmin."

Tossa Sorell had not been interested in the career of Angus MacPherson. He had to get over that disappointment from the very first, and he found it hard. She resented, she told him, the draining of his strength and intelligence for such obvious posturings. She had never seen him in any of his widely advertised successes, nor would she now. "No, no, forgive me if I sound disagreeable, but I don't belong to your cinema life; and you see, Angus, I feel you don't belong there either. It's none of my affair, but ridiculous as it sounds, it would offend me to see you strutting your best profile at a fat, weekly salary."

"Aren't you," he'd bark, "ever visited by that good old dependable sin of jealousy?"

"No, certainly not of your pictures."

"Many," he'd murmur plaintively, "rave about my overwhelming reality in them."

"There, there, don't work yourself up in a dither. Rest a bit; you need it, and I'll have something amusing to eat when you wake up."

Tossa also had a job. She did landscape gardening, specializing on the rural and the rugged. "I don't like formal gardens for palatial residences," she would say. And she could afford to be firm, since her work had gained a modest reputation among the less garishly blinded.

ANGUS AND Tossa had first met on an ugly, clawed-up hillside by a very new house. The sun beat down on it with relentless heat, sinking into the dry earth its million glancing spears. The wind was hot, and the hills were cracking open like baked potatoes. Tossa was memorizing every slant and level of the ground. She wore a tweed skirt (excellent among brambles), stout, unlovely shoes, a blouse open at the throat,

and a battered old fedora hat. Her hands were grimy; one streak of mole-colored hair fell across her face.

"Can you please tell me where I am?" called a man's voice from the foot of the hill. The question was instantly followed by the striding figure of Angus MacPherson.

Tossa did not wince as she looked at him. "Yes," she said, "I can."

He bestowed upon her a slow, engaging grin. "Well, the point is, will you?"

"You are ten miles beyond the outskirts of the town, in a general northerly direction, on a branch road. Are you driving?"

"Naturally. The car is just beyond that clump of trees."

"I thought perhaps you'd walked." Even then during the first five minutes of their acquaintance, she italicized and brought to his attention his potential strength.

Angus did not at once return to his car. He waited about, chatting. It was impossible for him to leave until he had won from her at least a glance of admiration. "This your outfit?" he nodded at the very new houses.

"No."

"Just—er—poaching?"

"No."

"Oh, come now. Try a word of three letters and see where it gets you."

It had ended, this first meeting, in supper at her own house. Angus had practically asked himself, and Tossa being invited to drive home in his car, had been secretly glad of the lift.

Angus said he liked her house. "Please," she begged him, "don't tell me you like it because it's different. Tell me you like it simply because it's a small house built to live in as comfortably as it can afford. And it doesn't look self-satisfied, does it?" She was anxious about this. "You have to be careful, you know. Small houses like small people can easily fall into ridiculous importance."

Angus left Tossa's house that night feeling uncertain whether his name meant anything to this natural, poised

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... is the meal with one-hot-dish!

THE TEMPTING products of the garden are at their very best right now. So make the most of them. What delicious cold meals you can prepare at low cost with the crisp lettuce, celery and cabbage, the luscious tomatoes, the juicy melons, the tasty beans, peas and beets; with cold meats, eggs and cheese to add variety and extra nourishment!

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* [Cool menus for warm days] *

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2
Vegetable Soup
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Potato Chips
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Bread and Butter
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3
Vegetable Soup
Bread and Butter
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SUPPERS

1 (illustrated above)
Vegetable Soup
Cold Sliced Chicken and Ham
Potato Chips
String Bean Salad Ripe Olives
Raspberry Ice Cream Shortcake
(Sponge cake, ice cream and fresh raspberries)
Iced Tea

2
Vegetable Soup
Orange Marmalade and
Nut Sandwiches
Deviled Ham Sandwiches
Iced Watermelon
Iced Coffee

3
Vegetable Soup
Frankfurter, Potato and
Cucumber Salad
Mustard Pickle or
Sliced Tomatoes
Bread and Butter
Blueberry Cake
Iced Tea

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO



"I'm getting what I want," he said, and a flick of terror touched her heart instantly.

thing being spoiled by the life at the studio. She grew greedy not for good things, but cheap stuff. She lived only to be seen in every sort of revealing pose and gesture. She gave herself to millions of eyes. She was not quite big enough to give that way, and still keep her identity intact."

But he would not be discouraged by her convictions. And one afternoon while they were perched high on rocks above the Pacific, he talked more earnestly than ever about his work. "Tramore has the spoken word down to perfection. He enunciates so clearly that his words come off like coupons clipped with shears." He mentioned many women stars, dissecting their art with the analytical care of a laboratory scientist.

"Sura is lovely in slinky rôles. Bishkra is really superb, has the temper of a tiger, and long scratching fingernails." He laughed. "I know because she nearly finished my face for me one time; got mad."

"It would be devastating, wouldn't it, if, as you say, anybody finished your face?"

"It would be ruinous," he answered solemnly.

Angus possessed that easeful, enveloping charm which was like a warm cloak thrown about her. Away from him, she could build up strong resistance. Near him, it melted as if it had never been.

Occasionally the name of Carlotta Luigi crept into the conversation. "I want awfully to do a picture with her," said Angus. "I've been pulling strings lately to get the lead opposite her in her next feature."

"Do you like her?" Tossa spoke in light unconcern.

"Like her? I never thought about liking her. That voice—it fairly rattles your slats."

"I've never heard her screen voice."

Angus gave her a quick glance, but she was collecting tiny pebbles into a heap.

"People vibrate to it like bowstrings when the arrow has been shot." Angus sat up straighter. "I've just been playing a sort of game with you, Tossa. I wanted to find out if you'd really appreciate what a marvellously fine thing it would be for me to be in pictures with Carlotta. I can plainly see it means nothing to you."

"Oh, darling, darling. I am sorry." Her voice was husky with contrition.

"I heard last night," he explained coldly, "that I'm getting what I want."

She congratulated him, giving him a swift tender kiss. But a flick of terror touched her heart.

Then for a long time Tossa saw little of Angus MacPherson. He was so tired he merely telephoned, waking her at all

hours of the night and morning. "I'm sunk, all in; can't get out to see you, dear, for I don't know when. You understand? Keep the bench under your grapevine dusted, Tossa. I'll be there some day, please Heaven."

She would not allow herself to be disturbed by his absence, yet she was conscious of a change in him. His voice was warm, endearing; his devotion unmistakable. But a certain quality of tone had lightened to a smoother level.

"Carlotta works so hard she tears the rest of us into ribbons. And the weather has been so infernally hot. She's a gorgeous creature, though, in her heady foreign way."

Tossa had nothing to say in reply to this.

"Are you listening, Tossa? I said Carlotta is difficult to work with, but a great trouper for taking punishment. No day too hot, no rehearsal too long."

"Yes, I've heard she's a slave to her art."

"You sound a bit catty, my love."

"You woke me out of a sound sleep, Angus. And I have a job, too, remember."

He came at last, looking so thin, so unhealthily restless that Tossa had him on a couch, and had given him a frosted drink before she scarcely greeted him. He soaked up the peace around him as a blotter soaks up ink. He lay in the chair, inert, limp, watching her, smiling a little. And she wanted, absurd thought, to pick him up, rock him like a weary little boy.

He dropped cigarette ashes all over her freshly scrubbed flag stones. "Have I labored or have I not? I can just barely feel. I'm exhausted trying to keep pace with Carlotta. Wot a woman! Wot a woman! She can pull herself up to dramatic peaks by sheer climbing emotion. She doesn't soar, Tossa; she goes up as if she were hewing steps out of a rock and she takes you with her. Power in that, you must agree."

Tossa cut a bunch of grapes from her vine and offered them to her guest.

"Look here"—he bent forward with such suddenness that the pillow behind his head fell down his back. This he plucked out and hurled irritably to the floor. "Are you by any chance jealous of Carlotta?" He was all pleased expectancy.

"No, sorry to disappoint you; not remotely." She stood there laughing at him, but a little afraid. And in that moment she knew that whatever was to happen between them, had begun. It wasn't that he loved her any less, but that he had, at least for the time being, turned his face in a new direction.

Now that he was again free, they had their long skimming drives, their lazy lolling on white sand in the sun. Angus never failed to be annoyed by that occasional preoccupation of Tossa's in things outside himself; the way she would gaze over a cliff edge and seem to be immersed in the thunder of warring waters. "Look at me! I'm here. Had you forgotten?"

He could not guess that she was fortifying herself with

beauty she could always love and never have to learn to miss.

One night they stayed later than usual on a crag high above a troubled cove called The Churn. As the last of sunlight drained from the sky, the wind increased. Salt spray, tossed in the air, settled on their lips and they licked it with their tongues and laughed. "Makes you feel part of it all," said Tossa. But Angus did not wish her to feel part of anything but himself. They drew closer together. Tossa pulled a long cape around her. Angus sat huddled up with his cheek on her shoulder. "You've not said yet when we shall be married. Better speak up; you might lose me."

"Listen to the water," she said. The rocks below and above were stark and black as Scottish castles. Slanted, wind-driven trees bent to a mournful crying.

"Was that a little boat I heard?" asked Tossa suddenly. "Surely no motor boat would dare to be so near shore with the wind like this."

"No, no, it can't be. That reminds me, Carlotta was going out boating with a young director tonight. He's crazy about her. I tried to get her to come with me to see you, but she wouldn't. You two really should know one another; you'd get over this silly nonsense about the cinema."

Tossa had grown stone-still.

"The sea is putting on a good show tonight," was Angus's next remark. "Why should we hurry home? I tell you"—he spoke like a boy—"I've got a perfectly corking idea. Let's stay here all night. We can see what it looks like by sunrise. I've got an extra blanket in my car. This coat of mine is fairly warm. I'll prop myself against a rock, and you can nestle down in this long niche. It would be great stuff, Tossa, great stuff. Come storm, come wind, we'd know what a rock thinks about at night."

The thought kindled between them. "I'd love it," she agreed.

He gave elaborate care to her comfort, arranging the blanket around her in the long niche; but later when he was nodding with sleep against his own hard rock, she crawled into his side, and without waking him, folded the blanket about him. She had her cape, which was enough. Then seeing his head dropped forward on his chest, she sat down next to him and drew that rough mane to her shoulder.

The wind came in stronger rushes now, lashing the crags like whips. The Churn, far below and out of sight, snarled with a guttural growl. Tossa, staring ahead, tried to think out many things. Perhaps, after all, she and Angus could have a happy life together. "In spite"—here her lips twisted into a curious smile—"of his glamorous propinquity to Carlotta Luigi, he still wants to marry the sensible Tossa." He had said so, at any rate. Maybe that change she felt in him was merely a sentimental excursion up those heights he had so dramatically described as Carlotta's emotional hewing. Any man might be made temporarily giddy. That Angus had come back to her at all, surprised her with a deep, comforting happiness. Yes—she brushed his hair with her lips (he did not waken, only sighed, moving his head a little)—the next time he asked her to marry him, she would set the time.

A new peace flowed through her. Her trifling opinionated dislike of his work was a small [Continued on page 22]

Sun and wind dry your Outer Skin



"Skin getting leathery last summer—like satin this year!" . . . Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III

MRS. DREXEL has a true, warm, Southern beauty. Magnolia skin set off by dark hair . . . large, dark eyes that sparkle!

She says: "Last summer my skin was beginning to look positively leathery. A friend of mine told me she never went out-of-doors without a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream on.

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"Then I tried the Cold Cream! What a wonderful cleanser! Those Two Creams together gave me a skin like satin before the end of that summer. I have been using them ever since."

lines start deep down...in your Under Skin



use a *different cream* for each of your Two Skins!



Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III

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Before this happens, look to your face cream! Pond's Cold Cream is made to provide against just this loss. It is composed of very rich oils that penetrate deep and replenish the oils of the shrinking under skin. Use it to keep the under skin full and firm.



• For your **UNDER SKIN**—Pond's oil-rich Cold Cream. Or the new Pond's Liquefying Cream that melts instantly into the skin.

• For your **OUTER SKIN**—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Greaseless. Corrects dryness. Holds powder.

This smooths the Surface Skin . . . keeps lines away.

You cannot use too much of this remarkable cream. Use it *doubly!* As a cleanser, it is without a peer. It goes right down after every bit of dust and make-up, and brings them up to the surface. After the cleansing, pat in a fresh application. It will help to keep your skin vitally alive—gloriously young!

Dryness Corrected by Greaseless Cream

For your Outer Skin, enjoy the special protection this summer of Pond's Vanishing Cream. A special ingredient in this remarkable cream keeps the moisture in the skin from evaporating—actually restores moisture. Your skin cannot dry out! It remains soft, moist.

And your powder stays smooth—and long—in itself an added protection.

Try this simple Two-Skin Care this summer. It is the beauty recipe of young Society Women who dare the out-of-doors all summer long . . . See what triumphs this new kind of skin care will bring you this very summer!

Mrs. Drexel says:

1. "Every night, I cleanse face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream. It floats up all the day's dust and make-up. Or, I use Pond's new Liquefying Cream. Pond's Tissues remove it.
2. "Then Pond's Vanishing Cream, on hands and elbows as well as face and neck. It hasn't any grease. I leave it on overnight.
3. "Every morning, the Cold Cream, followed by Vanishing Cream. Nothing holds powder and rouge so fast."

Send for Samples

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., Dept. H, 167 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont. I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all three Pond's Creams and two special boxes of Pond's new Face Powder and an extra sample as checked—three different shades in all.

I prefer 3 different Light shades ☐ I prefer 3 different Dark shades ☐

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Is Love a Disease of the Liver?

By E. CHRISTIE ANDERSON

WHEN I was six years old my Uncle George fell in love. Almost overnight he changed from his usual fun-loving self into what appeared to be a very sick man.

I remember asking my grandfather if being in love were the same as being bilious.

He said it seemed to have taken George that way.

I pursued the subject further. Would castor oil cure him?

Grandfather said that it might be a good idea; that anyone who acted like George did certainly needed a dose of something.

This happened a good many years ago and I can't vouch for the efficacy of the castor oil treatment, but for a long time afterward I believed that being in love and being bilious were one and the same thing.

Later I learned that the whole world was sold on the idea that love was an affection of the heart and in no way connected with the bile-producing liver.

Then, less than a decade ago, Michael Arlen, the well-known novelist, went on record as saying that love was one of the diseases of the liver that couldn't be cured by an apple a day.

Nobody paid any attention to him. Love and hearts were as firmly coupled in people's minds as were ham and eggs. Crooners crooned it to us. Magazines and novels shouted it at us, and when Cupid appeared on postcards, bridge tallies, and such, he was always lugging along a cargo of plump red hearts.

I think it was Emerson who remarked that when anything becomes an accepted fact it is time to question it.

However, recently we read that the spotlight of scientific research has been focused upon the human liver, the latest theory being that in this glandular organ various types of dementia may have their origin.

And what is love but a form of lunacy—a dementia?

If anyone doubts this—married men will not likely be included in this class—all they need do is to use their eyes.

There is no other known affliction that, almost in the twinkling of an eye, can make an ultra-conservative, solid citizen throw his dignity to the winds and act like nothing on earth other than a cat in a roomful of catnip. And the older the man is when love strikes him, the more ridiculous the capers he will cut.



imprisons some of them for umpteen years at the public expense, and stretches the necks of others also at the public expense.

Were we not blinded by maudlin sentiment we'd have got busy years ago and tried to find a preventive instead of being content with punishment. But we prefer to sit back and sigh while the poet sings about "the tender emotion."

Tender emotion?

What red-blooded man ever found love to be a tender emotion?

The average man's recollection of it is that it was a visitation that combined the worst features of a ruptured appendix, an ulcerated tooth, and an ingrown toe-nail.

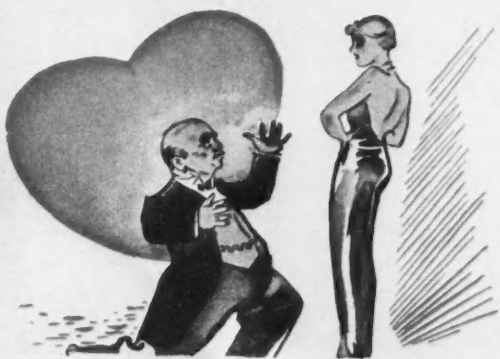
As my childish eye observed, the bilious man and the man in love have much in common. They are far from being themselves, and the wonder is that the scientists whose business it is to puddle around in the human giblets have not long ago cast a fishy eye upon the liver as the possible seat of love and other forms of insanity.

Just lately an announcement was made that these men of science believe that they have discovered what causes and regulates mother-love.

It is manganese, a mineral found in both plant and animal tissue. Of course it is taken into our bodies by the food we eat. If the mother is long on manganese, she lavishes care and affection upon her offspring. If her manganese content is low she neglects them shamefully.

If the scientists prove this beyond doubt what a howl of rage will go up from the sentimental populace.

A BACHELOR friend of mine, a decidedly handsome type of man, has, up to the age of forty years sidestepped matrimony. Legion must have been the baits dangled before his eyes all along the years from [Continued on page 39]



If this malady that we know as love were a permanent disease the scientists would have turned their energies into doing something about it long ere now.

Since time began people have regarded the man in love with an amused, tolerant eye, and the general attitude has been: "Oh, leave him alone, he'll snap out of it. They always do."

Love has long been regarded as a "visitation," "an act of God," as insurance policies term earthquakes, cyclones, and other unpreventable disasters. And love, regardless of where it has its roots, is apt to be just that—a disaster.

One need only peruse the pages of any newspaper that deals in the sensational to be convinced of just how much havoc love can create.

Anatole France has termed love "that beautiful madness."

If the number of crimes committed, the poisonings, the slayings, stabbings, the throwing of disfiguring acids, for one year were to be compiled and set before the average reader he would be horrified. And then we must remember that relatively few of the rumpuses caused by this "beautiful madness" ever get into print.

And what is done about it?

Nothing! These lovesick lunatics are not interfered with until they have done the damage; then the law steps in and



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—this describes General Motors' policy, a policy by which the public is given *what it wants in better cars* year after year, and yet is safely protected against ill-timed or dubious experiments

G.M. does it *you know it's going to click...*

YOU'VE probably heard people express their trust in General Motors in just such words as those.

But what they're saying right now is even more emphatic:

"Look at No-Draft Ventilation. Look at Knee-Action Wheels. Look at the way General Motors developed the idea of streamlining and did it in styles that say beauty as well as speed.

"That's sure calling the turns—and General Motors called all three."

The real admirers of General Motors will point to what's back of all this.

They'll tell you that General Motors built the first

Proving Ground — in order to experiment at its own expense, not the public's.

Then they'll point to the "Proving Ground of Public Opinion"—more than a hundred thousand questionnaire booklets sent out each year, to check General Motors' vast engineering knowledge against *what people want*.

And there you begin to see why people have such confidence in anything that General Motors builds.

We might find it easier, and more dramatic, to trust to "hunch"—rather than put our designs to this constant testing and checking. But we believe the public wants its motor cars, as we want our business, built on a sounder foundation.

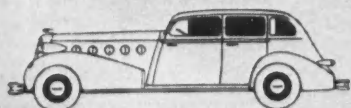
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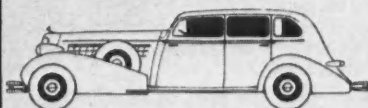
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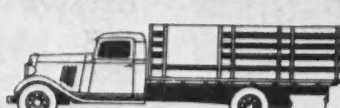
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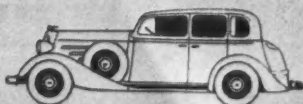
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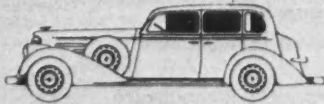
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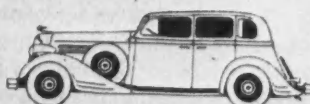
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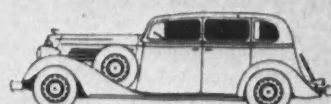
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YESTERDAY... the privilege of one woman in 65
TODAY.... the beauty right of every woman

"The Skin you love to touch"



No man can resist the glamour of a woman's lovely skin!

Costume, Courtesy of Joy Thorpe



BARONESS IDA LEGAN

participant in Vienna Half-face Beauty Test—one of many such tests which settled decisively which beauty aid most swiftly improves the skin. Conducted in 9 nations by leading dermatologists. For 30 days, the subjects used Woodbury's Facial Soap on the right half of their faces. Other cleansers on the left half. In every test Woodbury's produced a volume of proof for its scientific care of the skin unmatched by any other method.

THE same 25-cent quality you have always known in Woodbury's Facial Soap is now yours... for just 10 cents.

Today, you... and every woman... can step inside the envied circle that has always held the world's loveliest women.

For Woodbury's has created a big new 10-cent cake... so that scientific skin care might be universal... in every home... for every skin use.

Woodbury's has not changed its world-famous beauty formula by one single detail. Today,

for 10 cents you get the same high quality, the same fine ingredients, the identical precious oils and unguents as the 25c size contained.

Today, for 10 cents, you may expect the same definite and visible improvement *within 30 days*, as Woodbury's recently gave to hundreds of women in beauty clinics conducted in nine nations.

The big, new, long-lasting 10c cake of Woodbury's is ready for you now... at your druggist's, your department store or your grocer's... the proved formula for "The Skin You Love to Touch."

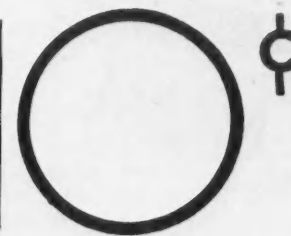


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Containing generous trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, 6 dainty packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one of each of the six flattering shades... Write to:—John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont., Dept. 406.

Name

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Your Dentist's Detective



"It's a good thing we made these X-ray pictures. Here's a small hidden cavity which I could not discover without my X-ray detective."

POSTPONING a visit to your dentist is not postponing trouble. It is bringing it closer. Time and money will be saved by a visit to your dentist every six months. It is impossible to have good health if the teeth, gums and soft tissues of your mouth are not kept in good condition.

If your dentist advises X-ray pictures of your teeth, take his advice. With the X-ray to inform him, he knows the condition of the deeper structures, the roots and the tooth sockets. In many cases early cavities can be found only by X-rays. If you have pyorrhea he may discover it at a stage in which it can be successfully treated.

Because an aching tooth demands prompt attention it is usually far less dangerous to health than the undiscovered trouble-maker. A tooth may seem to be sound and healthy and yet hidden trouble may be brewing. Infection may exist at the root of a guilty tooth long before it is suspected that anything is

wrong. Meanwhile, the surrounding bony structure is being broken down and destroyed, while infection may be absorbed into the system through the blood stream. Such infection may damage the heart and other vital organs, may cause eye, ear, sinus, nerve, joint or digestive trouble.

When a firmly rooted tooth is to be extracted an X-ray picture may be needed to assist the dentist. Sometimes the roots are hooked or teeth may have failed to come through the gums. In such cases damage to the jawbone may result from a "blind" extraction.

If you have sound teeth and gums, then a correct diet, including some hard and "crunchy" food, will help to keep them healthy. Teeth, living parts of the body, are built by food. They need the minerals contained in eggs, milk, vegetables fruits and cereals.

Metropolitan will be glad to send its free booklet, "Good Teeth." Address Booklet Dept. 8-L-34.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER,
PRESIDENT



CANADIAN
HEAD OFFICE
OTTAWA

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872

Fond Affection

(Continued from page 16)

matter to stand in the way of lifelong companionship. Maybe she was all wrong on the thing anyhow, warped by the ever-present hurt of her particular problem. Angus had character, though as yet he was hardly touched by discipline. And it wasn't—she turned over this last thought with clear, unclouded honesty—whether he would make a successful husband; it was whether they would both make a good team as husband and wife.

SHE MUST have fallen into a doze after this, for she was startled by a new noise. It was the change of tide combined with a high, thin shrieking which might be the wind but sounded like a woman. Tossa shivered with the cold. One of her arms had gone numb from pressure behind Angus's shoulder. As she moved to ease it, his head slipped sideways, hitting the rock.

He woke up cursing. Hastily, outrageously, she kissed the place where it hurt. He was sleepy and cross, and inclined to snuggle back into the warmth of the robe. She yanked it away from him. "There's something the matter. Wake up, Angus! Wake up and listen. Can't you hear a voice screaming?"

He asked grumpily where the devil they were anyhow.

The tide was chewing itself up into gurgling mouthfuls far below. And again, borne up by the rushes of wind, came that thin shriek.

Angus became thoroughly awake. Then, before she could guess his intent, he had inched himself on his stomach to the edge of the cliff.

"What are you doing?" she called.

He did not answer, so she followed him, bracing her feet behind a small rock shelf so she could hold his heels. The wind rushed over them with the swish of cold swords. It seemed ages before Angus spoke. He just lay there, his head hanging over the cliff-edge looking down. She could feel his sharp ankle bones pulling a little at the palms of her hands.

"Tossa, there is somebody down there!" His words jumped back at her. "It's a woman, too. There seem to be boat timbers breaking up in the Churn."

Tossa kept frantic hold on his ankles, gritting her teeth, wishing he'd come back. The noise of wind and water had the weird effect of making vision difficult, though the eyes of both had become accustomed to the darkness.

"She is on a ledge part away from the Churn—probably tossed there by a wave. There goes one over her now. I can see an arm . . . a white bare shoulder. She's lying on her back with her head toward the cliff wall . . . edge must be higher than the inside . . . keeps her from slipping off again."

Angus now wriggled himself back, and sat on his heels looking up at her. "What shall we do? Isn't it ghastly?"

"Let's go for help. The next house is not far. We'll get ropes, and men, and lanterns. They will know better what to do than we." She spoke in quiet reasonableness but she was sick at heart, knowing intuitively what must already be forming in his mind.

"You go, Tossa! That will be the best plan. In the meantime I'll try to get down to her. She might wash off again while we were gone."

Tossa made a gallant effort to be matter of fact. "You said the outer edge was higher, didn't you?"

"Don't you want me to help her?"

Ah, how like him, that chill tone of offended dignity in all the blackness and the wind and danger! "No," said Tossa,

still patient because she was terribly afraid, "I don't want you to help her until we get men and ropes. You'll only risk her life as well as your own." She had blundered at last, saying exactly the wrong thing. He rose, stretched, and flexed his arm muscles. "Think I'll go anyhow, Tossa."

"Don't be stupid and stubborn." She clung to him, thinking wildly of the peace and happiness which had but a few minutes ago enveloped her. Angus unloosed her hands. Already he had turned from her, crouching, crawling, spreading his hands before him to grope his way.

She did not doubt his courage, his desire to save a woman in peril, but greater than these two things, was the drama of the situation. Wind, darkness, sharp crags, hungry water, a strange woman hurled up on a narrow ledge, a broken boat beating itself to fragments in the Churn. Angus MacPherson was not the man to deny his birthright; he had to try it alone, that rescue.

So, in an icy bleakness of spirit she waited. Now and then, during a quick quietness of wind, she could hear a scrambling, or a grunting oath. "God keep the fool from falling!" She found herself shouting it over and over like a desperate chant.

Could she leave him alone on the stark face of the cliff? She decided she must. And after an agonizing time of beating at house doors and calling under windows she finally returned with two people, father and son.

They brought ropes, lanterns, iron hooks and a length of folding ladder. These were quiet men and they quieted Tossa. "Often have to help folks out of trouble here," remarked the older one, "especially when the wind is in the west'ard like it is tonight. Drives small boats into the Churn and they can't get out. You said you thought there was a boat, lady?"

"Yes, yes, we saw her timbers."

"Likely some pleasure boat. We've had more than one tough night at the Churn, danglin' after folks. Sometimes get 'em, sometimes not."

"My friend, Mr. Angus MacPherson is there now," panted Tossa as they gained the path leading up the rocks. "He's trying to save the woman alone. That's why I wanted you to hurry."

"Never had ought to try it alone, makes it harder." Then they looked back at her. "Not Angus MacPherson, the movie star?"

"Yes, yes," she was impatient at their pausing. "We were sitting up there, thinking we might stay late, you know, and we heard a woman's scream."

The men had come to a dead halt, stolid with incredulity. Their stocky figures bulked against the background of the cliffs. "The one who was the hero in 'Nothing But Love'?"

"Oh, very likely, I don't know. Please hurry. He may be needing us terribly."

They went on then, mumbling to themselves. "Well, I never! I never did! He's a great guy, that Angus MacPherson. He'd ought to be ridin' the range or somethin'."

There was at first sight, however, no glimpse of the woman or her rescuer. Splintered timbers bobbed in the Churn; white foam creamed in the dark well of it. Then Tossa heard the younger man give a shout. He lay stretched on his stomach as Angus had done, peering down in the noisy darkness. His father stood behind him, holding his knees and straining backward. "I see 'em both now . . . gosh sakes . . . if they ain't halfway up the cliff standin' on a bit of shelf . . . it's curved in there, under us . . . no wonder we didn't see 'em first off . . . there's a woman's bare shoulder."

The quick, joyous expansion of Tossa's heart was almost as torturing as the solidity of pain.

"The woman's hangin' down over his shoulder like, her head droppin' sideways almost touchin' the rock . . . but it's a bad place . . . bad place . . . curved in that way. Better have waited down below . . ."

"Oh," cried Tossa, "can't you do it . . . is it so hard you can't do it?"

The men looked at her in the darkness; though she could not see their features she

Continued on page 24

. BEAUTY CULTURE



A Department for Style,
Health and Personality

THEY say that beauty is but skin-deep. But how can that be when doctors and artists, both connoisseurs in physical beauty, agree that beauty is the outward expression of good health? And more—even that magic, formless quality called personality which is more precious than beauty to many—this, too, is nourished by abundant good health. For to live fully requires an energy which overflows the narrow channel of day-to-day existence.

And to meet each day with eager, friendly eyes—that is living beautifully.

Now is the time to store up health from the energy-giving rays of the summer's sun; from fresh-picked fruits and vegetables; from lazy, golden hours brimming with play. Don't let summer's glorious harvest slip through your fingers. Garner it richly against the approach of winter, and the years ahead.

The cards are
stacked against you,
dear girl!

when you fail to
realize this



A WISE young woman of the world said to a young friend in a confidential chat not long ago:

"You can succeed socially without brains. You can get along without beauty. You can do without a sense of style."

"But there's one thing you can't possibly succeed without. That is a quality which everyone, men especially, likes to think of as essentially feminine—the quality of freshness, sweetness, immaculateness of person."

"And I say unhesitatingly that the greatest single enemy to this feminine quality of person is *underarm perspiration odor*. When you are careless about this, you are stacking the social cards against yourself. You're stopped before you're started!"

The one sure way to guard against the ugly odor of perspiration is to give

your underarms regular, special care.

The quick, easy way to give this care is with Mum, the dainty, fragrant cream deodorant.

Mum is so easy to use—takes only half a minute! No fuss, no effort. As simple as powdering your nose.

And if you should forget to use it while dressing, use it afterwards, any time. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing and cooling to the skin, too. Indeed, you can use it right after shaving the underarms!

Mum acts simply to prevent the unpleasant odor of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

When Mum makes it so simple to avoid all trace of body odor, isn't it foolish to take a chance? You can get Mum at any toilet counter. Bristol Myers, Inc., Montreal, P.Q.



TAKES THE
ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION

"WE COULD NEVER DO WITHOUT MUM FOR THIS, EITHER," women say. On sanitary napkins Mum gives complete protection from all unpleasantness.

Fond Affection

(Continued from page 22)

knew they were indulgent and sorry. "We'll make a powerful try, lady."

ANGUS AND the woman were saved. Father and son accomplished the rescue with patient skill and strength. They counted every hazard. They were slow, almost uninteresting in the methodical preparations for their task. There was no sparkle of theatre about the affair; it was merely hard, perilous work well done. And afterward they stared at Angus MacPherson as they might gaze at a figure come to life from a painting by Fra Angelico—had they been as familiar with the work of that artist as they were with the cinema.

During the most dangerous moment of the rescue, Angus made a mistake. Being very tired and not a little frightened he came on when he was told to wait, with the result that both his face and that of the woman were thrown sharply against the rock. And when the woman was swung up to safety, her countenance streamed with blood. They laid her on the rug, covering with the blanket the rags of what had so lately been a smart sport dress.

Angus next was hauled up over the cliff edge. Tossa stood waiting for him. She put her arms around him, even as he stood swaying between the father and the son who supported him. She felt the dampness, the chill of his clothes strike into her own body. "You're safe, darling; safe. Oh, thank God!" She was crying, feeling him with swift maternal touches to convince herself that he was whole and unharmed.

"Is she dead, do you think?" He stood shaking with the cold and nodded at the still figure lying under the blanket.

"I don't think so, only unconscious and bruised and knocked out. Are you sure you're all right, dear; no bones broken?"

"No, no"—he swayed between his two rescuers as if he would fall—"only my face, Tossa; only my face."

She touched it, and found it streaming with blood.

"And that woman," he fought to control his voice, "I'd know those arms and shoulders in purgatory . . . is Carlotta Luigi."

She stiffened, then without another word turned and left him; running stumbling over the rocks to the figure under the blanket. She bent down, murmuring tender broken endearments, lifting the poor head in her arms, brushing the dank hair from the disfigured face.

The three men stared after her. Angus gave a short harsh laugh. "Well, I'll be blowed!" he exploded.

TEN DAYS later there was a rather terrible half hour in the orchard behind Tossa's small house. Angus leaned against the stone wall. Part of his face was swathed in gauze, and he was trying to tell Tossa that he couldn't marry her now, that he intended to ask Carlotta instead. "When the men shouted to me to keep still, I turned and smashed her face against that jutting rock." He sounded as if he were repeating a formula doggedly rehearsed.

"Yes," said Tossa. "I alone am the cause of that deep gash from her brow to her lips. Her beauty is ruined; there were so many stitches."

Tossa caught at the end of an apple-tree bough and held it against her cheek. Angus could hear the sound of her quick breathing. "It was the only possible, the only decent thing to do, wasn't it?" he insisted harshly.

"And your face, Angus?" she spoke tonelessly. "You were hurt like Carlotta by turning when they told you not to. You cannot continue your career either. How

will you," she hesitated, "make a living now?"

"There are perhaps other ways of earning money besides being in the pictures," if he spoke bitterly, it was without irony. "I am strong. At least you should applaud the change."

She would not take up the challenge. There was a long silence then. Tossa stood away from him, yet he could feel the terrible conflict of her thoughts as if, all in a moment, she must decide what to do, what to say; and that what she did decide to do and say would affect their lives always. Ever since that hideous night on the cliff she was like someone he scarcely knew. She had withdrawn from their common world. Sometimes he squirmed, feeling that she had him under a glass globe and was watching him not unkindly, but with a terrible and searching gaze. She would neither talk of the rescue nor Carlotta Luigi, nor her inexplicable and sudden tenderness toward the strange woman. Angus had suffered acutely under this slow turning of her judgment. She said so little. She accused him of nothing. He floundered helplessly, needing battle to bite on. Now, out here in the orchard, he waited and felt a little afraid.

She was speaking now. "What about my happiness? You're spoiling that, too. Have you thought of it at all? I won't coddle you along by saying you're doing a fine thing, shielding you from the effects of your stubborn vanity and conceit. I won't lie to you and let you go." She grew tall with anger. "Some women would kiss you on the brow, making the caress a seal of holy renunciation, they would call you strong and noble, so you could warm yourself with the glow of self-righteousness. But I will not. I love you. I fought against my affection, fearing it would break in your hands and hurt us both. Yet, in spite of this premonition, I took the joy because it seemed mean and miserly not to. And you stand here posing like a martyr, not saying so, but posing just the same. You had to go alone on a dangerous errand when waiting half an hour might have saved two careers. Don't deceive yourself into thinking you're not wringing a fine gesture out of it all." She beat the palms of her hands together, rocking slightly as if blown upon by an invisible wind of denunciation.

Angus leaned against the wall as silent as the stones under his hand.

"You and Carlotta!" Her voice hurt him as if he were being chastised by thongs. "You have no stature of your own. You are big or small according to the breath of public opinion. I do not know what either of you really are. And so, good-by to everything." She pressed the branch close to her face so that a leaf left its imprint on her cheek. "You must do what you think best, of course."

FOR MANY days after this she would not see him, but at last he wrote her a little note, so short, so humble that she let him come. And now tonight, over a silly game of cards they stared at each other and knew they had come to the end of silence.

He reached his hands across the table and took hers. The white bandage gave a curious expression to his eyes; she saw in them a new depth and intensity. They were different eyes from those belonging to Angus MacPherson six months ago.

"I'm such a fool, dear, but I love you."

"Do you?" she smiled.

"Yes."

"How do you know? How can you tell it's not Carlotta and"—she quoted without malice—"her heady, foreign ways?"

"No, it's not Carlotta and her foreign heady ways. I felt in duty bound, as I told you, since I had hurt her . . ." the sentence trailed off. His eyes brimmed with tenderness, affection, demanding nothing, giving her his love.

Tossa looked down. She extracted from the flat pile of cards a red heart, fat and scarlet. She looked at it attentively. "What does Carlotta say . . . that she loves you? It's queer, but do you realize we've not talked about her at all?"

Continued on page 28

In

the Headlines

by NORA WHITTON

SUCH FUNNY, fascinating, lovable fashions are finding their way to the beaches, to the promenades, to the dance floors, and to all the innumerable informal functions that make the summer merry. Such hilarious color schemes and mad, quixotic ensembles! Seems as if when sun, sand and water get together in civilized parts, fashion goes berserk and individuality gleefully abandoned. You can wear almost anything or next to nothing on the beach, so long as you do it with inspiration and an air. If there's a thread of sanity to drape your ideas upon, it's this—that the smart ensemble should be consistent.

Go gypsy if you will, but go all gypsy—ragged, fringed trousers, brilliantly gaudy shirt, and beach bag carried like a swash-buckling tinker. Or go nautical, anchor, gob and all. Or strikingly peasantry, in a full-skirted, slip-over frock of coarse linen banded and girdled brightly with gay cording. And here's another scrap of wisdom: Plan your costume head first. You know what sort of headgear suits you—then play up to it! Create your mid-summer outfit, whether for resort, street or evening wear, around a hat, a haircut or a pair of earrings. Then step out and dazzle them with your chic!

DO YOU see that fantastic absurdity at the top of the page? It's Schiaparelli's mantilla based on an old Spanish custom—fourteenth century Castilian, to be exact. But some sound good sense lurks behind this brain-wave; for what could be more effective in preventing sunburn? The hat is volcanic in shape, with a wide, upturned edge—white with cotton net sailor-blue veil, or blue with scarlet. Over your bathing suit wear a knee-length Spanish plaid skirt, or drag on a pair of checked trousers. Way at the bottom of the page is another high-sounding creation—the Andalusian hat, designed by John Fredericks. But this has the virtue of being truly chameleonlike, for it seems to fit cozily into the picture whether you're wearing shorts, slacks, sun-suit or street frock. It is shaped like a little loaf and is particularly happy in black silk.

THE FRENCH Revolution is responsible for another ultra-whimsy—hats with tall, conical crowns rising from widish brims—something like the Castilian version, but without a depression in the crown and a curl to the brim. Jeanne Duc designs them in natural straw and winds a tricolor ribbon about the crown, high at the front, crossing low at the back, and passing through a slit in the straw, to hang loosely. Far too chic for democracy!

And then there are cartwheels—bigger and better than ever—huge, armspreading ones that cast as much shade as a parasol and make a supremely flattering backdrop for glowing beach-faces. Wear one in linen—scarlet, with black, linen one-piece pyjamas. Or try it in anemone pink with sea-green pyjamas. Some picturesque ones are made of material like towelling—quite limp, the mighty brims being wired, and the crowns gathered into a frill at the top.

IF YOU want to add charm to the effect created by your new evening gown, wear a posy in your hair. For flowers are everywhere—at the throat and at

the waist, too; encircling the wrist in a dainty garland, or worn flatly at the point of a low-backed frock. Fresh-faced daisies and similar companionable flowers for summertime cottons; more sophisticated varieties for silks. How your hair wears its posy is a different thing again; for one cannot sally forth with a rose tucked behind one ear and be satisfied that the world is good.

If the evening's an "occasion," take your hairdresser into your confidence and let him cut and wave your hair into a suitable setting for the flower. If your hair is longish, you can sweep it off the neck at the back and pile it high on the head in rumpled curls. Then you give an Edwardian feel to the coiffure by dexterously pinning a spray of flowers behind the curls. Or you can roll the ends of your hair demurely and place a single rose low among them, toward the back.

SHORT HAIR has come sweeping back with the new summertime coiffures. Two of the newest and cleverest styles are shown at the top of the page. Antoine, creator of individual coiffures, designed them, and named the one with the flower tucked high on the crown of the head, "Evening in St. Moritz," and the other with the long, deeply waved fringe, smoothly drawn side hair and prim, bunched ends, "Sophistique."

When M. Muzet, Antoine's American representative, was in Canada, deftly snipping the locks of Toronto ladies according to their personalities and the structure of their heads, I snatched sketches of these two ultra-chic coiffures to show you, so that you, too, can go to your hairdresser and say: "There... do something like that for me!" For, whether your vacation is over or is only just beginning, it is never too late to look into your mirror and see what enchantment swirls and curls and subtly accented lines can conjure.

AMONG THE hats for everyday, one of the most unique inspirations is a Molyneux square hat of black and white silk crepe. These large hats do magical things to your profile. Try wearing a huge brimmed straw—round this time—tilted well off one side of the face, so that the shallow crown reveals the smooth contour of your head. Then fasten a bright nosegay or a single glowing flower, to the under brim, just where it flares off the temple. If you're dusky-dark, crimson your lips and wear a tiny, flat earring: your skin will glimmer whitely against its black, brown or navy background, and you'll create a smoldering effect. And, of course, there's Maria Guy's amusing coolie beret. Who'd have thought that the quaint headgear of a rickshaw-driver could be so effective? It sits on the head like a flattish pyramid, coming well down over the eyes—made of wool, and casts far more comfortable shade than the ordinary beret. High, bare necklines and three-quarter tunic frocks or ensembles feel particularly at home with it.

SUN BONNETS are with us again, filled to the brim with feminine charm! For the garden they're made of glazed chintz and with them, naturally, you wear a full-skirted, frilly-edged garden frock which is also made of glazed chintz. Makes you look like the Complete Pioneer Lady in one of her more glamorous moments. Sun bonnets for little girls, too; exquisitely shirred and made of the same sprigged lawn as their dainty Kate Greenaway frocks.



Sketches of the two Antoine coiffures, courtesy Eaton's—College Street, Toronto.

"Gee, but you're beautiful! I'm crazy about you"

Read how a
simple clothes secret
helped Nancy
win Romance...



"A new girl in town—and, lucky for me, visiting right next door," said Bill.



He lost his heart on the spot, but — "It would take a rich man to keep her in clothes," Bill said to himself.



So he didn't dare dream she could live on his salary until one day Nancy burst out with



the explanation—"You silly boy—I've learned how to make my clothes money go far!"



"I'm a shark at finding bargains, especially in silks and cottons. Then I never let things get faded or old looking. I use Lux



for all my things—dresses, blouses, sweaters. Most things wash, you know, but I don't take chances on wrong washing. Cake-soap



rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali too often fade colours, wear out materials. I stick to Lux—that's my clothes secret."

LUX

Safe for *anything* that's
safe in water alone

Girls everywhere make clothes money go farther this way

Clothes are terribly important to success—to romance, clever girls frankly admit.

"That's why it's foolish," they say, "to let wrong washing fade colours, spoil texture and fit. We don't risk this—we stick to Lux."

To be safe, you'd better insist on

these tissue-thin flakes for dainty, washable summer frocks, too.

Lux dissolves instantly in luke-warm water. It contains no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps so often do. With Lux you avoid unnecessary rubbing which is dangerous even with the mildest cake soap.

Frocks, blouses, gloves, precious knitted things—you can Lux them all *again and again*, knowing that whatever is safe in water alone will come out of Lux like a dream—will look new all season long. And thanks to gentle Lux care, your clothes money goes twice as far!



by
ANNABELLE LEE

ABOUT BEAUTY

Eyes

IN AUGUST sun glare is one's chief eye problem, and it can cause a lot of grief—headaches and blurry whites, squint-lines and fearsome frowns. However, there are ways of protecting the eyes from the sun. Goggles, for instance. Buy a pair of tinted goggles for the beach and for motoring. If you play tennis wear an eye-shield—a celluloid green one or a white one lined with green, because green is a particularly restful color.

Bathe the eyes night and morning with an eye lotion. You can make one yourself by pouring half a pint of boiling water over a teaspoonful of boracic acid powder. When dissolved, strain through butter muslin into a sterilized bottle. Keep tightly corked and dilute with an equal quantity of warm water when desired. An eye cup is the best thing to use for your eye bath. If the eyes are inflamed, lie down in a darkened room for fifteen minutes and place over the eyelids two pads saturated with rosewater, witch hazel or skin tonic. Sun headaches are relieved by bathing the temples with very hot water. As for those squint lines and frown lines, pat nourishing cream or rich muscle oil around the eyes and across the forehead lines every night. Almond oil, too, can be used for this purpose.

Feet

DAILY BATHING with warm, soapy water and sponging with cold, does wonders toward keeping the feet free from hot-weather fatigue. Add foot salts to the water and you'll love this daily soaking rite. Common salt, too, is a fine thing for tired, aching feet. Add a couple of handfuls to a basin of warm water. Take this opportunity to rub away any thickening of the skin with pumice stone. Rub the feet dry briskly and powder them with deodorant powder. Or, if your feet are inclined to swell and ache, massage them nightly for a week with vaseline, covering them with an old pair of cut-down stockings in order to protect the bed-linen. Even if you do not suffer in this way, the occasional massage with olive oil before your foot-bath puts wings on the average pair of feet.

Toeless sandals and beach-bathing should make us as particular about our feet as we are about our hands. Gently scrub around the nails when you bathe, and remove dead cuticle with the same cuticle remover you use for your fingernails. Cut the nails straight across the tops, and, if you would be very chic, paint them with nail varnish. A hand lotion, smoothed into the skin after bathing or showering, keeps it smooth and presentable.

thought that you were rather infatuated." "Only with her work and reputation out here."

"And you haven't asked her to marry you nor said a word?" The red heart trembled in her hand.

"No, but darling, be honest with me. If you think I can't take care of you, or if my face," he hesitated, "will be too unpleasant—there's a bad scar, or will be, you know—I'll just go away. But I had to tell you. I wanted you to know."

She sprang up, her face radiant. She shook him a little by his coat lapels. "It's all right, darling. It's all right. I had to let you go on . . . alone . . . deciding everything for yourself, but oh, so much wanting you. I had to, dear. You must understand. It was the only way to prove yourself to yourself."

She laughed and tears hung on her lashes. "Listen, while I tell you something. Carlotta

is married . . . secretly some time ago to a director who is in the East."

Angus frowned, hardly comprehending.

"Married? How do you know?"

"She told me. She is not Carlotta Luigi but Carlotta Sorell, my younger sister. I came out here to look after her, but we quarrelled so, I had not seen her for over six months. I just stayed around in case she needed me. I knew none of her friends, nothing of her life. She told me she had married, when she was here after her accident on the cliff. I promised not to tell since she thinks it's better for her career, though how she is going on now, I don't know. But she's all taken care of anyhow, dear. Don't you see, I had to let you do what you wanted—and find yourself?"

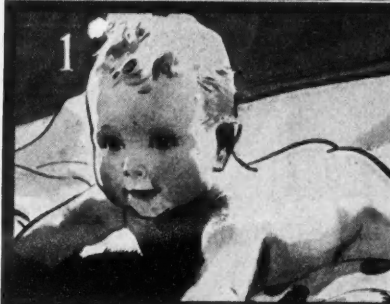
"I can't take it all in—but," suddenly he drew her close, "you're fond of me?"

"Very, very fond, darling . . . besides loving you."

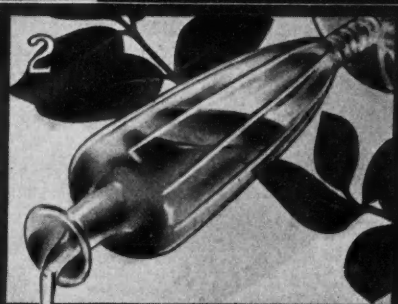
WE BABIES DEMAND OUR RIGHTS



Our skins
need this gentle
soap . . . made
with olive oil!



"We ought to know about soaps! Aren't we as tender as can be . . . and don't we all get baths every single morning? Well, then, we want that gentle Palmolive, the soap doctors approve because it's made from olive oil!"



We don't blame them . . . not a bit! For Palmolive is such a pure and gentle soap. The reason is, of course, that it's made only from pure vegetable oils . . . a scientific blend of soothing olive and palm oils!



And when you think of the 20,000 beauty experts who say Palmolive is best to guard complexion beauty, you know it just must be a truly fine beauty soap! Why don't you try Palmolive "facials" every day?



Doctors say
"Safe even for a
Baby's skin"

Save money!

ALL 3 FOR 49¢

MADE IN CANADA



2 full-size 25c tubes of COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

A Colgate Tooth Brush of Guaranteed Quality

ALL 3 FOR 49¢

YES, SAVE MONEY . . . real money! And really *save* it! Because this bargain is on items you *must* have . . . things you'd still be buying if they cost five times as much! That's why this bargain is different! That's why it's news! That's why it's so surprising.

It's a sensational value for 49c . . . a tooth brush of guaranteed Colgate high quality, and 2 full-size tubes of Colgate's . . . 49c for all three!

It can't last, of course. You can see that, when even at the regular price of 25c for a single tube, Colgate's is always a big value in itself.

Get yours now, before the limited supply at your dealer's is exhausted. Stock up now for several months. Provide for the whole family. Your chance is now! Who knows when it will come again?

LIMITED SUPPLY AT YOUR DEALER'S



SUMMER NOTES

Skin

IN WARM weather the skin is likely to do one of two things. Either the pores relax and the skin becomes excessively oily, or constant exposure to sun causes it to become too dry. If the first complaint is yours, try adding half a teaspoonful of borax to a basin of warm water when you wash. Then wash as usual with a pure, bland soap—or a tar soap which is slightly astringent—rinse with ice-cold water, and finally pat plenty of skin tonic into the skin. And here's a cooling hint for both oily and dry skins. When face and hands feel unbearably hot, bathe them with lukewarm water to which has been added a few drops of tincture of benzoin. A tablespoonful to a bathtub is delightful, too.

As for the overdry skin, there are three things one can do. Nourish, nourish, and yet again nourish. Buy a large-size jar of a good skin food and slather it on generously. Smooth in as much as the skin will absorb; then if there's any residue, wipe it off before retiring. When you sun-tan, you who value your complexions, protect your skin either with a special sun-tan oil or with olive or almond oil. Olive oil and vinegar, mixed fifty-fifty, makes an elegant protection, is good for the skin and does you to a nice turn.

Hair

BENEATH A beautiful head of hair there's a healthy scalp—and the scalp reacts to warm weather in much the same way as does the skin of one's face. Perspiration and overactive oil glands may cause the hair to look lank and greasy; in which case you should wash it with an astringent shampoo such as pine-tar; and should keep it clean between shampoos with scalp applications of a good astringent hair tonic. Sometimes the parting shows a regrettable inclination to look dirty when on vacation. Then scrub it with a tooth brush and a little warm water.

But if you have allowed the sun to dry your hair to a strawlike texture, apply warm olive oil to the scalp half an hour before shampooing and let steaming towels open the pores so that the oil can penetrate. Sweep a thin coating of pomade over the hair with the palms of the hands. It will act as a protection and guard against further sun-dryness. A dry shampoo will keep it clean while you are on vacation and a week's onslaught with a dry hair tonic will condition it on your return. That same combination of olive oil and vinegar which I recommend for sun-tanning, can be used just as effectively for the hair. Smear it all over you if you know of a private baking place. It's grand.

Fond Affection

(Continued from page 24)

white he was. "Angus, are you ill, dear?" She touched his arm. "Are you hurt more than you told me?"

Sudden warmth broke through his pallor. He bent above her. "You see? You love me. You're fond of me. You care how I feel." He spoke in rapid confession. "I could not give it up—I simply couldn't, nor you, Tossa. I've had an awful time—thinking and thinking until my brains went numb."

"Yes?" Under her mole-colored hair, her lovely, vivid face looked up at him, clear-eyed, affectionate.

"I've never asked her."

"What?"

"I hadn't the courage. I've never said a word to her about marrying her. After all my fine sentiments—all my talk, I couldn't do it. I tried but couldn't. And then I did not have the courage to confess. It's been awful."

Tossa stared down at the fat red heart. "I

He rose abruptly from the table and began pacing back and forth. When he walked one way, Tossa saw nothing but the slanted gauze. When he came back she could make nothing of his face; it was wooden, expressionless, a screen for his thinking.

"Can it be," she spoke with delicate enquiry, "that she has refused you?"

He stopped at that, and she saw how



by KAY MURPHY

"Dinna ye ken?": that's what they're calling those tricky velvet Balmora! tams that have all the tang of the Highlands. In bright colors — to wear with white sports togs.

Wear navy and white, if you'd be styled right — the slogan that is back of several peppy costumes. Navy organdie dresses with white jackets, and the other way about, for evening; navy bandana and gloves with white linen suits; navy hat, gloves, shoes and bag with white sports dress. Some of the navy I went for in a big way.

Cellophane capes! They're showing 'em in grand bright colors, all strung like straw, on the gayest dresses for night life. A yellow crêpe, with a green cellophane cape. M-m-m!

Another cape that took my eye was one of hand-drawn thread-work that adorned a plain white crêpe spectator dress. And handwork is slipping in on several nicer dresses and blouses these days.

Now they're putting rainbows on our feet! The most darling—and daring—evening hose comes in tints of burgundy, navy, gunmetal, etc., dark as to heels, then shading off into paler tones until it finishes up, as it did in the burgundy honies, a pale flesh. Lovely with summer sandals for the evening.

Brown and pale blue is one of the more favored color combinations. And did I yearn for a brown tweed skirt, topped off with a pale blue tweed jacket! 'Twas for sports.

Blue jewellery is jingling in on the summer tune. Those handcarved bracelets are making a great fuss.

Now they're talking fall. And making up our suits right this minute. They'll have plenty of dressmaker detail, I'm telling you.

And the colors for fall, they say, will be black, brown, green, rust, wine and blue. I wonder! Fashion is a fickle lass.

Have you a white skirt? Fie on thee, if not; and remedy the matter at once. One of those soft, superfine flannels, or a smart crêpe, will save your life many's the time. Have at least a couple of bright blouses to wear with it; and I'd make one of 'em a lipstick-chiffon red affair. Exciting!

back on the shoulders: no woman with a slouch can be beautiful. He is particular about cheek bones. These, in his opinion, should be rather high and full, even excessive—Marlene Dietrich has them. There is also the mouth. Mr. Forbes hates the small rosebud kind. He would rather, he said, paint Katharine Hepburn or Katherine Cornell any time than any of the Hollywood girls who win a beauty contest.

"If a woman has too symmetrical a face it isn't satisfying," he said. "A slight irregularity of features gives her added charm.

There are few great paintings of beautiful women of the type of beauty that Hollywood likes—the dolly type. It requires really a great artist like Orpen or Sargent to make a work of art out of a pretty girl. Beauty is something else—something bigger."

For all that, Mr. Forbes is certain that the world does not lack beautiful women despite Hollywood.

"I think that women are more beautiful today than they ever were," he says.

The End

Relieve Discomfort

by restoring moisture to sunburned skin

THIS FRAGRANT LOTION, that smooths your poor roughened hands to petal softness... has an uncanny affinity for dry, parched skin cells!

By actual test, Jergens Lotion goes into the skin more quickly, more completely than any other lotion tested.

This remarkable ability explains why Jergens is so soothing and cooling to a hot, sunburned skin.

Your skin dries out from over-exposure to the sun since the sun's rays draw moisture away from the skin cells. Painful irritation often results.

But the stinging discomfort of any ordinary sunburn is relieved almost instantly at the cooling touch of this gentle lotion. Irritation subsides. The skin feels cooled and comforted.

Jergens Lotion also can help you to avoid burning. Laboratory observations show that this lotion actually shuts out the most irritating of the



Used before exposure, JERGENS LOTION helps protect your skin from burning. It actually screens out the most irritating rays of the sun—saves the skin from the coarsening, aging effects of too much sun.

sun's rays when it is spread over the skin.

Make Jergens Lotion a part of your holiday kit—for the beach or the car. Before and after any direct exposure to the sun, spread it generously over your arms, neck and shoulders. You'll never want to be without its caressing coolness and protection.

Ask for it at your drug or department store in the 50c size or the big thrifty \$1.00 bottle. For traveling and for week-ends, you'll want the handy, smaller bottle, too, which you can get at the ten-cent stores.

"Dear little kissable hands so soft to touch!"



See for Yourself—how quickly this lotion goes into the skin... how it soothes and relieves irritation



Jergens Lotion

The Andrew Jergens Company, 571 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont. MADE IN CANADA

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Address
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It fascinates—it flatters



..but never Clogs the Pores!

If it's right for the skin's health, it's right for beauty, too! This is Woodbury's creed for every beauty aid they make. So Woodbury's Facial Powder is not only smartly flattering, but absolutely safe!

Clogged pores? Stifled, stretched, followed by hateful blemishes? You need not fear them in your use of Woodbury's. Every vital duct and channel is left free to breathe, to remain alive, unhampered, firm and fine. Because this powder contains only pure, fine ingredients—carefully blended by skin scientists.

With Woodbury's your skin is smartly, suavely finished, too. Style experts chose

its six lovely shades that reproduce the true complexion tones. They tested them—as well as the velvet texture of this powder—on living models. When you wear it you'll know you're safe! And fascinating, too.

Box illustrated, 50¢. Also in \$1.00 boxes. And in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes in the Five- and Ten-Cent and Variety Stores.

WOODBURY'S ROUGE AND LIPSTICK
As safe for the skin as the powder! Four smart shades. Charming green and silver cases. 50¢ each. Together, a lovely set.

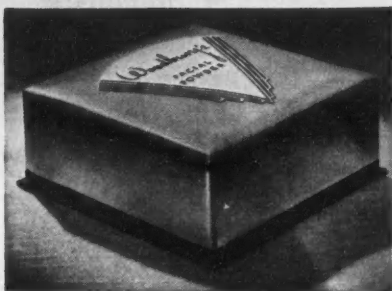
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FACIAL POWDER

FREE...SIX TRIAL SAMPLES

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 508, Perth, Ontario
Please send me—free—samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one of each of the six shades—and a tube of Woodbury's germ-free Cold Cream containing Element 576, which is helpful in overcoming Dry Skin.

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Street _____
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MADE IN CANADA

FASHION SHORTS

IF YOU GO in for those sun-back dresses and feel that, sometimes, they are too, too informal — why, grab thee a colorful square of linen or silk, drape it over your shoulders, then slip on your dress. It's flattering to both your neck ... and your modest air!

If you are the kind that must wear a brassiere under your swim suit, yet long for backless freedom, there is a grand new Bra that has no back strap but is held in place by a simple yet adequate harness that encircles the thighs. It's a honey for evening gowns, too.

And there is another swell-I help to ladies of avoirdupois who need girdles and brassies, both. In this new corselette the brassiere part is absolutely backless, and a silk bit of Lastex holds in that roll-in-the-waist that afflicts all us gals.

Alpaca: the smooth new-old fabric that is back with a style bang! The choice of the better dressed for summer wear and evening-wise, too. Saw an adorable dress for dancing in this fabric — cream it was — with a huge scarf of stripes draped around the neck, and trailing 'way down in the back to about the fingertips.

Another love of a dress for evening wear was of white organdie appliquéd with green organdie leaves.

For a glitter of bag color, those summery bags of unbreakable sequins that have all the color of sun-on-the-sand o' the beach.

They're wearing fingertip eyelet batiste jackets over silk crêpe frocks.

It's a satin summer! Never so much satin as is being shown now, for midsummer wearing. A thrilling satin suit for the tea hour was of shiny black satin, with white mousseline de soie dress yoke. And the same crisp fabric on the lapels of the one-buttoned jacket.

For those lazy hours, as cool-as-lettuce printed muslin negligées. Made up with lots of ruffles and sweepy trains. Formal enough for informal tea-time wear, too.

Those bright piqué blouses, berets and gloves, all matching, do much for a little white skirt. The blouse, if very smart, has your initials embroidered boldly on the front, in case you get lost.

Now they have a "Minute Facial" that cleanses, tones, massages and forms a powder base all in a jiffy! And does it do things for us poor, tired gals who have the tail end of a minute to get ready for the heavy dater.

Velvet-spotted voile: one of the newer fabrics for midsummer. 'Snice, when made up into a dance-the-night-long dress. Saw it in buttercup yellow, with velvet accessories.

What Makes a Woman Beautiful?

(Continued from page 7)

can't lay down any laws about beauty. There are no set rules. They'd only be broken by the next pretty girl you see. Character? Yes, if you can get character beyond the mask the picture is worth painting. But I don't think that women as a rule like to show strong character. I think they'd rather be considered pretty."

FOR KENNETH Forbes a woman to be beautiful must have, among the first things, a good carriage and a good bone structure. An essential requirement, he believes, is that the head should always be set well

was definitely that of a beautiful woman. "Look at her features," he said. "You

It was two years at least since they had visited this secret bathing place of theirs, but as they wound through the trees and boulders it seemed to her like yesterday. When they came to the small open space at the edge of the lake he stopped and slipped his arm about her, whereupon she shrank into herself and her lips tightened. The level rock three feet above the water was deep-carpeted in moss and backed by trees: birch, spruce and balsam, fragrant and still in the somnolence of the August afternoon. The lake was so big that the more distant inlets were dim with violet haze, northward the hills rolled back to the woods where Johnny logged, the water was dead calm and blue and oily-looking and the whole landscape simmered in the heat under a waiting hush that could be felt.

Her anger and the hardness at her heart gave way to intense nostalgia. Why had she come here? She wished desperately that she had not. It made live old memories that hurt too much and which she wanted to forget, wonderful, glamorous, precious memories . . .

Johnny said: "Same old place, same old smell, and same old sweetheart." He bent to kiss her and she yielded to complaisance in his arms. But at once she stiffened and the anger rose again. This for today, because it amused him and he had a fancy for it. But for tomorrow and for the next two months he'd sooner be in a bush camp with a lot of bohunks. Besides, it wasn't decent. She didn't belong to him any more. She belonged to another man. Tonight she was to go away with Donald.

Her coldness was lost on Johnny. He kissed her, threw down the luncheon basket and unrolled the towels, passing hers over.

"Race you in darlin'." He walked across the open into the brush on the other side.

He was back again before she was half ready; she could see him through the brush over the tall boulder behind which she sheltered, wearing blue trunks only, his lithe, sinewy body burned dark-brown all over from working round his log pools in his swimming things.

Suddenly, naked behind her boulder, she was covered with confusion, as though he were a stranger, and she a girl, instead of his wife of eight years standing. And when he called: "Come on, it's lonely," it took all her will to pull on her suit and go out to join him.

Johnny took a quick glance at her, grinned, then dived and hit the water with a booming plunge. She followed, glad of the relief of violent action, and they swam side by side far out into the lake, in water that had not lost the sting of winter, blue, deep and clear, whose chill fired the body, so that when they emerged into the baking sunshine it was as though their veins were charged with wine.

They lay on the warm moss and the forest hush closed over them. About such vast and silent beauty there is always awe. Pauline had always felt it, but now it gripped her as it never had before. It was like life, it came to her, immense, unpredictable, frightening. The sense of its power pressed upon her with enormous heaviness, filling her with foreboding, and from sheer force of habit she moved closer to her husband. And then again she remembered what for that moment she had forgotten, and a sense of hopelessness and despair possessed her. It was no use. There was no use relying upon Johnny. In the morning he would be gone again, leaving her lonely, and for every sweetness she had with him now there would be a thousand hungers in the weeks when he was gone.

Johnny rolled over on his back and stretched till his joints cracked. He looked like some jungle denizen, the bloom on his fine limbs, the sun glinting on the yellow down that covered them. He relaxed with a sigh, reached out and laid on her arm his hand, from which she almost recoiled for fear he might be going to make love to her. And then all at once she was ashamed of that, and then—ridiculous it was, she told herself—felt sorry for him, with that too sweet a sentiment which one has for children. But he lay quietly with his light clasp on her arm, while no sound broke the silence

but the caw of a sleepy crow. And then she had to sit up quickly and turn away her face, in case he should see that her lips were shaking and her eyes were filled with tears.

By the time they got home it was half-past six. She was tingling from the sun and from the icy water, and as they came round the curve in their own drive and opened up the low, brown-shingled house among the flower beds against the trees, she had that delicious sense of homecoming which she had always longed for.

But she remembered, too, the months after months of homecomings which had been different, which had brought only loneliness and bafflement. And after today, but for Donald, it would be the same again. Johnny had his work and that kept him happy; she was a kept woman only in his life, and not one that drew him overmuch at that. She wanted a man who needed her, to whom her existence was imperative. Donald was like that. He said he needed her, and promised her that she would be with him always. After today there would be no more loneliness for her.

ANISTO met them in the hall. "Meestar Vickerman call, many time, ma'am." Johnny went on to the kitchen and she ran upstairs, and as she entered her room the phone rang. It was Donald.

"You were wanting me, my dear. I've phoned several times since I got your message."

She had a queer sense of unreality, as if she had dreamed, and still was dreaming, the events of that day. She whispered urgently, "Johnny's here. He flew down. I've been with him all the afternoon. It's been just terrible. He didn't get my letter and I haven't told him yet."

"The deuce he is!" Vickerman's deep voice commented. "Well. Nothing for it. We'll have to have it out before we go. Sit tight and wait for me. Never fear. It'll be all right. I'll come the minute I can make it. And—you know—don't be afraid. There's one thing that I'd bank on with that man of yours, whatever he may not be. He's a gentleman."

Yes, she thought, in her curious detachment, he was a gentleman. She'd always known that. But that did not alter the fact that he had made her suffer, oh, immeasurably.

She bathed and dressed and went through dinner in a numb unreal suspense. Her brain was a mere mass of chaotic feeling, through which Johnny's banter came as from far away. Such an ordeal as this day had been she had not conceived to be possible. But it would be over soon. All this year's unhappiness would be over, and she would be at rest. She wanted that, she reminded herself insistently. More than anything she wanted peace.

They took coffee on the porch outside the windows of the living room, while the blue dusk stole in between the trees—their trees—and the crickets began: zig zag zig zag.

It was beautiful, this place, as beautiful as Singoosh, in a different way, with a charm that worked sorcery upon the spirit. There was no awe here, no sense of immense primeval menace that tolerantly withheld its might from human interlopers.

Here in the dusk, this moment, there was peace for her—peace, utter, profound and satisfying. But how many nights had the house held only longing, when she had been melted by the loveliness and ached for him to be with her as he was now!

And if she did not go away with Donald, for two months she might not see him again, and it might go on like the past year for who knew how long. That awful loneliness . . .

Johnny stirred in his long chair and said: "What a night, Pauline! A perfect night after a perfect day."

It was almost dark; the crickets chirred. A big white blur that was a moth fluttered by in the gloom. The clock struck nine. Donald was late. He must be here soon.

Johnny's chair creaked and he was on his knee beside her. He had taken her hands and his face was pressed against them. "You do know I love you, Pauline? I've loved you

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The Best in Life

(Continued from page 13)

"Yes," she breathed. "Yes. Please do that. I've been so hurt, so horribly hungry and alone."

The little dining room was low and beamed, with leaded windows and wide window seats in gay yellow chintz like the curtains. Charm hung there like a vapor. While Anisto, the Filipino man-of-all-work, served the soup, Donald said: "Your gift for atmosphere amounts to genius. Wherever you go take it with you; and this place which you have made from such simple things is as near perfect as I expect to see. All the cash on earth could not make it nicer."

She felt sick inside. Such a man as this, who had seen everything there was to see, said that, but Johnny Stainer, for whom she had made it all, and to whom she had given everything of mind, flesh and spirit that she had to give, lived in a lumber camp and dashed down once in seven weeks to see it . . .

Donald left right after lunch: "Simply must," he said. "Last minute things for a six months absence; you'd be surprised how many. But I'll be here for you at half-past eight, and then you never shall be lonely any more. Don't stay here and be unhappy. Take your car and drive, have tea in the country and come back late and tired to your bath and dinner. And don't think back. Think forward. Remember you're the loveliest thing I've ever seen, and that from now on I shall live for you." He laughed. "But after all, I've done that for the past year and more." And she remembered with a flood of gratefulness that he spoke the truth. He had filled her life with unselfish love and she loved him in return for it.

BUT WHEN he had gone she found herself pacing the lawn again in the sun, dwelling on the spread of meadow flanked by trees that was beyond the garden, on the elms against the sky, the little orchard just beginning to mature. She did not regret what she was doing, she assured herself. But she was furious and heartbroken at the bafflement and failure, at the negation of delights that might have been in such a perfect setting.

She was brought back from thoughts she could not deny by the crackling of car wheels on gravel, as a taxi roared round to the house. A bareheaded man with close-cropped brown hair, in khaki and an old tweed coat, stood up and waved to her. Her heart thumped and she stared—for it was Johnny. He jumped out of the car and ran across, seizing her hands and laughing down at her. He was not handsome, but he had a fine manly face with a lot of fight in it, burned brown by the sun. His mouth was strong and sweet and his eyes laughed; he looked fit as a racehorse.

She said: "B-but there's no train today." "I flew down. I was wanting you. I'm always wanting you up there, but today I had to see you. And Slim Garner came in with a forestry-control plane and I made him bring me down."

"Then—you didn't get my letter?"

"Letter? . . . Oh, I left before train time. What do I want with letters when I've got you in the flesh. Gosh, but the place looks beautiful, and you get lovelier every time I see you. Seven weeks it's been—and now I can have you all to myself till Slim goes back tomorrow."

A wave of violent resentment swept over her. That was it! Always, always the same. He'd come down here and make crazy love to her for a day and then rush off and leave her fifty times as miserable as she had been before. But not this time. She did not depend on him any more. She'd tell him what his selfishness had done to her. She began: "Johnny—"

He wrapped a corded arm about her and walked her toward the house. "Frightfully hot, ain't it? Let's go up and swim at Singoosh—take our tea and not come home till dinner. Haven't been up there for years and years. Come on. Hop up and get into some easy things while I tell Anisto to put up some tea and get the dinner of his life for us at eight. Up you go."

He shoved her up the first three stairs and strode off to interview Anisto. It was all done in one continuous action that gave her no chance in which to speak unless she shouted him down. Angry and exasperated, she ran up to her room and closed the door, snatching up the telephone to call to Donald. He was not at his office—he had gone to his lawyer's. He had not reached the lawyer's yet. She called one or two other places. No one knew where he was. Then she heard Johnny bound up the stairs, four at a time, and slapped down the receiver. He knocked, paused and came in. "All set! I told that yellow peril I'd flay him if it wasn't a good dinner. Heck, woman, what you been doin' all this time? No change, no swimmin' things. Think I want to waste the day like this. Step on it, will you!"

Her face was hard as she stepped up to him. She was very angry.

"Listen, Johnny. There was a letter I sent you. It would have been in your mail today—"

He took her in his arms and pleaded comically: "Honey, I don't want to talk any shop. I want to fool with you. I ain't seen you in seven weeks. Ain't I got any rights?"

She set her hands against his chest and furiously shoved him off. "What was in that letter was—"

He yanked her wrists apart and put them behind her and, though she fought him, set his mouth on hers and kissed her hungrily. "I don't give a continental what was in it. The sun's shinin' and we're goin' to swim at Singoosh. Come on now, step on it. If you ain't down in five minutes I'll fetch you in your shirt." The door slammed and he went in three strides down the stairs, landing with a crash at the bottom and running out to get the car.

She flung herself face downward on the bed and wept. The hulking bully! Always the same, big things and little, stupid and thoughtless and selfish, caring about no one's feelings but his own. All right then. Let him have his afternoon at Singoosh; it would be the last he would ever have. She didn't care. She was sick and tired of struggling, first with herself and now with him. She'd drift with the tide and not bother, like Donald said. And Donald could tell him tonight and he'd see if he could treat her like dirt. She got up, knocking her eyes, pulled off her dress, forgot what she was doing, and began to rummage snivelling in the cupboard for their old swimming things.

Then he was pounding on the door again. "Don't you dare come in here!" she screamed: he'd catch her blubbering.

"Ho, indeed! And what do I pay my money for? Am I your man or ain't I?" He rattled the handle belligerently. But he did not come in.

IT WAS forty minutes drive, through farm lands, then through light open timber, to the rocky lands clothed with forest where the lakes began. Johnny fell silent, dropped one hand to hers and drove with the other. Her hand lay in his on her knee, and every now and then he turned and smiled at her.

The fences ran out and the forest came to meet them, the scent of wet moss and decayed logs, of balsam and of cedar, fresh, cool and cleansing, and after fifteen minutes curving down a deeply-rutted brown dirt road through primeval timber, the car was swung into a well-remembered parking stop between a boulder and a huge fir bole. The engine panted to a stop and the silence settled.

Johnny sat still for a moment. Then he looked round at her, cocked one eyebrow with a smile whose enigmatical inflection made her wonder, squeezed her hand and got out.

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since the very first and I've never looked at any other woman: you know that, don't you? And just to be with you like this is worth everything that life could do to me. You've got me deep inside and I'll never get away from you. I want you more than anything on earth."

She felt his arms go round her and she gave him back his kiss. And then she drew back quickly. "Johnny, I—I must tell you."

He put his hand on her lips. "Don't tell me anything, just let me be here with you like this. That's all I ask. If this were my last night on earth I'd want it to be just like this—our house, and you." His lips pressed hers again and she relaxed with a long, weary sigh.

Twin beams of light lit up the trees beyond the garden and he looked up sharply: "Confound it! There's a car coming. I won't have anyone come in and spoil this evening. Honey, let me duck upstairs and you get rid of them. They needn't know I'm here at all." He snatched a kiss and she heard him run through the living room and up the stairs. As the car drew up she hurried in. She felt the need of light. Lots and lots of light. She switched them all on, so that her eyes were dazzled.

Vickerman came in through the verandah and crossed to her quickly with his hands outstretched. "I'm so sorry. I simply couldn't make it sooner. Where is he?"

She faltered: "He went upstairs. He said he wouldn't see anyone, that he wanted to be just alone with me."

"You haven't told him?"

"No," faintly.

"Then get him down and I will, and then it will be all over. You must have had a beastly afternoon. Call him now, won't you?"

"Yes," she whispered, went to the stair-foot and stood there with her head raised and her profile clear against the dark wood behind. It seemed a long time before she moved, and the ticking of the clock came clearly.

Then she went back to Vickerman, and her face shone. "Donald, I can't do it. I mean I don't want to do it. I don't love you. I love him. He's hurt me and hurt me, but I don't care. Just one day like today is worth all the loneliness. Oh, I've known it all along. I'm soft. That's what's wrong with me. I want things easy. I want love easy. But it isn't like that, I see it now. Great joy and great pain, that's what it is."

Vickerman watched her between surprise, anger and sheer admiration, seeing the light that was upon her, the fire in her eye, the carriage of her head. He said: "You're overwrought, you've had a desperate day, but tomorrow he'll be gone again. I'll be gone, too. You've told me what that means to you, Pauline."

"I know. I know I'll regret this. I know I'll be hurt again. But I don't care, I tell you. There are hours and hours yet before he goes tomorrow. Leave me alone, Donald. If you do care for me, leave me alone before he hears us. I don't want him ever, ever to know how near I was to wasting him. I'll get that letter somehow. Go now. Please, please go. I'm sorry. I've been a cad to both of you. But he comes first. He loves me in his way and I love him. Please, Donald."

Vickerman bit his lip and recognized defeat.

He held out his hands and said gently: "All right, Pauline. You win. You're even better than I thought you were, and you're the only one I ever cared for." He kissed her hands and went out very quietly.

AS SHE went upstairs she put out the lights. She wanted no one to disturb them till it was time for him to go tomorrow. She had debts to pay, debts of honor, of loyalty, that could be discharged only by outpourings of herself for him, and she must not waste a moment for fear it might be—who knew how long—before she had the chance again.

Her room was at its dainty best at night, when the rose-shaded lights were on. Johnny was sitting on the bed with his head bowed on his arms upon the crossbar at the

foot of it. He did not hear her come and she stopped, gazing in surprise at the despondency of which his attitude was mutely eloquent.

Then she went close and said gently, "Johnny," and he stood up at once. Seeing his reddened eyes and the glow of wet on his cheeks she burst out: "Johnny! Why, you're crying."

He went to her like a child and put his face down on her shoulder, saying in a queer, thick voice: "I was afraid I'd lost you and I couldn't bear it."

"Afraid you'd—Johnny, you know. You did get that letter. You knew all the time."

He nodded and raised his head. "It came on the train, and Slim happened to be there and I made him bring me down. He risked his job because I said it meant everything to me. And up there in the sky I had three hours to think and I saw it wouldn't do me any good to half murder Vickerman as I thought I would at first. I want you more than anything else on earth and I want you to want me that way. But if you can't, then you must have whatever you want most. To smash up Vickerman or to make you stay when you were fed up wouldn't make you care for me. I want you to have the best that life can give you and if that can't include me, that's my luck. That's why I've been at the camp so much these last two years. It wasn't so easy as it looked. I'd jeopardized your future. I found I'd bit off more than I could chew. And everything you trusted me to make life for you depended on it. How could I spend any time with you and let things drift, when that hung over you! And I didn't want to scare you with the picture of the mess there'd be if I did fail, and so I stayed and bucked it all I could; Pat Larrigan and the bank and the bohunks, and worried and wanting you like death till I was almost crazy." He caught his breath.

"And when you wrote and said that you were leaving me, it seemed all I could do was to come down and try and make you want to stay, just like I made you want to marry me at first. And I thought I hadn't, you were so cold and strange, and when I heard his car drive off, I thought that you'd gone, too..."

She soothed him like a child. "There, there! It's all right now. I must have been mad, I think. I don't want anything on earth but you, and never have. But I was furious because I couldn't keep from wanting you, and you left me so alone and I loathed all the waiting. I wouldn't any more, I think—not after this. But I'm not going to try. We're going to start differently. I'm going back to the camp with you, you can't stop me, I don't care how I live. And if you do go broke, I don't care either—we'll start again somehow. We're going to be together and we're going to have a baby right away and do the best we can and see what comes. Whatever it is, I know I'll be happy if you'll only love me like you have today."

He gave a queer, shaky laugh: "It won't be necessary, darlin'. I've—done a sort of funny thing. It's over—the Larrigan partnership, I mean. I was not going to tell you till we had the papers signed. But I've run my bluff on them after all. I'd guessed it these three months but didn't want to make a fool of myself again by saying so, in case I was wrong. And when I'd had your letter I was afraid to tell you, because I thought it might make you leave me anyway for fear that I might think you stayed because of that. And—and—I wanted to be sure myself that if you stayed it was because it was the thing you wanted most of all of life and you saw it then. I don't want you on any other terms. And you did. You didn't care if we were broke. And it's all over now. No more separation. You can have your new house and your own car, just how you wanted it."

She stood still with her eyes wide, gazing past him with a look that was half child, half woman, half innocent and half wise. She said: "I don't want a car, I want a baby, and I don't want any other house than this. I adore it. I couldn't bear to hurt it. We'll put on rooms here and there as we want them, and—and—oh, Johnny!"

ness. Grant, striding across the grass toward her, was one who had apparently found his God in heaven that day, tossed plots and worries into the lake below.

An idyllic, a fragile moment, only born to be shattered.

As Grant passed a clump of rhododendrons, there came a wild kiying. Something pinged, nicked him neatly in the neck. Young Harry, of course. Playing Indians. Harry and his restored slingshot.

Growling, Grant rubbed his neck. Eve frankly chuckled. "There seems to be a belittling streak in your family," she chuckled.

"You must have seen the young imp in there," Grant frowned. "Why didn't you stop him?"

For an instant Eve gauged him. Then she turned, elaborately surprised. "I didn't know," she murmured, "that I was here as a nurse."

"I see," Grant's mouth was ironic as he spoke, "that at least you're feeling more rested this morning."

Gravely, Eve agreed. "How soon," she purred, "do you suppose your sister will return?"

Grant shook his head. "My sister is like the future. No man knoweth." And he studied Eve, the impatience that was visible on her. "Are you really so anxious to return to the city?"

"Of course."

Still he was incredulous. "You really don't like it here?"

As though she were reading a lesson to a newborn babe, Eve said, "This is country, dull and humdrum. In New York now there are theatres, and plays being cast." Deliberately she faced him. "Unless you could put me into that new play of yours . . ."

Fastidiously, Grant gestured such brazenness into vagueness. "Afraid there's nothing for your type. Anyway," he shrugged, "quite frankly, after yesterday's performance—"

"Do you," Eve murmured evenly, "always go by yesterday's performances? It's really quite a stupid thing to do."

They stood, two arrogants, swords crossed neither of them noticing Silas Brown who had ambled to within earshot.

"Fine peaceful mornin', ain't it?" he drawled. And, to look at him, no one might suspect guile.

Eve and Grant turned swiftly, Grant guardedly cordial, but Eve, as though some subtle magic had touched her, abruptly a sweet and gracious young matron. She smiled on Silas Brown.

"Fine morning for a family squabble," she agreed, and her smile grew to a grin that took him into her confidence. "Ever since we were knee high, Grant and I have fought feuds and adored each other—simultaneously. It's a family gift."

She smiled at Grant. She was charming. Enchanting. At the moment not even a Silas Brown might deny or suspect her.

"Elkins told me," he chuckled, "told me how you two used to go through these parts like a pair of hellions, rack and ruin after ye."

Visibly Grant was reassured. He relaxed. "We always managed to have plenty of fun." He smiled with no effort at all.

Eve sighed a little. "I feel so sorry for my lone youngster." Her hand was gentle against her cheek as she gazed maternally into the rhododendrons hiding her alleged lone youngster. "An only child," she sighed, "has to depend so much on outsiders for amusement. Poor lamb."

And, as though to illustrate her point, Harry, the poor lamb, proceeded to depend on an outsider for his amusement. An instant, and he appeared before the bushes. A blood-curdling howl, and he plunged back into them again. But not before he had left Silas Brown red in the face, pawing his leathery neck.

"He hit me with something," Brown sputtered, "the young scalliwag." And he made threatening gestures toward the rhododendrons.

Eve was a perfect young mother, distressed. "It's that dreadful slingshot of his. Did he hurt you much, Mr. Brown?"

While on the side, Grant stood half

amused, half annoyed. As an uncle who says to himself, "Twice in the neck. Quite a marksman our young nephew." But also, as a man who fears that the victim may vent his wrath in wrong directions.

"He won't do it again," Eve was promising. "He'll be punished."

"Yah!" A derisive explosion, and Harry broke cover, scampered off across the lawn. Balefully, Brown stared after him.

"Needs a good hiding," he muttered. But he was recovering his poise, his grey monotones. Even, he grinned a bit. "Reckon you can't hang a boy fer bein' a boy," he said.

"Which is a great pity sometimes, isn't it?" Eve demurely agreed.

So that Brown shot her a look keener, more puzzled than it had been. But he learned nothing. She remained sweet and bland.

Brown shuffled. "Guess I'll be gettin' along," he drawled, and went off, down the road.

When she spoke, Eve did not move her head. "Well?" she said softly, triumphantly.

And Grant nodded a grudging nod. "You weren't so bad this time."

"Bad! I was perfect. That man's as convinced I'm Nancy, mother of Harry, as he is that today's a nice day."

"But that last look he gave you . . ."

Grant clung to scepticism.

Eve whirled to face him. And even as she whirled, a familiar whoop whooped close at hand. A familiar ping pinged upon the air. And suddenly she was clapping her hand to her reddening cheek.

Grant took a shocked step toward her.

She eyed him coldly across her hand. "What I can't see," she said, "is why you want to keep him on your side of the family fence."

Grant took no more steps toward her. "You're here to act, not to think," he scowled, darkly set off in the direction of Harry's last whoop. "When I lay hands on that scamp." He was magnificent in his wrath. At six paces he paused, frowned back over his shoulder. "Sorry he nicked you that time," he growled, plunged on again.

Eve was left, small hands clasped before her, the sun bright in her hair. Even after he had disappeared down the slope of the hill, she stood and stared. Until abruptly she frowned, shook her head as one coming up from a deep dive. And the swift color mounted to her forehead as though at unbidden thoughts, and the frown deepened, and suddenly she whirled about, skimmed off in the opposite direction. A young woman, it seemed, escaping herself.

SILAS BROWN did not reappear that day—or the next. The atmosphere on Silver Hill grew tense, waiting the cat that did not pounce.

Grant spent futile hours at the telephone, attempting to trace his sister. Eve restlessly paced the garden, stood for moments on end staring into far horizons. Even Harry, husky young animal though he was, took to pushing out his underlip, to scuffing discontentedly about.

"Gee whizz," he grumbled to Eve, "there's no fun no more. I got to hide my sling. I can't go down to the Elkins. Uncle Grant got awful mad this morning when I tried. Gee whizz, I wisht Nancy was here."

He was a small boy caught in a web he could not understand. And Eve seemed to find some kinship in that. She smiled a little.

"You might play something," she suggested.

Harry was sceptical. "What?"

They were in the garden, close to the house. In a window above them Grant was a shadowy figure bent motionless over a still typewriter.

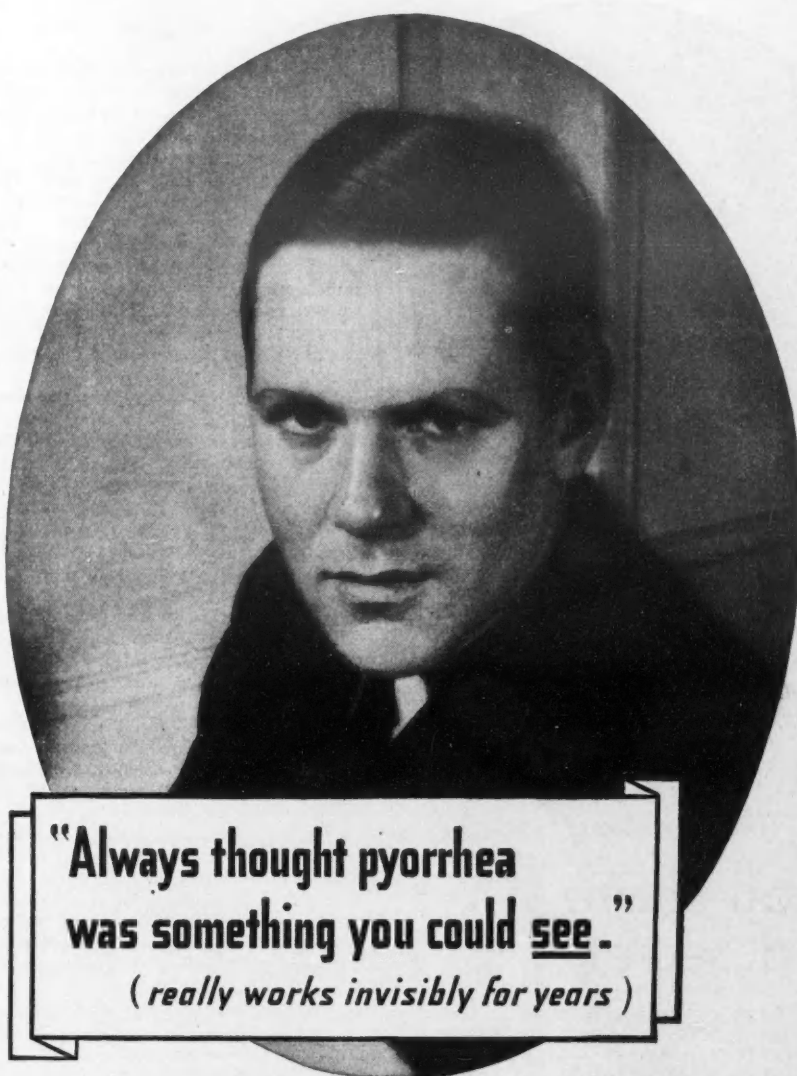
"What kin I play?" Harry insisted.

"Picnic," Eve said mechanically, at random. "Why not play picnic?"

Grant was moving now, coming closer to the window, so that she could see the tired droop of his head, the look of his hair on end.

Harry chanted a beatitude. "I'm gonna have a picnic—a-all-by-myself-picnic—a picnic . . ." Suddenly he brandished his contraband slingshot.

So that Eve came to in self defense. "Why



NO, Mr. Average Citizen, you are wrong about that! Pyorrhea works below the surface, and sometimes gives no warning for years. A tooth may be clean and white and well-cared-for, and yet it may be the first to surrender to the insidious sapping of pyorrhea.

In fact, only a dentist can recognize and treat pyorrhea in these early stages. It is one of the most important services a dentist can perform—a real service of prevention. In most Canadian communities, a dentist finds that more than half of the losses of adult teeth are due to the prevalence of this treacherous disease of the gums.

It is a serious matter—this care of the teeth and gums—and should be seriously regarded. One specialist (Dr. R. J. Forhan) devoted 26 years to pyorrhea research, and thousands of dental surgeons from coast to coast are using Dr. Forhan's treatment in their pyorrhea practice. Probably your own dentist is one of them.

Yes, the care of the teeth and gums is a serious business. Don't

look upon a toothpaste as a simple cleanser—a sweet-flavored soap. Don't look upon it as a mere cosmetic. When you get a toothpaste for yourself and your family, get the best. Get a serious toothpaste—get Forhan's, embodying Dr. Forhan's home treatment. Use it between visits to the dentist's office. Aside from its protection-quality, it is the finest toothpaste money can buy.

Beware of artificial teeth—keep your own instead. Don't wait for bleeding gums and such warnings. They may come too late. Insist that the whole family use Forhan's Toothpaste twice a day, and check up with the dentist every six months. Forhan's is pleasant to the taste, its texture is not so thin as to be wasteful, and it goes a long way. Read the directions for both teeth and gums. All drug stores. Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P.Q.

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What you need is the lipstick that intensifies the natural rose of your lips... without risking that painted look. This lipstick is called Tangee. It isn't paint. It's a lipstick that changes color to match your own!

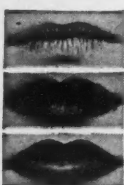
LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. On your lips, it's rose. Not plain rose. Not jarring red. But the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to your type! Don't be fooled by other orange-colored lipsticks. Only Tangee contains the original color-change principle that makes it blend with your complexion. Moreover, Tangee's special cream-base soothes and softens dry, peeling lips. Becomes part of your lips, not a coating. Get Tangee today—costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Tangee Creme Rouge makes cheeks glow with natural rose color, even in swimming. Waterproof. Greaseless. Can not clog pores. Its vanishing cream base protects skin.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

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Second-rate Actress

(Continued from page 9)

on her. "It is so lovely," she whispered. Grant glanced at her and smiled. "Thought you didn't care for the country."

"I don't," she said, and looked away. So that he shrugged, drove on in silence through the soft, late August day.

Until a simple farmhouse appeared around a bend in the road.

"The Elkins place," he said. "That's the senior Elkins now."

He slowed down, waved to the overalled man leaning at the gate.

The overalled man shouted: "That snoopers up there this minute, snoopin' around your place."

And Grant said, "Thanks," drove on up the hill. He was thoughtful. He reached back, touched young Harry who napped beatifically amid Eve Knolles's meagre luggage. "Awake, youngster?"

Blinking, Harry sat up, nodded doubtfully. His cheeks were flushed, his head heavy.

Grant grinned at him across his shoulder. "Think you can remember that Miss Knolles is to be your mother for a bit?"

Harry screwed his fists into his eyes and scowled. "I don't need her for a mother. I already got a mother."

There was a finality about him that made Grant brake the car. "See here, young man," he snapped, twisted his length about to face the rebel.

Ahead, an elderly figure had appeared, shambling down the hill toward them. A perfect yokel complete with straw shade hat. Too perfect.

Eve Knolles straightened, and at her straightening, Grant glanced around. He stared at the shambling figure. He whistled softly.

"Our Elkins boarder," he said. "Already."

"Are you sure he's an investigator?" Obliquely, Eve Knolles eyed the man. "He looks so absolutely just a dull old farmhand. I know..."

Grant was brief. "Positive. The Elkins kids saw papers and such." He turned desperately back to Harry who was fooling with a luggage strap, blandly waiting for attention to focus on him again. "See here, youngster," Grant growled, "this is the man we've got to fool. In front of him Miss Knolles will be 'Nancy' to you, or else..."

An eight-year-old shrewdness came upon Harry as he saw his uncle's anxiety. "Would you give me back my slingshot maybe?" he suggested, innocent as any cherub. "The one I broke the window with—by accident?"

"Probably," Grant frowned his impatience. "Most likely."

"And a chookit soda?" Suddenly Harry was grinning, and his eyes were fixed, pointedly on the oncoming man.

Grant allowed his nephew a grudging and growing respect. "But no more than that," he warned, turned to greet the elderly yokel who was drawing up abreast.

"Evenin'," the man said, "havin' trouble?"

"Just stopped to see the sunset," Grant pleasantly assured him, turned cheerfully to Eve Knolles for confirmation.

Like an automaton, she nodded.

The elderly man was a curious grey monotone. Only his eyes were deep and bright, darting from Grant to Eve who seemed to draw away from them, to young Harry.

"Goin' up to the Hanna place?" the man wondered.

"I'm Grant Hanna," Grant smiled at him.

"Reckoned you was." The man chuckled, rubbed his grey-stubbled chin. "I'm Silas Brown. New boarder down to the Elkinses. Mind if I take this road up now and agin?"

Grant was cordial. "Any time you like."

Beaming, Brown turned to Harry. "Right nice pa you've got, sonny."

Harry registered scorn. "He's not my father. He's only my uncle."

"So the young lady's your aunt?"

The vague smile on Eve Knolles's lips tightened. Imperceptibly, Grant braced himself. Together they waited Harry's answer.

And, with no hesitation whatsoever, Harry looked Silas Brown in the eye, grinned confidently. "She's Nancy. I always call my mother Nancy. That's her name."

"Smart young un." Silas Brown chuckled, turned to Eve. "You're mighty young, m'am, to have such a big lad."

Eve started. She smiled sweetly, uncertainly on him. "He's only six," she said in a glib rush.

"I'm not only six." Indignation rode young Harry. "I'm eight years and two months. You should ought to find out such things."

Brown went on chuckling, nodding. But his bright eyes narrowed on Eve Knolles, on the color burning in her cheeks.

At her side, Grant froze.

Eve was pale, fatigued, caught off guard. She rallied. "Of course," she smiled, "it was silly of me to forget. It just doesn't seem that long since..."

And Silas Brown, watching her, seemed satisfied. He straightened, stood back. "Well, good evenin', folks," he said. His smile scattered the lines about his eyes. He waved them on their way.

THEY DROVE on up the hill, Grant insulated in an accusing silence, Eve sitting narrowly beside him, staring unseeing before her.

When she spoke her voice was small and dim. "I'm afraid I was tired," she said, "a little muddled."

Grant's profile had set, coldly. "I hope you're a better actress than you seemed," he muttered.

As though she had been slapped, Eve's fair head went back. "That," she said with spirit, "is hardly fair."

But Grant remained uncompromising. "It'll be worse for Nancy's cause if he does see through you." He shrugged. "We'll know soon enough."

In the back of the car Harry was bouncing. "I told him you were Nancy," he chanted. "I didn't say you were my mother, Nancy. Just Nancy. It'll be all right for me to call you that if I just pretend it's really your name, too."

They were suddenly topping the hill, drawing up before the house with its low-lying roof, every blade of grass in the lawn before it outlined by the sun's warm afterglow.

Boisterous, Harry yahooped to the houseman coming out to meet them.

Grant, methodically shutting off the ignition, unfolded his length, climbed stiffly to the gravel road.

"Since you're so tired, Miss Knolles," he said with scathing politeness, "will you have dinner with us tonight or would you prefer it alone in your room?"

Eve matched his stiff formality. "In my room, if you please." She started for the house, paused to glance back at him, coolly. "That is, unless you're expecting to coach me into a Duse this evening?" Obviously, his barb was rankling deep within her.

But later that evening she sat at the window of her room, gazed out over the countryside that was still, silvered in moonlight, and it seemed as she gazed that the peace of it reached and quieted her. Until sharply, impatiently she spun around, began to pace the room, as one who finds herself trapped, caught where she does not wish to be.

While downstairs in his library, Grant sat with a book on his knees, his pipe clamped between his teeth, glowering into far horizons. A playwright, a plotter of plots who, for once, could not make his characters behave to his own liking.

THE SUN was warm on the world that next morning. Eve, standing in the gravel road of Silver Hill, was clad in white and bright-

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She did not turn when, at last, he came out heavily to stand beside her. "You were right," she said between rigid lips. "Brown did see through me from the first."

Grant seemed to be peering intently at her. "Did you tell him that I'd be best for the boy? Better than his own impossible parents?"

Color surged into Eve's cheeks. "They are impossible," she said, "and I did tell him you'd be best for him. You would be."

She still spoke to the sunset, but Grant came around so that he stood face to face with her.

"Did you also," he insisted, "tell him I'm a fine person? One of the best imaginable?" He was looming magnificently above her. "Look here . . ." he began.

He got no further. A car had swooped up the hill to a crunching stop in the gravel. Scarcely had it stopped when a beautiful young woman slipped from it. Even at a distance it was evident that her clothes, the very scent she might use, would be elegant and expensive.

"Grant, darling!" she called. And her voice was gay and lovely.

Grant stiffened. "It's Nancy," he muttered.

With something like disbelief, Eve saw the fabulous creature she was supposed to have impersonated. She saw her enchanting smile as Grant made hoarse introductions, her bright glance for the man emerging now from the car, coming, tall and tailored, to join her.

At sight of him, Grant frowned. "What's he doing here?"

Nancy smiled, drew the man's arm through hers. "Peter?" she smiled, "he's here as my husband, of course, darling. We're remarried. We've been second honeymooning all week. Aren't you astonished?"

Her laughter was a silver cascade. She stood close beside Peter Coyne, the two of them brightly together. It was absurdly plain that they were the parents of young Harry.

"Crazy but inevitable," Grant shrugged. He seemed suddenly to have lost interest in them, in Harry and their affairs. He seemed to be turning to thoughts of his own. He glanced at Eve, shook his head at Nancy who was eyeing Eve with a frank and feminine curiosity. "You'd better look to your offspring, Nan," he counselled. "Last I heard he was about to be carted away by two arms of the law."

Both Nancy and Pete Coyne stared at him, nonplussed.

And then Pete started. "Gad," he guffawed, "I forgot. I set those people on you, Nan, to prove you an incompetent parent. Which, of course, you are, darling. I knew you'd come to me about it, and

when you came I figured we'd talk things over, and—" He grinned engagingly.

"And what did happen would happen," Nancy gurgled. "Only we met by accident at a party. After all that strategy. Poor, clever Peter . . ."

Hand in hand they were turning to the house. Beautifully, Nancy glanced back at Grant. "I do hope our child hasn't half killed you, darling. Come along, Peter dear, let's rescue him."

And Peter Coyne only paused long enough to beam on Grant, bow to Eve. "We'll be taking him home with us, of course," he said. "Thanks, old man." He loped off, happily disappeared into the house after Nancy.

EVE AND GRANT were left alone in the fading sunset glow, the rising evening breeze. And the breeze caught Eve's low voice, drifted away with it.

"I'll be going now," she said. But she did not take a step.

"Do you still dislike the country?" Grant murmured.

Eve evaded him. "Some country."

"This country?"

Wistfully, Eve glanced about at the shadows lengthening across the quiet hilltop. She shook her head. "No, not this." Her voice had dropped to a whisper. "I must be going . . ."

That time she did turn to go.

Grant caught her arm, firmly held her. "Where?" he demanded.

A stubborn note came over her. "To Broadway," she said. "I may be a pretty hopeless actress now, but I can learn."

Grant was peering close at her, abruptly smiling. "I can help you," he offered. "I have two good rôles you could choose between. Both young wives. One's in that new play of mine. You'd be a hit in that. The other's up here, on Silver Hill—with me . . ."

Eve was staring up at him, startled, incredulous.

Grant grinned. He said: "Haven't you noticed how irritable I've been? I'm always irritable when I'm falling in love." And, because Eve was frowning, "don't you believe me, Eve?"

As though she did not trust to words, Eve shook her fair head. Decidedly.

"Really not?"

Again Eve shook her head. Less decidedly.

And Grant chuckled. He went to her, slipped his arms about her. "You aren't a very good actress at that, are you?" he said.

"Oh, I don't know." Eve matched his grin. "It's hard, you know, to act as though you're really going away . . . when you've just fallen in love."

And those of us who have lived out anything like our quota of days can look back to the good old times when grandma mixed up the bucket of sulphur and molasses and what-have-you. It was always in the early spring—that season of the year when the sap comes up in the trees and the early bird tugs the early worm out of the grass on the lawn, and all nature turns its attention to the business of reproducing its species.

That was when Grannie came out with her "blood purifier." And for more than half a century she and her concoctions have been made sport of by cartoonists and columnists the length and breadth of the country. But it's commencing to look lately as if grannie were not such an old fool after all.

Medical science has made tremendous strides in the last hundred years. Swallow a button the size of a pea and let the poor thing scamper around in the labyrinth of the digestive tract and try its best to conceal itself in some obscure corner. Does it have any luck? Not at all. The X-ray turns its eagle eye upon it and the hide-out of the little button becomes public knowledge.

Take the thyroid gland. Until the last few years its job was a cinch. It was its own boss, and if through lack of its industry the human machine got into a jam, it was the last thing

Continued on page 65

Is Love a Disease of the Liver?

(Continued from page 18)

young manhood to the comparatively safe state of middle-age. Numberless must have been the pitfalls that his wary feet have avoided.

Curiosity prompted me to ask him how he had managed.

"Simple, old man, simple," he assured me. "Whenever I find myself falling for any particular woman I immediately go to work as I would if I were suffering from the early stages of influenza or any similar malady."

And he told me in detail exactly how he chased it out of his system. He pinned his faith to the old-fashioned remedies.

Long before men of science picked on the liver as the seat of madness, my non-professional friend dosed that very organ to rout this thing we call love while it was still in its early stages.

Her IGNORANCE WAS ANYTHING
BUT BLISS . . .
for she proclaimed a condition
ABHORRENT
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WHAT a shock to any nice girl to discover that her presence, because of underarm perspiration, is repulsive to every man and woman she meets.

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For perspiration moisture in the confined armpit forms an acid that ruins dresses and turns friends against you. And your daily bath is no help after the first few minutes.

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Successful Wives (in every class of society) all share a secret



UNLESS A WOMAN is fully informed about the most important concern of her married life, she can hardly consider herself a successful wife. Why are so many young women out-of-date in regard to feminine hygiene? Many of them actually accept the teaching of their elders—and do not even try to find out the change in modern opinion and method. And there has been a remarkable change.

Why was your mother afraid?

Your mother may well have been afraid of the antiseptics which were powerful enough to provide surgical cleanliness—in her day. All the antiseptics of worthwhile strength were *poisonous and caustic*. Her doctor commended her refusal to use those poisons. Naturally, he was in favor of cleanliness. But *not* at the price. Better no germicide at all than a dangerous germicide.

New method assures safety

Life is easier today. Women have a new antiseptic-germicide called *Zonite*, which is as safe as pure water but very powerful. It is the custom to compare all antiseptics with carbolic acid, and when so compared it is found that *Zonite* is *far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid* that can be used on the human body. Yet carbolic acid is a deadly poison.

Use *Zonite* for feminine hygiene. That's the new method which has brought confidence to wives by the tens of thousands. These women know surgical cleanliness without fear of burning delicate membranes, desensitizing tissues, leaving hardened scar areas. No! *Zonite* is strong. But *Zonite* is gentle to tissues.

Zonite comes in bottles, at 30c, 60c, \$1.00, and can be bought in any town large or small. There's also a semi-solid form—*Zonite* Suppositories. These are white and cone-like. Some women prefer them to the liquid while others use both. Box holding a dozen, individually sealed in glass, \$1.00. Send coupon below for the much discussed booklet, "Facts for Women." This book comes to the point and answers questions clearly and honestly. Send for it now.

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not give me that?" she coaxed. "You won't need it on your picnic."

But Harry was dancing just beyond her reach. "If I'm pretendin' you're my Nancy, you gotta pretend it, too," he shouted. "My Nancy never takes nothin' from me."

"Which accounts for you, young man." It was a voice from above—Grant's voice. He had left his typewriter, had come out on the small balcony before his window. He frowned sternly down on his young nephew.

Harry was not impressed. He grinned. Noncommittally, Eve studied Grant. He seemed dazed. He blinked at her. "Been trying to work," he yawned. "Third act for Sig Gromans. It's only fit to burn right now."

"Gonna have a real bonfire for my picnic, too," Harry chanted.

Eve was saying to Grant, "Really?" With politeness and no great show of interest. "Perhaps something is troubling you."

"Perhaps." Grant rumbled his hair, yawned again.

"It might be your sister," Eve murmured, bent studiously to a near-by dahlia. "Or yourself," she murmured.

And Grant checked in mid-yawn, stared peculiarly at her and the dahlia. "I know," he exploded, "it's you who is bothering me."

"I?" Her laughter was light on the summer air.

"I've been meaning," Grant scowled violently, "to admit that maybe you did fool Silas Brown yesterday." He drew himself up, a man doing the handsome thing. "Maybe you can act after all."

To the flagstones, Eve swept a mocking curtsy. "I hope you'll be able to go back to your work in peace now," she purred.

And Grant ironically nodded over her. "Thanks," he nodded. "As a bit of professional advice I might suggest that if you'd go in for snappish rôles on the stage, too, you'd make quite a hit."

As smoothly as though she had not heard, Eve glanced about her. "Harry," she murmured. "Where's Harry?"

Harry had vanished. "Since he's playing picnic," Grant said dryly, "he's probably down at the lake. Is the mother rôle growing on you?" Something, it was plain, was perversely goading him on.

For an instant, Eve lifted her head, looked full up at him, her smile inscrutable, her eyes dark and unfathomable. "Do you know," she purred, "you're so nasty, I almost quite like you."

"Now you are acting," Grant snorted. But he watched uneasily after her as she turned away, walked in conscious grace and beauty off across the lawn.

EVE WENT down to the lake, but she made no attempt to find young Harry and his picnic. Instead she found the small boat-landing there at the end of the path, curled slim arms about slim knees, watched the water flashing before her, listened to the trees rustling overhead.

It was quiet. Still. There were no omens, no hints of disasters to come. For the first time since she had been at Silver Hill, Eve seemed to give herself up completely to the peace and quiet.

And then it happened. A shriek piercing the hushed silence. Another, terror-filled. A pause, frightened whimpers following.

Eve was on her feet. She was running, swiftly. She was coming to a clearing, and in the clearing was young Harry, one hand clutched in his other. He was stamping about a smoldering pile of brush and paper, lustily wailing.

"It burned my hand . . . ooh . . . burned it . . . burned it . . ."

Gently, Eve examined his sooty paw. She found nothing.

Harry frowned at her through his tears. "Well, it stung," he insisted. "A piece of fire flew out at me and it stung a whole lot."

He was merely a frightened child. Unburned.

Her relief made Eve very stern. "Would not your Nancy be angry if she knew you'd played with fire?"

Harry's alleged burn now was as nothing to his injured masculine dignity. "Naw," he

scoffed. "Nancy don't want me to be a sissy. Anyway, I built the fire up just like Uncle Grant does."

Amused, Eve glanced at the mound of sticks and papers. She looked again, more sharply. "What are those?" she demanded.

"Those?" Harry swung a toe, carelessly. "Oh, those are just some of Uncle Grant's ole papers."

Eve poked a charred page from the fire. "His third act," she moaned. And something in her look, her tone, put Harry on the defensive.

"Well, he said the ole papers weren't good except to burn."

Reaction had set in on Eve, and exasperation, and the last straw. She caught Harry by his shoulders. She bit off her words. "You awful child," she said. "You destructive little imp. Don't you know that anything Grant Hanna writes is good, no matter what he says . . ."

She was shaking him, word for word, when Silas Brown came down the path. Brown, with his fine art of arriving on scenes unobserved. Eve did not know he was there until he spoke.

"Don't blame you, miss," he said; "that kid certainly needs it."

Eve gasped. Her hands dropped to her sides. Slowly she swung about to face him. On her was the guilty look of one caught in the very act. The look of knowing that she had, now, hopelessly proved Nancy in being high-handed with Nancy's child.

"I don't . . ." she stammered. "I don't ever treat him like this. Only just now. I was a little upset. He . . ."

Calmly, Brown was leaning against a tree. "If his own mother would give him a little something like that now and then," he drawled, "it might do him some good."

Her ship seemed definitely sunk, but Eve made a last brave try. "I don't know what you mean," she said, whitely. "I'm his mother."

It was a wide grin Brown grinned then. He shook his grey head. "No, you ain't, sister. I spotted you the first day and looked you up."

"You looked me up?"

"Sure." Brown beamed. "You're Eve Knolles from a little hick town thirty miles north of here. You hated the place since you was old enough to hate anything, so you lit out a couple months back for New York to be an actress. You came here . . ." He was carefully splitting a leaf with his thumbnail. "Want to hear more?"

Drifting, Eve shook her head. "But look"—she rallied a little, breathlessly—"couldn't you do something? If you know so much, then you must know that Grant Hanna is best for the boy. Better than his own impossible parents. You know Grant Hanna's a fine person. One of the very finest people imaginable—"

"Sure." Brown nodded. "Sure. But I got my orders, and I got the goods. See this?" He pulled an official wad of paper from his pocket. "It's a court order to take the kid away. And then to his pa. That's my job. There's a Children's Society agent up at the house now." Brown glanced at Eve. "Say, don't take it so hard, sister," he said gruffly.

Eve's voice was scarcely audible. "I was just thinking of Grant Hanna . . ."

Brown's singularly bright eyes fell away from her, embarrassed, turned to Harry who was hovering, fascinated and subdued by words he half understood. Brown took him securely in hand. "Come on and pack, sonny. You're going places."

For once Harry seemed to realize the futility of resistance. He turned to Eve. He said, "Is it going to hurt?"

And Eve smiled uncertainly, shook her head.

SHE WENT with him and Silas Brown up the slope to the house. But she did not go inside. She stood in the gravel road, motionless, obviously blind to the sunset that glowed just beyond Silver Hill. Obviously seeing, instead, Grant Hanna as he faced Brown and the Children's Society agent inside. Seeing his disappointment, his chagrin and anger.

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with no further thought of her own disagreeable lot.

"Berkh, don't worry. I won't complain if that's bothering you. I know you can't help things."

Berkh glanced at her sharply, almost as if he might have suspected some inner meaning there; and then relaxed abruptly, leaning his head against her arm. "I wish I could!" and drew a deep breath. But at that moment, Mikhail suddenly came out of a long sleep, stared at them fiercely, and his eyes met Berkh's with such a torrent of sheer disapproval that they started apart in quite ridiculous haste.

LATER that same evening, Ivan broke the tense monotony of another silent hour. "Olga, shall we sing?" So unexpectedly that Elinor looked up in sheer surprise, and Olga drew closer, on her low seat, to the stove, her eyes angry and dark.

"Sing! I never sing—now."

But Ivan had left the room, and soon returned with an old dark-stained violin, to resume his favorite seat upon the chest, bending over it, his black hair falling low; and then, flinging back his head, staring through the dark windows at some far distance, he played. And presently, very softly, almost hesitantly at first, he sang—something that was low and haunting, so that, almost as if she did not realize, Olga sang, too, in a lovely, low contralto. Elinor sat motionless for what must have been more than an hour, her eyes on those strange, dark faces, and listening to a music, against the background of a moaning wind without, that in all its quiet restraint was oddly, almost passionately beautiful—touches of familiar melody merging into something lonely, wild and intriguing—that she knew was not a music of her own land.

And then Ivan met her eyes quite suddenly; and what he met, or thought he met there, she did not know and would not try to guess. But the spell of that enchanting hour was lost; and after a silence, startling in its contrast, he spoke quiet gently: "You like music, I see, Elinor."

She nodded. "You . . . are a real musician, Ivan." Her voice in reply was very low, and he rose and moved near the table where she sat by the gasoline lamp, her mending quite forgotten.

"Mikhail taught me most of what I know," and laid the violin before her. "He used to play a great deal, and they say sang splendidly himself once. This"—and laid a finger on the instrument—"is very old. It belonged to Mikhail's grandfather in the reign of Catherine II, back in the eighteenth century . . ."

She looked up briefly into that lean, dark face; and although his voice was quiet and unimpassioned, something in those black, penetrating eyes held her almost against her will. "How . . . interesting!" She made an involuntary move backward as his glance did not swerve, and laughed an odd, nervous laugh. "You . . . you are very Russian, Ivan," quickly, foolishly, hardly realizing in that fraught moment what she might have said.

He looked a moment, almost in surprise. "I—"

But before he could speak again, Berkh's casual, precise tones fell across the room. "Too bad you never took your singing seriously, Olga." Something about Berkh's voice brought a swift surge of reality and relief. Berkh might be silent sometimes and morose, but he was so unmistakably of her own nationality, so sane and safe.

Ivan moved aside, and Olga did not look up at once from her resumed study of the firelight flickering through the front bars of the stove. "I didn't want to sing, or remind myself, of those days, before—" suddenly, so sullenly, that Ivan cut in abruptly:

"Olga hasn't the temperament to sing . . . as a profession."

"Olga hasn't the temperament to take anything seriously." Berkh's voice took on an unusual, savage, bitter note, and Olga turned to face him, fiercely.

"You . . . are mad . . . to say that. Just because I may not have taken you—" And then, as Berkh's fair face flushed painfully,

and he looked at Ivan with something almost imploring in his eyes, Ivan stepped back again, so that he might stand between Elinor and that glance. But Olga was not to be silenced even then, and laughed very softly: "A pity, Berkh. Perhaps I know it—now!"

"A pity you ever got the idea that these tragic poses become you!" Ivan returned flatly. "You were a handsome enough little devil a few years ago . . ."

Olga interrupted him by rising swiftly, and flinging back her own black head, her slim white hands clenched tightly before her, against that dull red background. Her eyes met his in one long, searching look. "I am a handsome devil now," still in those soft, vibrant tones. "And you, Ivan, know it!"

"Oh, don't be a little fool!"

Ivan turned away on a sudden note of disgust, and for the first time, Elinor, through all her sudden sense of startled insecurity, had an inexplicable feeling that Ivan really was the steadiest and sanest in that strange group—a sensation that passed as swiftly as it came. But she laid a persistent hand on Berkh's arm as they lay in that low, dark attic bedroom late at night.

"Berkh, why does she talk like that?" in repeated demand, even though she knew by his stiffened silence that he was resentful of her questions. "Is she fond of you? I mean, was she, before I knew you—?"

"No, she wasn't," curtly at length. "Olga was never fond of anything."

Afterward, Elinor wondered why, in her own stupid simplicity of mind, she had not asked the obvious, instead of which, she pursued on quite a different variation. "Why is everything so . . . strange . . . when she is there, Berkh? Does—do you think Ivan loves her?"

"Oh, I told you I wished she'd never come," he began impatiently; then all at once he drew a deep breath and lay, if possible, even more still. "Ivan!" very softly. "I . . . wonder."

And next morning, as she swung, a little awkwardly, the heavy axe in the woodshed outside, a strong hand from behind took it abruptly from her grasp, while she was gently pushed aside.

"What, again?" quietly, and Ivan, with his flannel, grey shirt sleeves rolled high in the clear, almost warm spring brightness following the wind, deftly split the unwieldy round into small kindling. "Berkh's a good enough worker, but he has no eye for small things," he remarked coolly, eyes intent on his task. "You've no business to swing an axe, Elinor. You don't know how."

"I do," standing at a little distance, flushed and stubborn. Ivan shook his head. "My good girl, you don't," quite reasonably. "But I'll teach you, if you like. Come here and take hold like this, see!"

"I won't. I can manage very well my own way." Elinor moved forward, and stooped to gather a bundle of new split wood, breathing heavily with indignation, and Ivan stood, one foot on the chopping block, studying her bent, brown head intently.

"Why are you afraid of me, Elinor?" he demanded suddenly.

"I'm not." But Elinor did not raise her head, and took such pains to gather every tiny stick that he shook his head with a faint smile.

"You are," quite gently. "Simply because you have a strange idea I'm descended from some cannibal or other heathen tribe. Some day I'll have to talk you out of that. I must admit my hair justifies anything you'd like to think at present, but I really do get it cut sometimes—you can do it for me any time you like, as far as that goes—and I know quite as much of cities as Berkh. As a matter of fact," after a brief silence, as Elinor rose slowly, almost unwillingly, to her feet, "you're off the mark entirely. I take after my father's side of the family mostly. I couldn't hope to have the temperament Berkh's been blessed—or cursed with."

For an instant Elinor stared, her discomfiture momentarily forgotten in a startled frown; and then she thrust that vague,

Continued on page 54

WHISPER IT SOFTLY, BUT—

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THE poet's line, "she walks in beauty like the night," describes this young lady perfectly. Wherever she enters, all eyes pay homage to her youthful loveliness.

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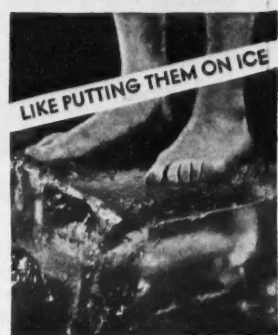
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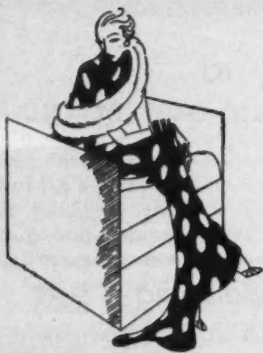
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The Black Siberians

(Continued from page 11)

afternoon in March, Elinor quite unexpectedly threw down her work upon the table and must have surprised even herself with the vehemence of her words.

"Can no one ever talk . . . just ordinary conversation . . . in this place?" she demanded. "It's worse than any tomb."

Olga did not stir, or change the direction of her glance, but Berkh looked up in faint, frowning wonder, and Ivan stopped whistling abruptly. And it was he, who, with a faint lift of his dark eyebrows, intimated that he had little personal knowledge of tombs, but if she would like to sit beside him and hold his hand, he would try to think up something interesting.

"Oh, don't start that again!" sharply, and would not for the world have let him know that somewhere deep within she was strangely grateful in that moment for any notice taken. Olga fixed dark, curious eyes on her cousin. "What does she mean . . . again?" slowly, as if Elinor were not there at all. "Does she interest you, Ivan?"

Ivan carefully replaced the lid of the liquid waterproofing, inspected his boots critically and rose, to place them neatly on a shelf near the stove. "Yes, very much," quietly at length, and added after a further reflective contemplation of his completed work: "Anyone who dislikes me so intensely, interests me."

As he passed Olga an instant later, he stooped, one hand lightly touching the black baby head held close against her. "And don't be a funny little girl!" Although Elinor caught little more than the implication in his low tones, she saw Olga's eyes light with sudden fire, and guessed rather than heard what lay in her own equally low and obviously furious reply.

Ivan shrugged his shoulders and stepped outside, but for an instant his eyes met Elinor's in a straight glance that held both defiance and a certain pride; and once more, as she turned to the pots on the stove, she found herself trembling with mingled fear and hatred. Of Ivan; of them all. Even Berkh of late had become so dreadfully changed.

Berkh shifted his feet now, and meeting her angry glance spoke, gravely surprised, almost as if such a thought had never entered his head. "Talk! But why talk when there's nothing to say?"

"Do you think nothing either, when you sit like that?" Elinor flung back recklessly, even though she knew Berkh's moods were not things to be lightly tampered with. But Berkh shrugged his shoulders with a faint, ironical laugh.

"Think? Of course. But thoughts and speech are very different." He relapsed, without further explanation, into the same impenetrable silence, and Olga favored Elinor with a curious smile as she rose, with the sleeping infant, to her feet.

"Berkh is very quiet now. He used to talk all day when we were little," she observed almost pleasantly in that strangely soft, lovely voice, and turned with a careless smile at Berkh's fair head to leave the room. And when once the gentle shutting of the door spoke of her withdrawal, Berkh raised eyes that were dark with an impotent storminess.

"I wish to heaven she'd kept away!" between set teeth. He reached out a sudden hand. "Elinor!" abruptly. "I'm sorry you're not happy. Sometimes I think we'll have to go away ourselves. Only I always get restless for the place again."

Elinor moved closer, startled at the depth of unhappiness on his face; and because she could not bear to see anyone look like that, slipped a reassuring arm about his shoulders



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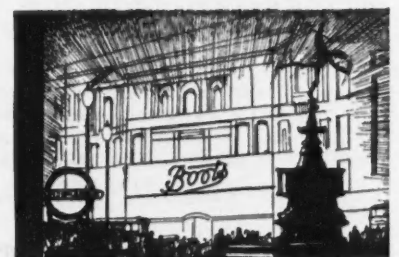
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Dr. McCullough's Question Box

1. My baby, now thirteen months and three weeks old, weighs 18 lbs. 10 oz. and is thirty-three inches in height. Is that normal? She is small-boned, eats and sleeps well and has ten teeth. She walks by the aid of chairs.

2. Do you consider Dr. Alan Brown's diet as given in his baby book the best to use? Please send Baby Book.—(Mrs.) L. A., Copper Cliff, Ont.

1. The average weight for a girl at twelve months is 19½ lbs. and at fifteen months, 21½ lbs. The average heights are respectively 28.2 inches and 29.4 inches, so your baby is about normal.

2. Dr. Alan Brown's book is considered an authority and his advice is dependable. Baby Book sent you.

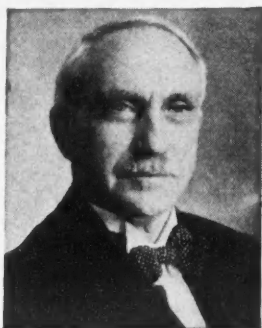
I notice that you answer questions in Chatelaine. My little girl, almost 2½ years old, cannot hold her head up or sit up. She cannot put her hands to her mouth consciously. My doctor has given up. I hope you can suggest something.—(Mrs.) W. F. W., Peterborough, Ont.

Your child is evidently backward, but as she gets older you must try and teach her in every way you can. These backward children when a little older should invariably be sent to an institution where there are skilled attendants and teachers. The problem is too great for any mother successfully to carry on.

My baby boy, four months old, weighing thirteen lbs., has had eczema of the scalp, cheeks and forehead for two months. He is nursed, and seems to be a normal, healthy baby. He has never been constipated. Practically the only treatment has been swabbing with olive oil. No water has been used on the parts since the eczema appeared. Will too much olive oil burn the skin? Do you think such fruits as pineapple and strawberry in my diet may be the cause of the eczema?—(Mrs.) R. A. B., Hamilton, Ont.

The fruits you are using are not likely to be the cause of the baby's eczema. If you are using eggs, milk or oatmeal, such articles might be dropped from your diet and the effect observed. The use of olive oil as you describe and abstinence from the use of soap and water for the eczematous parts are advisable. Protect the parts against cold, high winds and strong sunlight. Without seeing the baby it would only be guesswork for me to prescribe any local remedy. Better see your doctor about this.

How to Keep Baby Well



Dr. J. W. S. McCullough, Chief Inspector of Health for Ontario, who contributes these articles monthly, will answer questions sent to Chatelaine concerning the care of babies. A stamped, addressed envelope should be enclosed if a private answer is desired.

A MONTHLY SERVICE

Free pre-natal and post-natal letters are available by writing to the Mothercraft Service of Chatelaine. These are issued by the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare through its Child Hygiene Section and the Department of Public Health.

Where there's a whine there's a warning



WHEN BABY LAUGHTER turns to whining—and your simplest reprimand meets a storm of tears—don't get irritated, mother. Get worried!

For Nature often takes this way of saying: "Mother, this child isn't well!"

Don't be misled, Mother

There can be several causes for a child's complainings. It can be sour stomach, or flatulence, or acid stomach. In babies, you can often suspect it is colic due to gas. Then—it may be Nature's warning of a coming cold. Many, many times it is *constipation*—for child specialists warn us that this disorder affects 90% of all children—even those who are seemingly "regular."

In each of these cases, your wisest course is to give your child a laxative. But, mother, make very, very sure it is a *child's* laxative. Little systems can be painfully upset by many laxatives made for grown-ups.

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For the many occasions, mother, when children need a laxative—use Castoria. From babyhood on, it is your best "first-aid" for colic due to gas, for diarrhoea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach. And every mother knows that a laxative is any doctor's first advice for treating a cold.

CASTORIA The Children's Laxative



from babyhood to 11 years



● "Goodness—what a day I've had! And now, imagine—got to take off my own socks and shoes! Work—work—work! . . . Lucky I'm always in the pink-and-white of condition."



● "Now—let's see—do I pull or push? Pull, I guess. Yeave-ho! . . . Nope—didn't work! Guess I'd better pull in the other direction. Oh, dear—I'm getting hot and cross! . . . Get ready with that Johnson's Baby Powder, Mom!"



● "Oops! There she comes! Pretty smart of me to figure that out! Now for the other foot. And then—oh, boy!—my bath and a Johnson's Baby Powder rub-down! And I want to say this to every mother listening in . . .



● "Try different baby powders between your thumb and finger. You'll find some powders are gritty—but Johnson's is so soft and smooth you can't believe it! And it hasn't any zinc-stearate in it, nor orris-root. My doctor said so!"

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Conducted by J. W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.

MINOR AILMENTS

Colds

Colds are common in winter. They are usually due to chilling of the surface of the body and to contact with people who have colds.

Colds may be prevented by the use of proper food, the five essentials in young children being milk, meat, eggs, vegetables and fruit; by sufficient sleep and proper clothing. The temperature of the house should be about sixty-eight degrees Fahr. The indoor temperature is much improved by plenty of moisture. The humidity of houses in winter is usually about twenty per cent; it should be forty-five or fifty per cent. At the first sign of a cold the child should be put to bed and given an enema or milk of magnesia. If there is fever, send for your doctor.

Croup

Is due to inflammation of the larynx or windpipe. It usually comes on during the night when the household is aroused by harsh metallic spells of coughing in the child. Inhalations of steam and a cold compress covered with oil silk to the throat are useful. It is best to get the doctor as some cases of croup, especially those arising in the daytime, are due to diphtheria.

Adenoids

These are masses of soft tissue in the back of the throat. The child with adenoids cannot readily breathe through the nose, and the infant so affected cannot nurse properly. Colds and ear troubles are sometimes caused by adenoids. They should be removed by a competent throat surgeon.

Worms

Contrary to popular belief, worms are not common in children. Grinding of the teeth is a sign of some irritation in the gastrointestinal area; it is not a sign of worms.

If worms are suspected, watch the bowel movements for at least a week. Pinworms are quarter to half an inch long and look like pieces of fine white thread. The round worm is like an ordinary garden worm and is two to six inches long. The treatment of worms should be left to your doctor.

Diseased Tonsils

Bad tonsils cause children a lot of trouble. They interfere with breathing and encourage the catching of colds. Diseased tonsils spread infection to other parts of the body, causing St. Vitus' dance, rheumatism, and heart disease. Children with diseased tonsils often have poor appetites and are pale and flabby. All diseased tonsils should be removed.

Earache

This is a common complaint of childhood. Infection of the middle ear always comes from the throat or tonsil. It travels up the little canal called the Eustachian tube and often follows a cold in the head. The early sign in a young child is sudden screaming. The pain causing the screaming may be relieved by the application of heat to the affected ear. The doctor should be called without delay. Don't wait till the eardrum bursts.

Thrush or White Mouth

This is due to a fungus. The inside of the mouth has the appearance of curdled milk. The white spots are of the size of a pin's head to that of a finger nail. These should be rubbed off with a piece of absorbent cotton wound about the end of a piece of wood, such as a match which has been dipped in a solution of baking soda (one teaspoonful to quarter glass of water). This should be done before each feeding for a few days. If carefully carried out a cure is soon effected.

Convulsions

Commonly caused by stomach disturbances. They are terrifying to the mother. While the doctor is coming, give the child a mustard bath made by thoroughly mixing a heaping tablespoonful of mustard in each three or four gallons of water at a temperature of 100 degrees Fahr. With the child in the bath he is vigorously rubbed for four or five minutes until the skin is a pink color. He is then removed and rolled in a warm blanket.

In addition, the bowels may be cleared out with an enema of soapsuds and the child may be given a couple of teaspoonfuls of castor oil. Let the doctor do the rest.

Baby at the Beach

By Mona Gould



He dabbled his toes,
He wrinkled his nose,
He stuck out his tummy,
He yelled for his Mummy,
He splashed with each foot,
And he splashed with each hand.
He clutched at a wave
That came up on the sand.
It struck him amidships,
And O-O-h the surprise
That shone in his wondering,
Rainbow-filled eyes.
And then with a shout,
He bent closer to see
The wet funny waves that lapped
Each chubby knee.
A big one rolled in
And soused his small head,
And he staggered for Mummy
And yelled as he fled!



Showing Hurlbut "Anti-Acid" Shock-absorbing insole

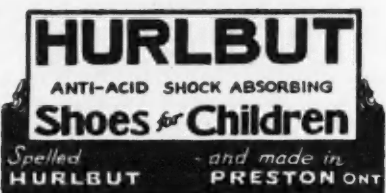
THE embalming acid strong enough to tan cowhide is not permitted to touch your child's skin if you buy Hurlbut Anti-Acid footwear. Beware of the "just as good" kind.

Real Hurlbuts are made in 241 size and width combinations for the perfect fitting of children's feet.



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HOUSEKEEPING



Chatelaine's Department
of Home Management

Conducted by THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell, Director

"THE BURNT CHILD SHUNS THE FIRE"

BUT IT TOOK ONLY 15 MINUTES TO ERASE ALL MARY STEELE'S SUSPICIONS ABOUT FASTER WASHING SOAPS



Why Oxydol Works So Fast And—Is So Safe

THE development of the famous Procter & Gamble Research Laboratories, OXYDOL is an utterly new-type granulated laundry soap. By dissolving instantly and completely into suds rich as whipped dairy cream in any water—no matter how hard—it goes to work on dirt faster than less modern soaps. In 15 minutes' soaking it loosens the dirt out. Saves the hours of soaking, boiling and scrubbing of old ways. And it's safe—harmless to colors, hands and fabrics!

Made by a unique new formula, it consists of certain mild, bland elements that, scientifically formulated, combine to do the work that ordinary soaps employ harsh cleansing agents to do. Hence, by eliminating such agents, OXYDOL saves your clothes and colors. And—your hands. Get at any grocery store today.

MADE IN CANADA



Dancing Mothers

(Continued from page 5)

"That's a sign of advancing age, mom," she teased. "Talking to yourself."
"Run along," cried her mother, suddenly impatient.

AFTER SUPPER, Mrs. Springer saw the boys off, their packs strapped to sturdy khaki-clad backs, with what she considered enough food in their possession to last them a week. Big Ralph settled himself in what was known as "Papa's chair" under the lamp, his tie loosened, his collar unbuttoned. With a big sigh, he stretched his heavy body and ran a hand through his thick black hair. "That was a good supper, mamma," he said, and opened a technical magazine.

Mary and Jo came into the living room, finally dressed for their party. They made a pretty contrast, Mary delicate and fair, as her mother had been; Jo, dark and hearty like her father. Big Ralph laid down his paper. "Pretty girls we've got, mamma" he said complacently.

Mrs. Springer looked at her daughters and over her face passed a soft lumination. She was looking at her life's work and finding it good. But all she said was:

"Now, you girls behave yourselves. Jo, don't you laugh too loud, and Mary, see that you're both home here at twelve sharp."

"Mamma, you're downright old-fashioned," objected Mary, "none of the other girls have to be home by midnight." What might have been an argument was ended by the advent of two young men in evening clothes. After they had gone, Ralph said:

"It seems to me that all young men look alike nowadays. When I was a boy, there was some individuality." He opened his magazine again. Though she had plenty of mending to do, Mrs. Springer was loath to begin any work at nine o'clock this evening. Instead, she perched on the piano bench and looked at her hands. She even attempted an old waltz tune, but her fingers were stiff.

Ralph laid down his magazine. "That sounds pretty, mamma." She turned quickly. "Do you realize, papa," she said, "what's happened tonight?"

"No," he cried, alarmed. "What's the matter?"

She smiled a little. "We're so used to having something the matter that we take it for granted."

His florid face relaxed. "Well, what is it?"

"Do you realize that this is the first time since we have been married, that is, since Mary was born, that we have been alone in the house at night?"

He thought a moment. "Why, so it is. What do you think of that?"

"We don't have to stay home nights any more."

He looked forlorn and fingered his magazine. "Do you want to go to the movies, mamma?"

Her mouth twitched. "Don't look so sad. I don't want to go to the movies."

He looked relieved. "The children are almost grown up," she went on. "The house is paid for, I just realized it all today."

He nodded. "Things are a little easier now."

She dropped her eyes to her hands and picked nervously at the unkempt nails.

"I'm forty-five," she said.

"Yep," he agreed, "and I'm fifty."

"And in ten years, I'll be fifty-five."

"That's right, and I'll be—"

"And I'll probably be dead," she interrupted.

"Mamma," he cried shocked, "don't say such things."

"It's true," she said tensely. "Most women die when they're about fifty-five, especially if they've worked hard."

"Mamma," he cried again, hurt.

"No use being sensitive," she said practically. "I'm not complaining, but I've just realized it today. There's something I've always wanted, and now—now I can have it."

He sat upright, his heavy face full of concern. "What is it? I'll give you anything I can, you know that."

"I want to learn to dance."

If she had said: "I want the Rideau Hall in my backyard," he could have been no more astounded.

His jaw fell open. He stared at her with incredulous black eyes, his heavy florid face agape.

"Shut your mouth, papa," she said. "You look silly that way."

He shut his mouth, suddenly angry. Her personal remark obliterated his sentimental mood, occasioned by his good supper and the sight of his two pretty daughters.

"You're in your second childhood," he snapped with the rudeness of long intimacy, and picking up his magazine began to read again.

Mrs. Springer had not brought up four children without adding to her innate store of persistence.

"There's no reason why I shouldn't," she said.

He rattled the magazine.

"The children don't need me all the time now."

He coughed loudly and offensively.

"I've only ten years left to have a good time in."

He remained untouched.

"It would do you good," she persisted; "you need the exercise."

"I'd probably catch cold," he growled, "and have bronchitis."

"Just double your orange juice."

He laid down the magazine. "Now, see here, mamma, this is absolutely out of the question. If I were willing to make a dancing bear out of myself, which I'm not—why, I haven't danced in twenty years—there's no place to dance, not for people our age."

She leaned forward, tense and eager.

"But there is."

"Where?" he demanded, "just tell me where."

"At the Faculty Club. They have dances every Saturday night."

"Only the young married people go."

"There's no age limit," she cried, "if you pay your dues."

"But you don't know how to dance."

She laughed triumphantly. "Now I've got you. There is a class every Friday night for people just like me who want to learn."

He glared at her, momentarily baffled.

"So there's no good reason," she continued in excitement, "why we shouldn't go. You can't deny that, can you?"

His face grew stubborn and he refused to answer her.

She looked at the clock on the mantel.

"It's only nine-thirty. The dance lasts until eleven. Let's go tonight."

He moved uneasily. "There's no hurry," he grumbled.

"But there is," she cried, "if you don't start right now you never will."

He flung his magazine on a table and stood up. "I'm not going," he cried. "I won't make a monkey out of myself at my age."

She jumped up and faced him like a little sparrow nipping at a huge bear. "You will," she cried, eyeing him.

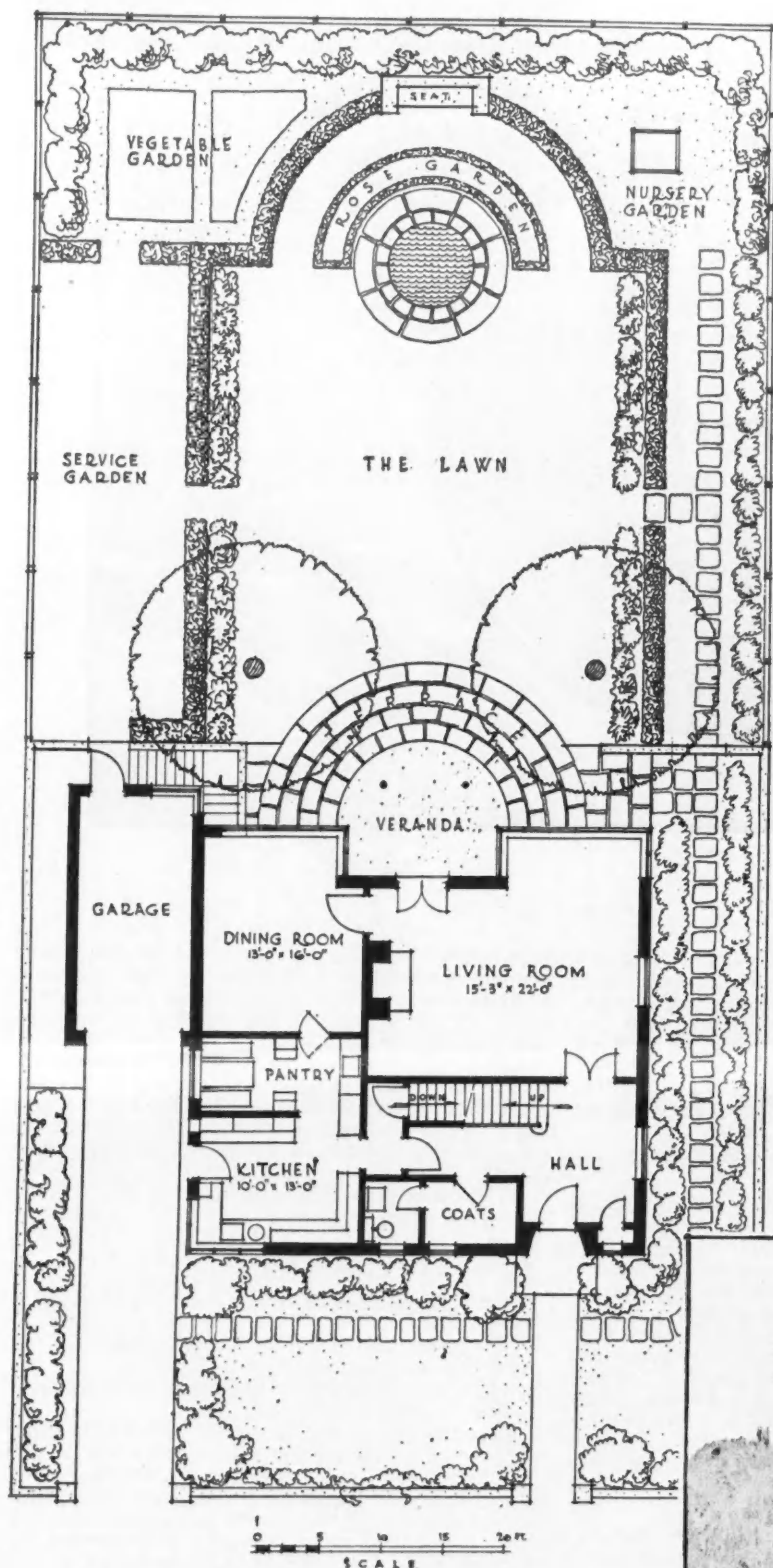
"I won't," he said and walked from the room.

She stood in the middle of the floor, her face flushed, her hands clenched tight at her sides. She could make her children mind, even though now they were grown, because of their long habit of obedience, but her husband was another matter. She knew from long experience how stubborn easy-going people could be.

"I shouldn't have told him he looked silly," she thought. "He might have gone if I'd been more careful."

She glanced at the clock. The minute hand had moved inexorably from nine-thirty to nine-thirty-five. Before her eyes, the little second hand flowed smoothly and

Continued on page 57



The basement, to be dealt with in a forthcoming issue, contains the laundry and room space for the furnace, air conditioning plant, fruit storage and play room.

Chatelaine's house is equipped with an air-conditioning system which cleans, humidifies and heats the air in winter, cleans, cools and de-humidifies it in summer. Air is gently blown into the living room, the dining room, the halls and owner's bedroom. Concealed radiation is used in the other rooms.

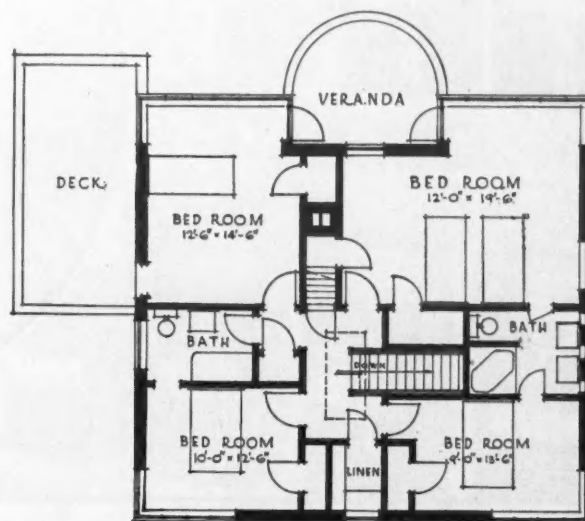
Chatelaine's modern house is planned to be an educational feature that will bring you news of what is practical in modern home construction and equipment. Few people will be able to adopt it completely. The great majority will find it most useful as a means of gaining vital new ideas which can be adapted to their own budget and home conditions. For the house has been so designed, and the interior decoration and equipment so planned, that, as shown month by month in this magazine, they will create a valuable portfolio of what is practical and interesting in modern thought.

Next month will bring variations in the exterior design and materials used, to adapt the house to the varied climatic conditions of Canada. Decorative schemes, mechanical equipment, modern developments and the planning of the garden will be told in subsequent issues.

Architectural Advisory Board of the Chatelaine Studios

ERIC HALDENBY, B.A.Sc., M.R.A.I.C., Toronto

A. T. GALT DURNFORD, B.Arch., A.R.I.B.A., Montreal



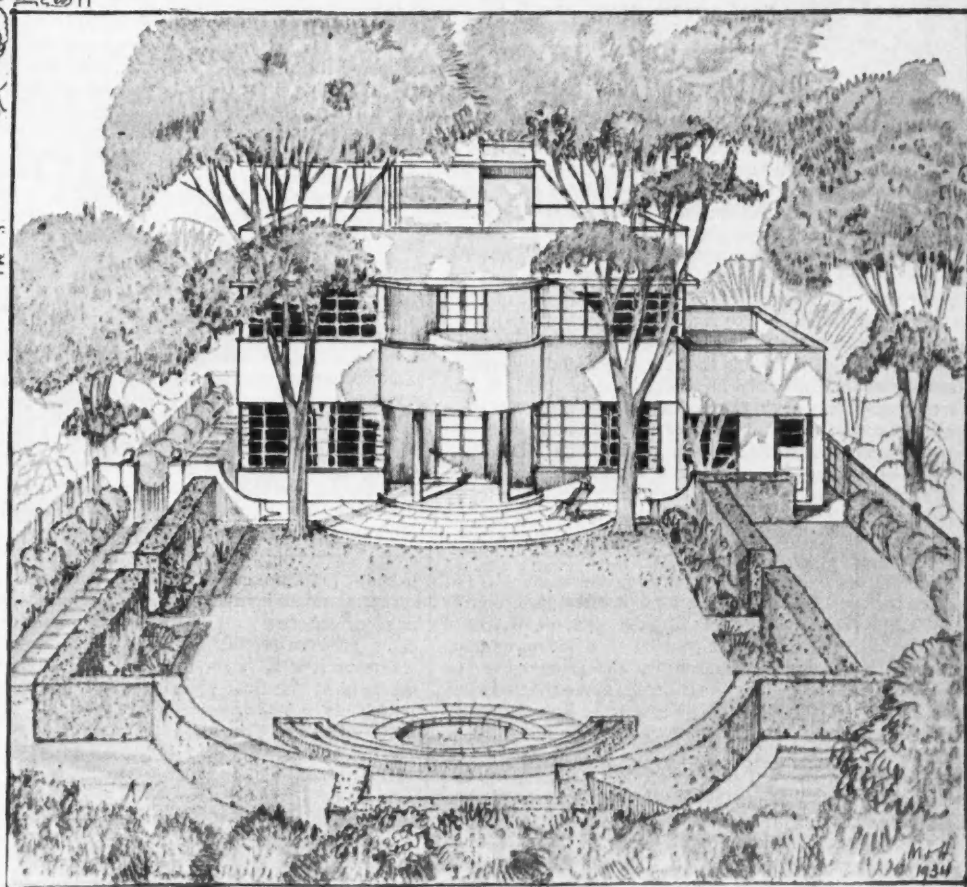
Second Floor Plan

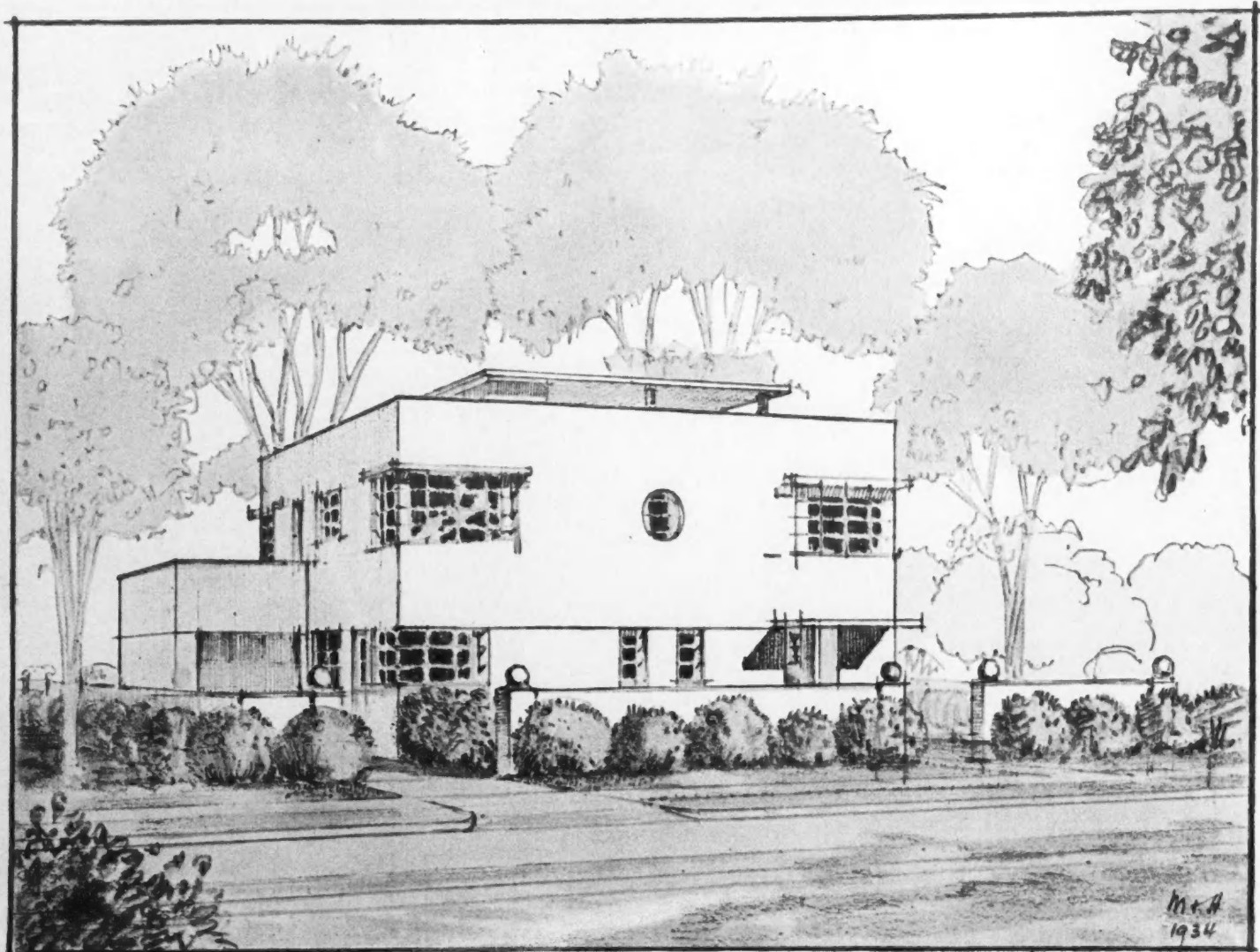
The first floor plan shows the original treatment of the hall unit with its large cloak room and wash room, the beautifully placed living room and dining room with windowed embrasures overlooking the garden, and the compact kitchen group.

The four bedrooms are so placed that they get the maximum of light, and share the two bathrooms conveniently. The owner's room and the second bedroom both have access to the back verandah.

Rear or Garden Elevation

Mathers and Haldenby, Architects.





Front or Street Elevation

Mathers and Haldenby, Architects.

CHATELAINE DESIGNS A MODERN HOUSE for CANADA

THE INDUSTRIALIZED world has been conscious of the modern trend in house designing and furnishing for many years. While the movement did not keep pace with the advancement of new ideas in other phases of contemporary life, there has been an insistent development in England, Europe and the States.

But during the last few years there has been a fresh and vital impetus to modern thought in house planning. Office buildings, automobiles, airplanes, even trains, have responded to the new ideas in design. Perhaps it was their unqualified success; perhaps the exhibition of modern homes at the Century of Progress Exposition, Chicago, brought the news to the masses on this continent with emphasis; perhaps it is the rapid acceleration of new ideas in every field of modern thought—at any rate, the modern house is here to stay. The next few years will bring it rapidly into our daily lives.

The modern style in house designing—known as the International style, since every country is adopting its principles—believes in designing for use, first of all, and in the effective proportioning of mass rather than in ornament and decoration.

Thus, rather than adapting the interior of a home to fit the exterior design of a house, modern thought plans the comfortable and practical arrangement of rooms and then encloses them in a compact, simple structure.

But much that is modern in thought and design is spurious; much is unsuitable to Canadian conditions. What

is good? What is practical? What can be adapted to fit the various finances of builders everywhere?

To answer this growing interest, *Chatelaine* leads the way and takes pride in presenting a modern home, designed for Canadian conditions of living and climate.

In presenting plans for this house *Chatelaine* and our Board of Consulting Architects, worked out a design that would incorporate the modern ideas which would be practical in Canadian conditions.

Chatelaine's model house Number One adopts the new feeling for simple, horizontal lines. It is shown here in white stucco; next month will show how the same floor plans can be developed with different exteriors.

The house turns its back upon the street to face a beautifully planned garden, for the designers feel that the Canadian homemakers are more concerned with a pleasant and private outlook than they are in the old-fashioned notion of having the important rooms overlooking the street.

It is set on an average size lot. Sixty feet allows for a garden path between it and the next house, although fifty feet will carry the house comfortably.

The problem the house tries to solve is one of space and economy—to bring an abundant amount of sunshine into the living quarters throughout; to arrange for spaces that will heat readily in the Canadian winter; to order the various household units in such a compact way that the woman who likes to do her own housework with the aid of modern conveniences to help her, can do so to the best advantage.

The interesting front doorway is set at the side of the street elevation and enters on a commodious hall. This obviates the monotony of having a central hall with the dining room on one side and the living room on the other. These rooms beautifully situated in *Chatelaine's* house have room-wide window embrasures overlooking the circular verandah terrace and garden. All the windows are double-paned—with the narrow inner frame opening up to allow for cleaning—and eliminate the ugly and cumbersome storm windows for winter.

While many modern homes are dispensing with the dining room and using only a square bay set off the living room, *Chatelaine* feels that the tradition of Canadian hospitality is so much a part of the nation's life that we have planned a dining room to seat eight comfortably at dinner.

One compact unit centres the utilities of the kitchen, the pantry and the breakfast alcove. This unit can be shut off completely from the rest of the house on occasion. A revolutionary idea that will be of definite value in Canada, is the large cloak room with adjoining wash room off the hall. Canadian winters entail so many heavy clothes for the family out-of-doors!

On the second floor, two bathrooms strategically placed are shared by the four bedrooms, all of which have generous windows and roomy cupboard space. The bedrooms overlooking the garden have access to the circular verandah and the same beautiful window treatment of the rooms downstairs.

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MH7-34M



by M. FRANCES HUCKS
of the Institute Staff

Make plenty this year—nothing gives such a glow of satisfaction as well-stocked preserve shelves

COMMERCIAL CANNERS do such a good job of canning many fruits and vegetables that it is just a question whether or not it pays to "do up" more than a limited supply. But when it comes to jams and jellies, preserves and butters, that's another matter; from no other source than our own preserving kettles can we get such a variety of interesting and beguiling flavors.

Some of the old-fashioned combinations are just as popular as ever, but modern methods are simpler, quicker and more dependable. No longer is guesswork required, and no longer must we suffer disappointments and failures—jelly that will not jell, jams that are sticky and oversweet, marmalades that have the life cooked out of them. Commercial pectin has made preserving easy even for the inexperienced cook. All you need is the ability to read directions and the good sense to follow them to the letter. Then you are sure of good results.

Without commercial pectin, jelly and jam making is sometimes a ticklish business. The reason is that the jelling property of fruit varies according to the variety and also to the stage of ripeness. Some have very little, others lose their pectin as they ripen, and anyway the amount is not always the same from season to season. On this account it is difficult or almost impossible to judge with any degree of accuracy, and consequently a poor batch is not uncommon. True, you can make delicious jellies and preserves if you confine yourself to the pectin-rich fruit, make the necessary tests and know the signs of "doneness." But that takes experience or luck, so why not choose the short-cut to success?

This modern method of standardizing ingredients has other advantages besides assuring good texture. In the first place, it is quicker; the mixture does not need to be on the go or on our conscience for an hour or so, but the whole process is over and done with in a very short time. Long boiling which detracts from the fine, fresh flavor, is not necessary, and therefore the taste of the finished product is more like the natural fruit from orchard or garden. Then, too, you can pick or buy fully ripened fruit instead of using

it before it reaches the peak of perfection in flavor and color. Equally important, from the standpoint of many good providers, is the fact that you can have infinitely greater variety in your jam cupboard. Any or all fresh fruits may be used and there are endless possibilities in canned and evaporated ones, when you take a notion for a bit of fresh jam any time. And jelly from bottled fruit juices may be made in midwinter, so preserving is not altogether a seasonal thing any more.

But just what is this magic brew which smoothes the way for us?

There is nothing mysterious about it, nothing artificial. It is simply the concentrated pectin from fruit rich in this constituent—extracted, refined and standardized to a definite jelling strength. You can buy it in either liquid or powdered form. The amount required depends upon the fruit used, and proportions have been carefully worked out for each recipe. You may think the amount of sugar is much too high, but remember that there is almost no evaporation of the precious juice by this method, and that you have therefore more juice to sweeten. Do not be tempted to cut down on the sugar, to boil just a minute or two longer or to make any other change in the procedure. Success depends on following directions precisely—exact measurements and exact timing by the clock.

Is commercial pectin expensive?

No. It costs something, of course, but this is offset by a greater yield, and the price per jar of the finished product is no higher, if as high, as when made in the old-fashioned, more uncertain and harder way. Besides, there is better texture, better flavor and color to consider, to say nothing of the time and effort saved.

But neither this product nor any other will give you good quality jellies and jams from poor quality fruit. Start off by selecting carefully, washing and preparing according to the variety or what you are going to make of it.

There are all sorts of things you can have—jelly from the clear, strained juice, jam from the crushed fruit, butters from the pulp, preserves from small pieces cooked in a heavy syrup, marmalades and conserves, a glorious mixture of two or more varieties with or without other additions. Recipes come with the product and you can depend on them. But whatever it is to be, it is best not to attempt too large a quantity at one time. Use a large kettle, one which would hold three or four times as much fruit and sugar as have to be cooked. This allows the mixture to come to a full, rolling boil without bubbling over on to the stove. And don't forget to stir.

If making jelly, you want it crystal-clear, of course; so put the simmered pulp in a double cheesecloth or Canton flannel bag and let the juice drip out until the pulp is dry. Fresh, uncooked juices ferment quickly, so do not let them stand overnight but finish the process as soon as possible.

When a batch of whatever it may be is cooked, pour or

ladle it direct from the saucepan to the jars which have been freshly washed, scalded and drained. Leave a space of about one-third to one-half inch at the top for sealing with paraffin. To do this, melt the fresh wax over hot water and pour a thin coating over the fruit mixture while it is still hot in the jars—the sooner the better. When cold, add another layer of hot paraffin, tilting or rolling the glass to cover edges where the jam joins the glass to make a perfect seal. Cover then with a tin cover or a paper cap, label with the name and date and store in your cupboard ready for any occasion.

If I have a further word of advice regarding these delicious sweets, it is to make plenty.

Spiced Grape Relish

4½ Cupfuls of prepared fruit	1 Teaspoonful of ground cloves
2 Teaspoonfuls of ground cinnamon	7½ Cupfuls of sugar
½ Cupful of cider vinegar	½ Bottle of liquid pectin

Select about three and one-quarter pounds of fully ripe grapes, wash and slip the skins from the pulp. Put the pulp in a kettle, cover and simmer for five minutes. Press through a sieve to remove the seeds. Grind the skins and add to the sieved pulp. Add the cloves and cinnamon or any other desired combination of spices. Put the sugar, the prepared fruit and the vinegar in a large kettle, mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over a hot fire. Stir constantly before and during the boiling. Boil hard for one minute. Remove from the fire and stir in the pectin. Skim and pour quickly into hot sterilized glasses. Cover at once with melted paraffin. Makes about twelve glasses (six-ounce).

Spiced Plum Jam

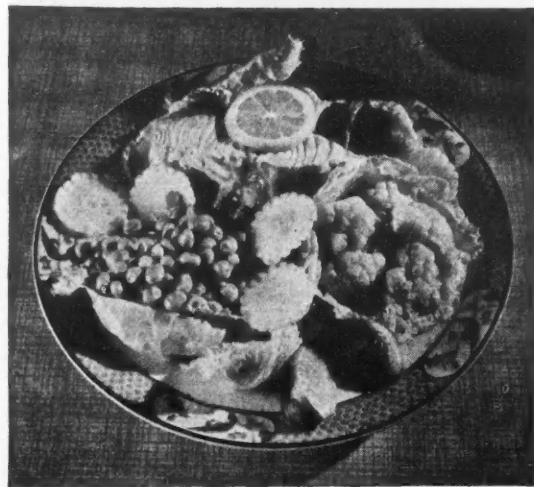
4 Cupfuls of prepared fruit	1 Teaspoonful of ground cinnamon
1 Teaspoonful of ground cloves	1 Teaspoonful of ground allspice
7½ Cupfuls of sugar	½ Bottle of liquid pectin

To prepare the fruit, wash and pit about two and one-half pounds of fully ripe plums. Cut into small pieces without peeling and crush thoroughly. Add the spices. Combine the sugar and the prepared fruit in a large kettle, mix thoroughly and bring to a full rolling boil over a hot fire. Stir constantly before and during the boiling. Boil hard for one minute. Remove from the fire and stir in the pectin. Skim and pour quickly into hot, sterilized glasses. Cover at once with melted paraffin. Makes about eleven six-ounce glasses. This relish is delicious with cold meats; its spicy tartness adds just the right touch of flavor. [Continued on page 54]



PLATES

CAMPBELL



Salmon, garnished with lemon, gherkins, tomatoes and cucumber and accompanied by peas, cauliflower and lettuce.

Cole slaw, carrots may be cooked and diced or raw and grated; tomatoes may be whole, in slices or wedges or the juice jellied, and so on. Graters and cutters are handy gadgets to save time and they help to achieve decorative effects. Many left-over vegetables may be used and, of course, every fresh thing from the garden. Combine two or three sometimes in aspic and turn out in a neat little mound on a lettuce cup. Gelatine, by the way, is one of the most useful ingredients when you are planning a meal of this sort. It may be used to hold together bits of meat or chicken, fish or vegetables in attractive shapes.

Sauerkraut Salad

- 3 Cupfuls of well-chilled sauerkraut
- 9 or 10 Olives, cut in small pieces
- 2 Hard-cooked eggs, coarsely chopped
- Finely chopped pimiento
- Crisp lettuce leaves

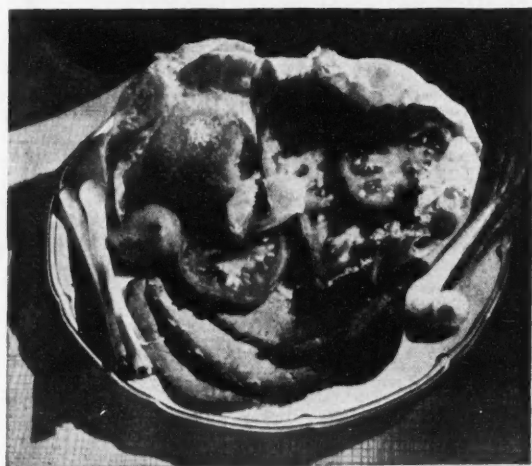
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of salad oil or mayonnaise

Mix all the ingredients together and serve well chilled on crisp lettuce. If desired, one egg may be reserved and used for garnishing.

Macaroni Salad

- ½ Package of broken macaroni (4 ounces)
- 2 Hard-cooked eggs
- ¼ Cupful of chopped pimiento
- ½ Cupful of chopped ripe olives
- 1 Cupful of chopped celery
- Mayonnaise
- Crisp lettuce

Cook the macaroni in boiling salted water until tender, drain and chill thoroughly. Combine with the chopped hard-cooked eggs, pimiento, ripe olives and celery. Mix lightly with enough mayonnaise to moisten and serve on crisp lettuce leaves. Six servings.



A delectable plate composed of mixed meats, jellied vegetable mould, sliced tomatoes, spring onions and pickled pears, and lettuce.

Suggestions for Cold Plates

1. Summer sausage or salami, Cole slaw, dill pickles, tomatoes and lettuce.
2. Chicken salad with celery, chilled asparagus, lettuce, tomato jelly, watercress, pickled walnuts.
3. Wieners or cold pork or bologna, sauerkraut salad, sliced beets, lettuce, mustard pickles.
4. Cold ham and tongue, jellied horseradish, potato salad with green pepper or chives, lettuce, radishes.
5. Sardines with lemon, cucumber, sliced tomatoes, peas, celery curls, lettuce.
6. Flaked salmon or other fish, cucumber jelly (see recipe page 53) string beans, lettuce, pickles.
7. Corned beef and head cheese, macaroni salad, gherkins, grated carrot, lettuce.



SUMMER night . . . guests linger . . . you're expected to serve "a bite." Crackers and cheese . . . just perfect! But put four or five different varieties of cheese on a tray, set it out where guests can help themselves . . . and you've adopted the nicest new social custom of the season!

And it's so easy on the hostess! Nothing complicated to fix . . . and no long searching for the most delicious cheeses. Kraft, world's largest maker, importer and distributor of fine cheeses, has put a wide assortment in all the better food stores.

You have your pet Kraft varieties for summer sandwiches. Now "branch out." Get to know more of these famous cheeses. Serve several kinds together for the family. And when there's festivity in your living room, on your lawn or your porch . . . pass a cheese tray!

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"Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese . . . snowy-white, with a most delicate flavor.

Kraft Cream Cheese Spreads . . . four delightful flavors to choose from. Roquefort, Pineapple, Pimiento and Relish.

Kraft Creamed Old English. The sharp Cheddar that spreads. It's a special favorite with the men.

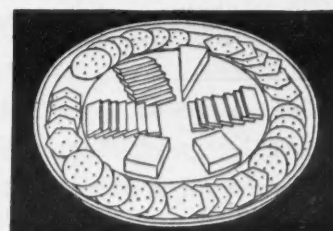
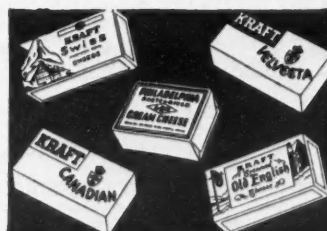
Kraft Canadian or Kraft Pimento . . . both of them distinguished for their full natural Cheddar flavor.

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Kraft Velveeta . . . the richly mild, spready Cheddar that's digestible as milk itself—and just as wholesome.

All these cheeses are pasteurized—like milk—for your protection.

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"I prefer the flavor to mayonnaise"



That's what thousands of Canadian housewives have told us. They say they prefer it regardless of price.

—yet Miracle Whip costs less!



HARRY: Who's the good-looking girl? Isn't that your friend Peggy Carlisle?

CHARLOTTE (reading): "I prefer it to mayonnaise," says this noted hostess, after tasting Miracle Whip Salad Dressing."



CHARLOTTE: And if Peggy Carlisle says so, it's true! She knows her food!

HARRY: Bet even Mrs. Carlisle couldn't make me eat salad... I'll be home in time for the party tonight. 'By!...



MADGE: How pretty your table looks, Charlotte! You're a big brave girl, too—giving these men salad.

CHARLOTTE: I've got a new dressing—Miracle Whip! Men love the flavor—a combination of mayonnaise and boiled dressing.



HARRY: I'm after more of that gelatin stuff! Lots of dressing please! What is it, old dear?

CHARLOTTE: I say it's salad! Harry, you're converted at last. And Miracle Whip gets the credit this time!

HERE'S THE REASON MILLIONS PREFER IT TO MAYONNAISE!

A totally new and different flavor—that of mayonnaise and old-fashioned boiled dressing combined—characterizes Kraft's Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. It's made of the same quality ingredients as these popular dressings. But the choice eggs, oil, vinegar and spices are combined in a skillful new way... whipped to new creaminess in the exclusive Kraft Miracle Whip machine. Miracle Whip Salad Dressing gives any salad extra deliciousness. Try a jar!

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THE FASTEST SELLING SALAD DRESSING IN CANADA

COLD

by HELEN G.

THERE ARE days when just the thought of our favorite roast-beef dinner takes away our appetite, and the mere idea of turning on the oven makes us wilt. It's too hot to move, we think, yet the three meals a day must go on.

What to serve? The toilers and spinners in sultry offices or wherever their work may be, look forward to a cool house and a good meal at the end of the day, so it's up to us to plan according to the weather.

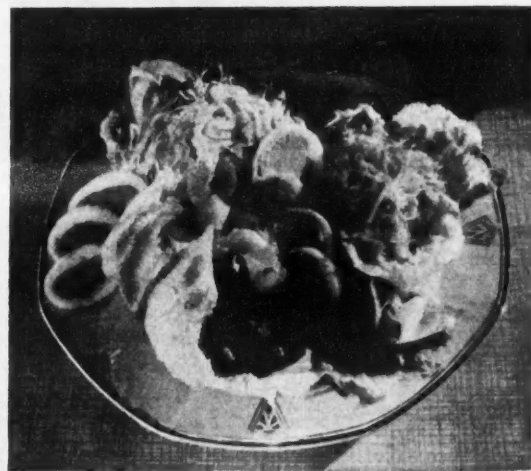
Have you ever noticed when you eat downtown in summer how often a "cold plate" is chosen from the list of menu suggestions? That's a tip for us; I know of nothing better for many August evenings. Not that hot dishes are entirely taboo; far from it. Indeed it's quite a good idea to start off with a steaming soup, but the main course may well be cold and crisp and the dessert something from the refrigerator.

Cold plates have several points in their favor. The food can be partly prepared

difference if you add a little chopped chives or green peppers to the salad; choose crisp, colorful vegetables to accompany it and add a bit of spicy pickled fruit or a tart relish. Remember, too, that certain vegetables combine well and others do not.

A pleasing arrangement is half the battle; nothing is worse than a thrown-together look and there is no excuse for it. Think of yourself as an artist making a picture and you will use the different colors to the best advantage—the cool green of lettuce, the deeper tone of asparagus, green peppers and peas, the brilliant reds of tomatoes and radishes, the purplish red of beets, the yellow-red of carrots and the clear white of many. Truly our gardens offer a variety of colors to delight the heart of an artist. Skilful garnishing helps—a bit of parsley, cress or other edible leaves, radishes cut and put in iced water until they look like roses, rings of green pepper, olives and any number of good things. But don't have it fussy.

A raw vegetable plate with slices of hard-cooked egg: shredded cabbage and carrot, radish-flowers, baby beets and lettuce.



early in the day and arranged with very little time or effort at the last minute. Service is simplified; both steps and dishwashing are cut to a minimum. And if the foods are carefully chosen and attractively grouped, they provide sufficient nourishment without any feeling of heaviness afterward and have a distinct appeal to the eyes and palates of your family. But that "if" is important—very. It takes thought to make any meal interesting and the simpler it is, the more finesse is required.

First of all, consider the food value. Protein may be supplied by cold meat, fish or fowl, eggs or cheese. Vegetables, all of them, are good sources of minerals and vitamins and they provide, too, the bulk necessary in a well-balanced meal. The plate then which has a generous serving of meat or meat substitute, a starchy vegetable and two or three non-starchy ones, is an adequate main course and can be preceded by a light soup and followed by a bit of sweet to top off with. On the other hand, a salad plate without meat, eggs or the like, might be supported by a cream soup and a richer dessert.

Success of the plate itself depends upon good selection of the things to go on it. We have to think of harmonizing flavors and colors and also of pleasantly contrasting textures, forms and shapes. For instance, a combination of cold sliced beef, potato salad, shredded cabbage and sliced cucumbers would be lacking in character; the colors are pale and the flavors bland. But what a

But simplicity is one thing and monotony another. Don't have a succession of cold plates every day in the week, and don't have them always the same when they do appear. Vary them. Goodness knows, there are all kinds of opportunities, particularly at this bountiful season. You can hardly pass a vegetable market without getting ideas and besides there are endless possibilities in the canned varieties. Use different kinds of meat—pork, beef, lamb, veal, tongue, bologna, summer sausage and the more unusual loaves and rolls. Introduce novelty when you can, in the meat as well as in its accompaniments. Sometimes two or three varieties are served in overlapping slices.

If you believe in preparedness—and I am sure you do—it is a good plan to stock up with canned meats, salmon, sardines, tuna and other fish, and even a whole chicken for special occasions. Fresh fish can be bought in greater variety than we sometimes realize and many of them are good cold as well as hot. Cold boiled Restigouche salmon with the proper accompaniments, for instance. Hard-cooked eggs—sliced or devilled, or one of several kinds of cheese may take the place of meat or fish for a change. Even the accompaniments—spiced fruit, ketchups, pickles and sauces of different kinds—help to give variety. Tart jellies are appropriate, and sometimes a slice of orange, a wedge of grapefruit or other unsweetened fruit is not out of place with certain combinations.

Variety of shape and form is a good thing, too. Cabbage may be shredded, plain or as

Cooked Cucumbers

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL



"COOL AS a cucumber," we say about the people who are poised and sure under any circumstances. Or about those who always manage to look crisp and fresh, even on a sultry day.

But cucumbers are not always cool. They are good in many dishes which are served hot from the stove and they have more possibilities than you might suspect. Use them in the traditional ways, of course, but try them also in the following recipes; you'll like the distinctive flavor they give to the dish.

Baked Cucumbers

- 3 Firm, well-shaped cucumbers
- 1 Cupful of stale bread crumbs
- 1 Tablespoonful of minced onion
- 1 Teaspoonful of minced parsley
- 1 1/2 Teaspoonful of celery salt
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of paprika
- 2 Slices of bacon, cut in small dice
- 1/2 Cupful of tomato sauce, tomato soup or thick gravy
- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of stock, or canned bouillon

Peel the cucumbers, cut into halves lengthwise and scoop out the centres. Combine the bread crumbs, onion, parsley, seasonings and diced bacon and moisten with the sauce or gravy. Fill the cavities in the cucumber with this mixture and place close together in a baking pan. Pour the stock around and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—for one-half hour, basting occasionally with the liquid in the pan.

Cucumbers Delmonico

- 2 Long, slender cucumbers
- Butter
- 1 Cupful of medium white sauce
- 1 Egg
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- 1 Teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley
- Toast triangles

Peel the cucumbers, cut in quarters lengthwise, remove the seeds and cut in inch-long pieces. Cook slowly in a small amount of butter until they are transparent. Add the cucumber pieces to the white sauce and cook over hot water until tender. Beat the egg thoroughly, add a little of the hot white sauce to it, mix well and return to the double boiler. Cook for one minute longer, stirring carefully to prevent breaking the cucumber pieces. Add the lemon juice and the finely chopped parsley and serve at once on triangles of toast.

Fried Cucumbers

- 4 Medium-sized cucumbers
- 1 Egg
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of flour

Peel the cucumbers and cut them lengthwise into fairly thin slices. Beat the egg slightly, add the milk and salt and combine with the flour, stirring until the mixture is smooth. Dip each slice of cucumber in this batter and fry in deep, hot fat, turning so that each side will become browned. Drain on paper and serve hot.

Cucumbers With Caper Sauce

- Cucumber strips
- Boiling salted water

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Cupful of chicken stock or canned chicken soup
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of paprika
- 1 Tablespoonful of capers
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley
- Salt and pepper to taste

Peel cucumbers and cut in strips about the size of asparagus tips. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and serve with sauce made as follows:

Melt the butter, add the flour and stir until blended. Gradually add the chicken stock and cook, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens and is smooth. Add the paprika, the capers and parsley and season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve hot.

Cucumber Jelly

- 2 Cucumbers
- 1 Slice of onion
- 1 Teaspoonful of celery seed
- 1 Teaspoonful of minced green pepper
- 1 Small bay leaf
- Dash of mace
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of paprika
- Gelatine
- Cold Water
- Green Coloring

Peel the cucumbers, slice and place in a saucepan. Add the onion, celery seed, green pepper, bay leaf and mace and enough cold water to cover. Simmer until tender and season to taste with salt. Press through a sieve, add lemon juice and paprika and for each cupful of the hot mixture, add three-quarters of a tablespoonful of gelatine softened in three tablespoonfuls of cold water. Stir until the gelatine is dissolved, add green coloring to color a delicate green and mold as desired. In small individual molds, it makes a delicious accompaniment to chilled fish. In larger individual molds, with a slice of cucumber placed in the bottom before adding the jelly mixture it makes a cool salad to be served on water-cress with a well-seasoned French dressing. Turned out of a ring mold, the centre filled with flaked fish and garnished with mayonnaise, it makes a novel luncheon or supper dish.

Tuna fish, salmon or shrimps may be molded in this jelly and are most attractive when molded in layers with sliced hard-cooked eggs, sliced olives and small sprigs of fresh parsley. Serve with mayonnaise to which additional lemon juice has been added.

Cucumber Cocktail

- 2 Medium-sized cucumbers
- 1 Cupful of tomato catsup
- 1/2 Cupful of cream, whipped
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice

Peel the cucumbers and cut in fairly thin slices. Crisp in a bowl of ice water. Fold the whipped cream—there should be one cupful when whipped—into the tomato catsup and add the lemon juice. Drain the cucumber slices thoroughly and arrange around the edge of the cocktail glasses with one slice overlapping the other. Pile the sauce in the centre and serve well chilled with small cheese crackers as an accompaniment. Six to eight servings.

Crisp...Cool



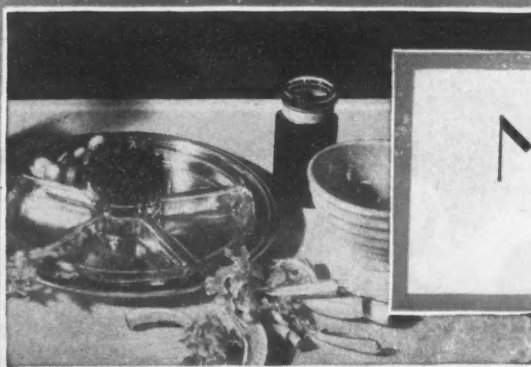
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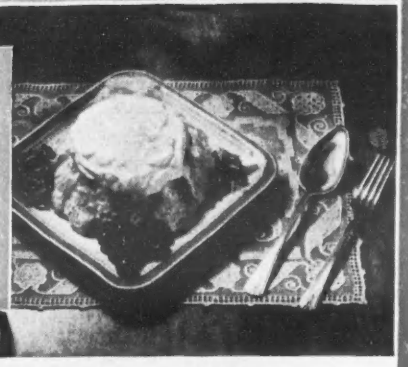
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Meals of the Month

Thirty-one Menus for August



1	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
	Orange Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	Cheese Fondue with Bacon Curls Lettuce with French Dressing Cantaloupe and Ice Cream Tea	Tomato Bouillon Cold Sliced Meat Potato Cakes Baked Carrots Raspberry Shortcake Coffee	Watermelon Pan-fried Small Fish Toast Coffee	Devised Egg Salad Brown Bread Angel Cake Butterscotch Sauce Tea	Cream of Celery Soup (Vegetable Plate) Parsley Potato Balls Buttered Squash Harvard Beets Spinach Fresh Plum Pie Coffee
2	Stewed Black Currants Cereal Bran Muffins and Honey Coffee	Baked Stuffed Peppers Tomato Sauce Fresh Berries Cocoanut Layer Cake Tea	Sirloin Steak Boiled Potatoes Green Peas Fresh Fruits in Lime Jelly Chilled Custard Sauce Coffee	Apricots Cereal Toast Coffee	Pea Soup Fresh Pear and Cheese Salad Jelly Turnovers Tea	Oven-cooked Steak Boiled Potatoes Green Beans Diced Fruit in Ginger Ale Jelly and Custard Sauce Coffee
3	Watermelon Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Bean Soup Cabbage and Peanut Salad Brown Rolls Stewed Prunes Tea	Broiled Trout with Lemon Parsley Potatoes Boiled Tomatoes Deep Cherry Pie Coffee	(Sunday) Grape Juice Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee	Chicken or Shrimp Salad with Celery Hot Rolls or Biscuits Chocolate Ice Cream Hot Marshmallow Sauce Macaroons Iced Fruit Drink	Hot Consommé Assorted Sliced Meats Jellied Raw Vegetable Mold Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers Fresh Peach Shortcake Coffee
4	Tomato Juice Bread and Milk Scones Coffee	Grated Raw Vegetable Salad Crackers Cheese Lemon Meringue Tarts Tea	Meat Loaf Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Green Apple Sauce Gingerbread Coffee	Orange Halves Cereal Scones Coffee	Frankfurters Sauerkraut Pineapple Macaroon Tapioca Tea	Veal Fricassee Baked Potatoes Scalloped Onions Baked Cocoanut Custard Coffee
5	(Sunday) Chilled Cantaloupe Crisp Waffles Bacon Maple Syrup Coffee	Assorted Sandwiches Celery Radishes Chocolate Cream Puffs Hot or Iced Tea	Jellied Consommé Molded Tuna-fish and Cucumber Potato Salad Sliced Tomatoes Frozen Tapioca Pudding Coffee	Cantaloupe French Toast Maple Syrup Coffee	Clam Chowder Crackers Celery Gingerbread Cream Cheese Tea	Baked Pork Chops Potato au Gratin Baked Tomatoes Baked Fresh Peas Chocolate Sauce Coffee
6	Cereal with Sliced Bananas Toast Coffee	Vegetable Soup Canned Spaghetti Brown Bread Gingerbread Custard Tea	Roast of Lamb Brown Potatoes Spinach Chocolate Nut Blanc Mange with Cream Coffee	Stewed Apples Cereal Toast Coffee	Fresh Corn-on-the-Cob Vegetable Slaw Hot Biscuits Tea	Julienne Soup Meat Loaf Baked Potato Boiled Cabbage Caramel Cornstarch Pudding Coffee
7	Orange Sections Plain Omelet Toast Coffee	Liver and Bacon Lyonnaise Potatoes Stewed Plums Nut Bread Tea	Cream of Asparagus Soup Cold Roast Lamb Creamed Potatoes String Beans Berries Frosted Cake Coffee	Tomato Juice Bacon Toast Coffee	Cold Meat Loaf Lyonnaise Potatoes Apple, Raisin and Nut Salad Tea	Grilled Kidneys Creamed Potato Summer Squash Blueberry Roly-Poly Coffee
8	Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee	Curried Rice and Lamb Watercress with French Dressing Fresh Raspberries Tea	Dressed Mock Duck Mashed Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Peach Trifle Coffee	Cereal with Sliced Bananas Date Muffins Coffee	Onion Soup Crackers Cheese Berries Fresh Cake Tea	Baked Trout Boiled Potato Brussels Sprouts Fresh Peach Ice Cream Cookies Coffee
9	Blueberries Bacon Toast Coffee	Potato Soup with Parsley Peas and Diced Celery in Tomato Jelly on Lettuce Grape Tapioca Tea	Veal Stew Boiled Potatoes Diced Beets Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee	Sauté Egg Plant Shredded Cabbage and Pimiento Salad Stewed Plums Tea	Sirloin Steak Mashed Potato Buttered Carrots Bananas in Lemon Jelly Custard Sauce Coffee
10	Melon Fresh Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee	Spinach and Poached Egg Brown Bread Canned Fruit Cookies Tea	Steamed Salmon Parsley Sauce Potato Balls Cole Slaw Apple Crisp Coffee	(Sunday) Chilled Pineapple Juice Mushroom Omelet Toast Coffee	Mixed Fruit Salad Hot Biscuits or Rolls Chilled Vanilla Soufflé Butterscotch Sauce Tea	Melon Ball Cocktail Fried or Fricassee Chicken Riced Potatoes Cauliflower Sliced Peaches and Cream Sponge Cake Tea
11	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Browned Hamburger with Onions Head Lettuce and Dressing Berries Sweet Rolls Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Broiled Sausages Potato au Gratin Stewed Tomatoes Pineapple Up-side-down Cake Coffee	Orange Sections Cereal Toast Coffee	Celery Soup Canned Corned Beef Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers Apple Compote Sweet Rolls Tea	Broiled Fresh Ham Creamed Potatoes Spinach Fruit Trifle (use left-over cake) Coffee
12	(Sunday) Cereal with Blackberries Fresh Tomato Omelet Toast Coffee	Chicken Soup Saltines Fresh Fruit Salad Pecan Roll Hot or Iced Chocolate	Baked Ham Slice Savory Dressing Boiled Potatoes Green Peas Chilled Rice Mold Butterscotch Sauce Coffee	Blueberries Bacon and Fried Tomatoes Toast Coffee	Creamed Eggs on Toast with Chopped Parsley Cantaloupe and Ice Cream Brownies Tea	Mock Turtle Soup (vegetable plate) Steamed Rice and Cheese Sauce Green Beans Broiled Tomatoes Corn-on-the-Cob Cocoanut Cream Pie Coffee
13	Grapefruit Milk Toast Raisin Muffins Coffee	Canned Salmon and Celery Salad Sliced Cucumbers Green Apple Sauce Gingersnaps Tea	Breaded Veal Cutlets French Fried Potatoes Wax Beans Marshmallow Custard Coffee	Stewed Prunes Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee	Italian Spaghetti Lettuce with French Dressing Canned Pineapple Nut Squares Tea	Roast of Beef Brown Potatoes Squash Spanish Cream Coffee
14	Chilled Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee	Toasted Tomato and Bacon Sandwich Dill Pickles Caramel Junket Tea	Ox-tail Soup Rib Roast of Beef Franconia Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Blueberry Cup Cakes Coffee	Oranges Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Combination Salad Toasted Cheese Rolls Prune Whip Ice Box Cookies Tea	Cold Roast Beef Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Beets Apple Tapioca Coffee
15	Tomato Juice Bread and Milk Coffee Cake Coffee	Cold Roast Beef Hashed Brown Potatoes Mixed Pickles Cantaloupe Tea	Creamed Tuna-fish and Noodles Beet Greens Buttered Carrots Grapefruit Bavarian Cream Coffee	Tomato Juice Cereal Johnny Cake and Syrup Coffee	Grilled Sardines with Lemon French Fried Potatoes Fresh Pear and Cream Cheese Salad Tea	Cream of Asparagus Soup Tuna-fish Molds on Watercress Potato Salad with Cucumbers Celery Curls Radishes Cottage Pudding, Fruit Sauce Coffee
16	Sliced Oranges Cereal Poached Eggs Toast Coffee	Mushroom Soup Baked Stuffed Tomatoes Brown Rolls Berries and Cream Ice Box Cookies Tea	Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Swiss Chard Apple Dumplings Coffee			

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.

"You might remember, Olga, that I'm still the oldest capable person here, and that this house is mine. If my sister-in-law has to listen to any further insult, you'll leave—baby and all—and have no future assurance of a welcome from me, either."

Olga stepped back, the sudden involuntary paling of her face telling that her ground with Ivan was not wholly certain. But her head was still high, her voice soft and scornful.

"Is your welcome so necessary, Ivan? Would you raise your foot to turn us out by force, may I ask?" Her dark eyes turned unexpectedly to Elinor's white, startled face; as if, briefly, she realized her existence. "Oh, excuse me!" on an indifferent note of apology. "Ivan's quite mistaken. I don't bother to try and insult . . . you! With Berk I have the privilege of old acquaintanceship."

Whether or not Olga realized the added insult lying there, Elinor did not attempt to guess. She only knew that suddenly she was roused from that curious, trancelike state of hideous incredulity into a blaze of real anger, and her whole body grew stiff with that passion.

"Oh!" shortly, in return. "That . . . neither concerns nor interests me. Nor does Ivan's interference. I'm going out"—in unexpected conclusion, turning so quickly that they could not have attempted to stop her; pulled wide the door and disappeared into the darkness of the night.

IT WAS Berk who, breathless and alarmed, found her on the rough roadway, half an hour later, and, his alarm turning to anger at her safety, muttered that Ivan was a fool to put ideas in a person's head, and led her mutely, and shivering in her thin woollen sweater, home.

"I know; you needn't ask me," fiercely, as Elinor began some quite innocent protest against his rough pace of speed. "I'll tell you. Then you'll have nothing to imagine. I did love her. Of course I did! I loved her wildly and passionately, as I've loved nothing in my life." His voice was quick

and strained, and underneath it all there seemed to lie a savage, strange sense of sheer relief in self-expression, which sent a deeper shiver of renewed fear and unreality to Elinor's heart. "And she—she behaved like a devil. Sometimes I think she is one. She led me on one minute and laughed at me the next. And then, when I thought I had her, she ran off with someone else . . . I think I could have killed her, then."

More, much more, in this dreadful strain; his voice lower, more tense as they neared the house, holding her back, slowly now. "So I went to the city—to forget; and I met you. Perhaps I would have forgotten. You were kind, pleasant, and too serene and contented to demand what I couldn't give"—unaware of Elinor's appalled silence, then. "I might have been happy. But she came back, flaunting the very devils in her; and leads me a life of unbearable torment. Knowing I hate her, that I want to see her gone—she stays; because now she can't have me, she is wild herself with jealousy and tries to drive me frantic."

Elinor stopped him just outside the kitchen door and laid a hand on his arm, her voice strangely quiet. "What are we to do then, Berk? Shall we go away from here, ourselves?"

And Berk stiffened suddenly. "No," abruptly and with a tense vehemence that made him for the moment seem some wholly unfamiliar, terrifying person: "I hate her, but she shan't stay here alone—with Ivan!"

But swift footsteps came from outside suddenly toward them, and Ivan, breathless himself, pushed them through the doorway to the kitchen. "So you found her!" abruptly, as they found themselves in that warm, dimly lighted room. "And never even thought to take off your coat when she's so cold she can hardly stand!" Berk muttered something darkly impatient, and left them together there; and Ivan moved her, quite gently, toward a chair by the fire.

"Sit down," briefly, "and put this sweater of mine on. It's warm at least. Just keep still and I'll heat some coffee. It was

Continued on page 56



What people are saying about this NEW Kellogg Cereal

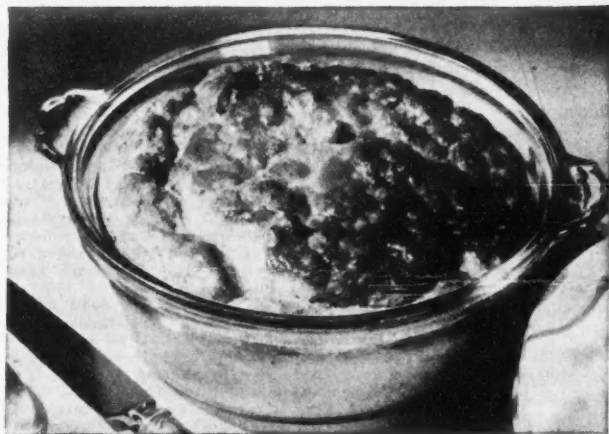
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A
CHEESE
SOUFFLÉ

Tested and Approved by
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An Ideal Dish for a Summer Supper From the Institute

DON'T LET the word "soufflé" keep you from serving this handsome and splendidly nourishing dish at a summer luncheon or supper. Minute tapioca is a great prop, when it comes to keeping soufflés elevated and the easy directions for concocting this one produce a tender, moist, light, flavorful and most attractive-looking main dish that will thrill your culinary soul with pride when you bring it to the table. Here's how!

Cheese Soufflé

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of minute tapioca
- 1 Cupful of milk, scalded
- 1 Cupful of grated cheese
- 3 Eggs
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt

Add the minute tapioca to the scalded milk and cook according to the directions on the package, until the tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add the grated cheese and stir until melted. Remove from the heat and set aside to cool. Separate the egg yolks and whites, beat the yolks until thick and light colored and combine lightly but thoroughly with the cooled mixture. Beat the egg whites with the salt until stiff and fold into the mixture. Turn into a greased baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahr.) for about fifty minutes or until slightly shrunken and nicely browned.

If you choose to bake the mixture in individual baking dishes, the time required will be about half hour.

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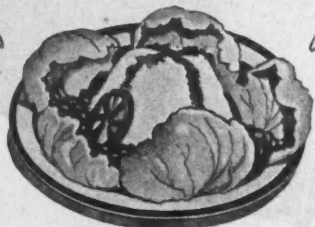
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210 Dundas St. West, Toronto, Ontario.

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MAZOLA

The SALAD and COOKING OIL

The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited,

Jams and Jellies

(Continued from page 48)

Blueberry and Currant Jam

4 Cupfuls of prepared fruit
7 Cupfuls of sugar
½ Bottle of liquid pectin

To prepare the fruit, crush thoroughly or grind about one pound each of fully ripe blueberries and currants. Combine the fruits and mix thoroughly with the measured sugar in a large kettle. Bring to a full rolling boil over a hot fire, stirring constantly before and during the boiling. Boil hard for one minute. Remove from the fire and stir in the pectin. Skim, and pour quickly into hot, sterilized glasses. Cover at once with melted paraffin. Makes about ten six-ounce glasses.

Ginger Pear Jam

(Using crystallized ginger)

4 Cupfuls of prepared fruit
½ to 1 Cupful of diced crystallized ginger
7½ Cupfuls of sugar
1 Bottle of liquid pectin

To prepare the fruit, peel, core and crush completely, or put through the grinder about three pounds of fully ripe pears. Dice about one-half pound of crystallized ginger. Measure the sugar, the prepared fruit and the diced ginger into a large kettle, mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over a hot fire. Stir constantly before and during the boiling. Boil hard for one minute. Remove from the fire and stir in the pectin. Then stir and skim by turns for just five minutes to prevent floating fruit. Pour into hot sterilized glasses and cover at once with melted paraffin. Makes about eleven six-ounce glasses.

(Note: This jam begins to set the day after it is made and reaches the ideal set after one week.)

Spiced Blueberry Jam

4½ Cupfuls of prepared fruit
7 Cupfuls of sugar
1 Teaspoonful of ground cinnamon
1 Teaspoonful of ground cloves
1 Teaspoonful of ground allspice
1 Bottle of liquid pectin

To prepare the fruit, crush or grind about two pounds of fully ripe blueberries. Add the spices and mix with the sugar in a large kettle. Bring to a full rolling boil over a hot fire, stirring constantly before and during the boiling. Boil hard for one minute. Remove from the fire and stir in the pectin. Skim and pour quickly into hot, sterilized glasses. Cover at once with melted paraffin. Makes about twelve glasses (6-ounce).

The Black Siberians

(Continued from page 41)

formless apprehension away and jerked up her head, almost as if she welcomed something she could definitely grasp. "Don't talk to me like that—of Berkh!" But the sudden motion of defiance caused half the wood, insecurely balanced, to fall back to the ground; and although Ivan stooped, gravely now and with no further comment, to retrieve it, she turned in swift, wretched embarrassment and half-shamed rage and fled.

AND NOT many evenings later, although the original suggestion had made her lips tighten in scorn, she did a wholly unexpected thing—and that was to cut Ivan's thick black hair. Cut it defiantly—so powerlessly infuriated at Olga's increasing, soft insinuations, her queer, meaning glances at Berkh—that she felt she must do something really, fiercely desperate in retaliation. She knew—let Berkh deny it as he would—that that girl loved, or if not loved, desired him. And although half her heart held pity for Berkh in this, to her conventionally brought up mind, almost unreal primeval situation, the other half began to hold an odd scorn because he did not curtly tell her to be still, or do more than sit in tense, dreadful silence.

Ivan, strangely enough, almost as if he knew, did much to help her in that ordeal. Showed no surprise at her sudden, abrupt suggestion, found her a sharp pair of scissors and sat on a low stool near the table lamp, while both Berkh and Olga sat upright and stared in some astonishment. Elinor found her hands trembling. "I... perhaps I shouldn't! I really don't know how." Her voice was low and nervous.

Ivan laughed reassuringly. "It's all right," almost kindly. "Just go ahead and take it easily. I really don't care what you do with it."

At first she worked in stiff, jerky silence—it was ridiculous to make herself conspicuous over such a man as Ivan—and then, very gradually lost herself in trying to shape

that soft black hair. Odd, how thick and fine, and clean it was! And at a sudden, almost involuntary movement, she looked up and saw Mikhail's keen old eyes upon her, their fierceness lost in something that was simple pride and pleasure. And something in that glance stirred an inexplicable response—something that made her draw a quick, sharp breath and, almost without realizing, lay a gentle hand on Ivan's shoulder as she inspected her handiwork. Mikhail's eyes met Ivan's, and with something that was low and evidently satisfied, he dropped back into vaguely murmuring sleep. Ivan stirred slightly. "Thanks, that was kind," in an undertone, and looked up with the faintest smile as she moved to one side, adding quite simply: "He likes me, you see."

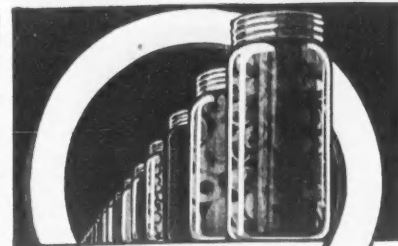
But Elinor had barely finished when Olga moved across the room and stood close to Ivan, her eyes on his intently. "Yes, quite a striking man!" softly. "At least a very interesting one." Her fingers moved through his clipped hair very slowly. "Ivan, perhaps I shall have to turn to you—"

Her words died, unfinished and abruptly, as with a sudden movement, Berkh, from somewhere behind, sprang to his feet and his chair crashed heavily to the floor. They all turned to stare at his tense, colorless face and blazing eyes. His glance at that moment contained such malevolence and hatred that it seemed as if a very devil had entered his soul.

Olga broke that dreadful tension, as she alone would have dared to do, with a soft, almost careless laugh. "Ivan, you need talk to me of tragic poses!" And then added, with a touch of slow reflection: "Only... with Berkh, perhaps, it may not be a pose. Perhaps Berkh's possessive instincts extend beyond conventional bounds..."

"Hush!" Until that moment Elinor had not known the depths of sheer savagery that could go into one such simple, low spoken word. For an instant Berkh looked as if, goaded beyond endurance, he would do unutterable things; and then he turned, his fair face reddening with burning shame of realization, and flung himself abruptly from the room.

For another moment there was silence. But at the slam of a door somewhere upstairs, Ivan turned to Olga, dark brows drawn together, and there was an angry directness behind his quiet control that might have suggested that his endurance was being tested, too.



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YOUR
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Dancing Mothers

(Continued from page 44)

relentlessly around its small orbit. Another minute gone and another. Fascinated, she watched it. Time was going. Another minute gone. An hour would go, the night would go, the next day would go, then a week, a year, soon ten years would be gone.

She set her lips. "I'm going to do it," she said aloud. The words fell upon her ears strangely. She was talking to herself again. The thought startled her into action. Turning, she walked back through the house to her bedroom. With determination, she changed back into her blue silk, combed her fine soft hair into place, and set her hat upon her head with a slap. She slid her arms into her coat and picked up her gloves and purse. Her impulse carried her back to the front room. There she hesitated. The room was still empty.

"Papa," she called. "Papa."

There was no answer. She stood nervously drawing on her gloves. When they were buttoned snugly about her wrists, she stood, tense, listening. The silence of the house weighed upon her, like a heavy garment dragging at her, holding her back. Habit clutched at her with heavy detaining fingers. She couldn't go without papa. She stood, buttoning and unbuttoning a glove, feeling determination ebb from her, feeling her will go limp. Then the clock whirled with an ominous sound. It always whirled at a quarter before the hour. Soon it would be ten o'clock. With a quick snap she rebut-toned her glove, gave her head a toss, opened the front door and stepped out into the frosty night.

THE FACULTY CLUB was a two-story red-brick structure on the edge of the campus. Mrs. Springer walked up the long straight drive leading to it and hesitated. The great triple Gothic window lifted itself the full height of the two-story main hall and glowed with a great beckoning warmth. But Mary hesitated. To stand and listen to the music that came from within was not difficult, but to mount the steps, open the door and walk in, unsupported by her husband was another matter. She hesitated and again felt her determination ebb from her.

"I'm [being an old fool," she thought, but the music was so gay, the lighted window so enticing that she lingered in the cold, starlit night, tapping one foot on the driveway in time to the music. She might have gone back home, her purpose unfulfilled, had not the music stopped suddenly. The door went open and four people came out on the porch. One of them recognized her.

"Why, it's Mrs. Springer," said a woman's voice, and the woman ran down the steps toward her. It was Mrs. Eidenberg, wife of the snake-scale counter. She grasped Mary by the hand.

"Come on in," she urged. The other three now came down the steps and, swept along by their warm welcome, laughing, half-protesting, the difficult entrance was effected. Once inside, everything was easy. She deposited her outer clothes in the dressing room and in some magical manner found herself standing in a circle of people in the big hall. The circle was composed of fifteen men and fifteen women, the men facing one way, the women the other. She recognized all of them. They were middle-aged people, like herself, members of the faculty and their wives. Suddenly she felt at home.

Because she was the only one without a partner, the dancing master faced her in the ring, taking both of her hands in his.

"All right," he called in a loud voice. "Remember, gentlemen dance forward, ladies backward. Gentlemen, begin on the right foot, ladies on the left. When I say four, begin."

Mary began to tremble. She couldn't dance. She would only stumble and get out of step.

"Music, please," called the teacher.

An assistant at the gramophone laid the needle on a record. Strains of a fox-trot filled the room. Mary clutched his hands with a fierce grip.

"One, two," Mary set her teeth, "three, four."

Miraculously, Mary Springer found herself dancing. With terrible concentration she clung to the two hands in hers. With eyes that almost popped from her head, she watched her feet. Like the feet of someone else, they were keeping time to the music. One, two—to the left, three, four—to the right. When the dance was ended, her hands were wringing wet. Her partner drew his handkerchief from his pocket and dried his. Loath to wipe hers on her best blue dress, she dangled them loosely at her sides.

Three times, they danced in the circle, and by the end of that time Mary had lost her terror. Certainly she was not graceful, certainly she did not dance with ease, but she could dance now without looking at her feet; she did not count out loud and her partner had ceased to wipe his hands.

"You're doing beautifully, madam," he pronounced and Mary felt an enormous surge of gratitude toward him.

"Now," he announced, "we will take the position for dancing. Gentlemen, place your right arm about the lady, lay your palm gently but firmly between the shoulder blades, take the lady's right hand in your left. Remember, gentlemen, start forward on the right foot, ladies start backward on the left. When I say four, begin. Music, please."

The members of the Friday Night Dancing Class moved gravely in a circle, each lady with her husband's palm placed gently but firmly between her shoulder blades. Eleven o'clock came all too soon.

"Next Friday night," announced the teacher, "we will take up the reverse."

With this tantalizing prospect held out before them, the crowd broke up and went home. The Eidenbergs took Mrs. Springer home in their car.

"Be sure and come next Friday night," called Mrs. Eidenberg, when Mary had been deposited at her own front door.

"I will," she called back, and with the rhythm of music still surging in her blood, she went inside.

THE FOLLOWING Friday night found her once again at the Faculty Club without her husband. He had stubbornly refused even to discuss the matter with her. And when Ralph grew stubborn, that ended the matter. He was just as stubborn now about refusing to dance as he was convinced that he was still subject to bronchitis; and in spite of the fact that he had not been ill in five years, during the weeks that followed he drank barrels of orange juice and said No, emphatically every Friday night.

Mary mastered the reverse, the waltz, even the tango and from time to time took herself strictly to account for her foolishness in antagonizing her husband that first Friday night.

"I shouldn't have made him mad," she admonished herself. "I had him all soft and yielding about my dying in ten years. I should have let well enough alone."

It was all right to go to the class without him, but the members were now advanced enough to go to the regular Saturday night dances which both Faculty and students attended.

"If you'd just come once," she beseeched him at the dinner table, "you'd enjoy it and want to come again. They have a regular orchestra and refreshments, and during the waltzes they turn out the lights and somebody up on the balcony turns a little machine that throws colored spotlights down on the floor."

"Who do you dance with?" he demanded, showing his first sign of interest.

"Oh, everybody. I dance pretty well now."

Mr. Eidenberg, and Dean Phillips—

"That old fraud," growled Ralph.

"And Professor Davis, you know—chemis-

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ONLY 1 CUP CREAM!

NO COOKING!

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Eagle Brand WAY TO PEACH ICE CREAM

½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk	1 cup crushed fresh peaches
½ cup water	¼ cup icing sugar
	1 cup whipping cream

Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and water thoroughly: Add crushed peaches which have been sweetened with sugar. (The average peaches require about ¼ cup sugar.) Chill. Whip cream to custard-like consistency, and fold into chilled mixture. Pour into freezing pan. Place in freezing unit. After mixture has frozen to a stiff mush (one to two hours) remove from refrigerator. Scrape mixture from sides and bottom of pan. Beat two minutes. Smooth out and replace in freezing unit for one hour, or until frozen for serving. (Two to five hours, total freezing time.) Serves six.

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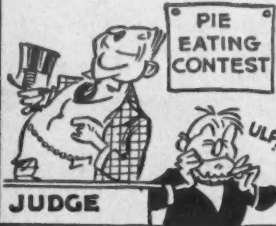
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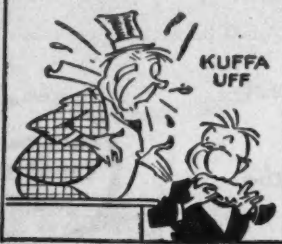
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BAKER'S COCONUT

The Black Siberians

(Continued, from page 55)

sheer nonsense for you to go out like that."

Elinor sat, because for the moment she had not the strength to do otherwise, so white and trembling that Ivan flung her more than one glance of obvious concern as he quietly busied himself at the stove. And finally he laid a hand on her shoulder. "Come, Elinor," simply. "Drink this down." But something in the quiet understanding of his voice and manner made him seem to her then, as once before, the only sane, safe thing in all the world, and she turned, gripping his free arm with her trembling fingers.

"Ivan!" quickly, almost incoherently. "He as much as told me . . . he doesn't care for me at all. He won't even go away . . . and I don't know what to do."

Ivan set the cup of coffee on the far side of the stove and his fingers momentarily closed over hers. "I know; she's worked up a rotten situation," slowly. "But I wouldn't worry too much, Elinor. Berk's always been full of moods and perhaps I can talk to him, myself. Besides, it's late at night now, and things always seem worse then," he went on, gently practical. "Try and hang on a bit longer; you know I'll help any way I can." Perhaps in that moment it was as well Elinor could not have seen what lay in his dark face as he stared at her bent, brown head. In another moment he drew the coffee close again. "Now be a good girl and take this while it's hot."

And after Elinor had recovered sufficiently to wish him an embarrassed, ashamed good night and to lie sleepless, facing the confusion of the future, Ivan sat before the dying fire, staring soberly before him until the creeping chill of early morning finally drove him, grim-faced and restless, to his bed.

While that same shame and scorn at her revealing weakness made her avoid Ivan's quite casual glance next morning, and listen in a sort of dread for his chance footsteps all that day. And he, entering the kitchen late in the afternoon, looked once at her pale, averted face, bent to her ironing; and then stood, head slightly on one side, listening to the low, continued murmur of sound from old Mikhail's chair.

"Odd, isn't it?"—turning, in a tone of easy conversation—"how he still remembers those old Orthodox Church chants learned in his little village as a boy, when almost everything else is forgotten?" He crossed, sat on the edge of the table and began to talk, quite simply, of those long distant days of Mikhail's youth—the days before the trans-Siberian railway, and the struggle for a living in that rigorous land—so that Elinor, at first grateful, despite herself, for his tact and consideration, lost herself in the real, vivid interest of what he told her, and stared at his dark, intent face, spellbound.

"And you say you . . . are not Russian!" She shook her head, at length. "When you know so much, language and all, that Berk knows little of?"

He shook his black head, smiling faintly. "I didn't say . . . quite that, Elinor. These things interest me, certainly, far more than Berk. Only you mustn't confuse knowledge with nature."

This time Elinor nodded gravely and studied him a moment in silence, her embarrassment momentarily lost beneath these further glimpses of his personality. "You are good to me, Ivan." She spoke unexpectedly.

Ivan met her eyes an instant in something of sheer surprise. "I—you are very kind to say so." And a sudden color came into his face, so that he turned abruptly with a curt remark that he would fill the buckets at the pump, and left the room.

BUT OUT of that afternoon was born something that gave Elinor strength to face those hard days ahead. Some sense of protective security when Ivan was near, although—and she realized for her own sake—he gave her no noticeable attention when the others were about, immersed in their own brooding silences. But he was casually cheerful, which in itself showed admirable determination in that sombre house; and sometimes in spare moments—when Berk was busy on the beach below, patching up the ancient outboard motor of a rowing-boat; and Olga with her child had vanished on one of her long, solitary walks—he sat with her, on the back steps in the bright April sunshine, and pointed out the wakening green beauty of the spring and all the work that really had gone in the making of this farm. Or else he helped her in the house and brought rare laughter to her face with his quiet humor and observations. In those days that somehow then could not be wholly wretched, she wondered how she ever had been frightened, and how she had ever thought that lean, dark face so fierce and untamed; and sometimes checked herself in her wonderment, knowing that very thought brought a new, oddly different sense of alarm.

So the days slipped quietly, without further outburst, into a beautiful warm May, and with those days of swift, approaching summer there seemed to come a new change. For Berk woke from his brooding, worked quite often with a whistle on his lips, and was pleasant in humor to them all. And Olga moved with lighter step, laughed with the baby in the bright outdoors, and helped inside the house with quiet, swift amiability. Which might, or should have done much to easing the ache and perplexity in Elinor's heart; even if Berk's renewed kindnesses failed to raise the response that once they might have done, had it not been Ivan. For, with the gradual lifting of that silent gloom, Ivan's face seemed to regain that dark fierceness she almost had forgotten, and often he regarded Berk with something so black and smoldering in his eyes that it seemed as if he, too, were possessed of an evil spirit. And more than that, he kept his distance, going himself for long, lonely walks and speaking only when necessity demanded. While Elinor was left to face, as best she might, the dreadful realization that while Berk's obvious neglect had brought anger, self-pity and shame, Ivan's strangeness filled her with a pain that left no room for any lesser thing.

Then, on a late May afternoon of sultry sunshine, she was brought face to face with full realization that explained so much, and which drove her with a fierce, blinding shame.

So unexpectedly had she stumbled on it all, that Sunday afternoon. With Berk out, happily getting what power he could from that little outboard motor; with Olga, the baby, lifted high to her shoulder, singing softly, gone through the woods; and Ivan busy in the barn, she had walked along the shore, perhaps two miles, beyond a shack housed by a family of half-breed Portuguese, and stopped suddenly short at the sight of a small group of swarthy children playing with Olga's baby on the beach.

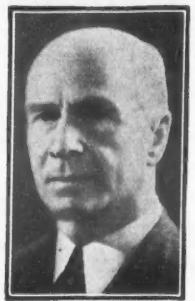
And in response to casual enquiry, they had gathered, at first suspiciously, then with increasing confidence and volubility, about her.

"Sure." The eldest girl, of perhaps eight, spoke up with the most intelligent clearness. "She often leaves this kid right here. Sometimes her cousin comes in with his boat and takes her out for rides. They went away over to that little island there today," pointing with a grimy finger into the far distance. "Sometimes he says maybe he'll take us, too. Do you know them, miss?"

Elinor had escaped, with flaming cheeks and a fearful burning shame and horror in her soul. Knowing in that moment that Ivan had known, and she, innocent fool, had never suspected that! That they must have laughed at her stupidity; that Ivan, if he had not laughed, must have felt a silent scorn. In that moment there was only one idea uppermost—escape. Escape from

Continued on page 63

An Interesting Story—Or Is It?



IT happened on one of those sizzling days in early June. A land agent insisted on taking me to see some "country property" suitable for transforming into a "beautiful estate." Why he picked on me I do not know, unless he had heard of the 600% increase in the sales of Dr. Jackson products, since the depression came on.

Of course, I wanted a country estate about as much as a horse wants horns, and I told him so. But I really did want a ride through the beautiful country surrounding Toronto, especially lovely in early June. So I went estate hunting, a fool's errand, hunting for something I did not want and couldn't use if I had it.

Did I say I didn't want it? Yes, and that was true until I saw that prospective estate lying there basking in the sun, the ripples and rapids of the river that ran through it glinting and gleaming in the midday glare, waiting the magic touch of some hand guided by an appraising, appreciative mind. Why, within an hour I desired that estate as intensely as a baby does its bottle when feeding time comes. It was a large piece of land, many kinds of woods, a deep river channel, rapids, eddies, bends. I tore through those woods, down the steep river banks, up the steeper river banks (banks are always steeper up than down), hour after hour in the blazing sun until finally the land agent, an aged man of 36, threw himself down on the grass saying, "Whew! I'm all in. Tell me, how can you keep going in this terrific heat? If you want to see more you'll have to go it alone." I answered: "I keep going in the heat in the same way that I keep going in the coldest days of winter when I wear no overcoat, vest nor underwear."

"Yes, I've heard that about you, but I did not believe it possible."

"You did not believe it possible that a man approaching 77 could rush around, uphill and down, as we've done for several hours, in this heat and still be fit and going strong, yet here I am 'fresh as paint'."

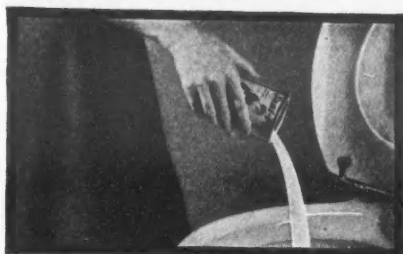
"That's true, too, but what's the answer?" "Proper diet. You do not realize that your blood stream is your life stream; that blood is organized food and your blood can be no more vitalizing, that is, resistance-building, than the food you eat. You eat the conventional diet of civilization, only 1 1/2% alkali-forming, whereas Science says 80% of your food intake must be alkali-forming. Likewise 80% of your foods must be vital and only 1 1/2% of yours are vital, the rest are dead foods. Ninety per cent. of my foods are both alkali-forming and vital, thus I have in my blood 'a normal alkali reserve, Nature's first defense against fatigue, (get that) disease and premature death.' The same percentage of my food intake is vital. This alkali reserve and vital resistance in my blood makes my body vital and enables me to resist both winter's cold and summer's heat, and enables me to be still fresh and fit after strenuous effort in this heat, when you, less than half my years, are all in."

"Maybe you won't believe me when I say my main dependence for alkalis in my blood and vitality in my body to enable me to endure cold and heat and exertion is upon Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and Kofy-Sub, the only alkali-forming grain foods and beverage obtainable. In summer I cook the cereals at night, one minute, then cool and set in refrigerator and serve next day with fruit jelly or honey or maple syrup and cream, a 'treat for the Gods'—cool, off the ice, and 'cooling' to the blood, because of their alkalis. Try these cereals this way, a real treat on hot days, or eat Roman Meal uncooked as per recipe on package."

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Household Rubber Gloves while do-
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SMILE!"**



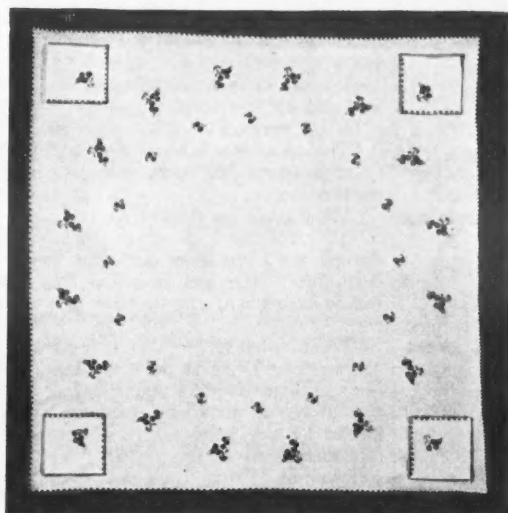
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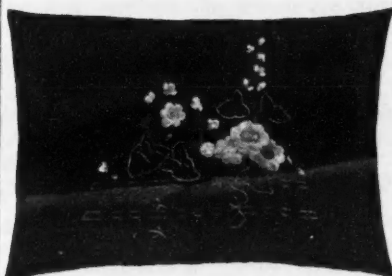
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Brilliant flowers against black felt.

in, solid, with chain stitch. Size, 12 by 13 inches, price, 45 cents; cottons for working, 10 cents.

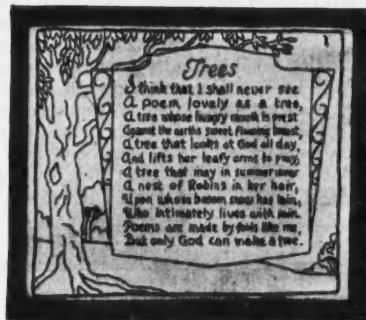
C295—Hollyhock Cushion. These gorgeous flowers with their lovely, large leaves look quite realistic behind the green picket fence. Stamped on finest black silk taffeta—size about 16 by 20 inches—front and back are priced at one dollar; stamped on soft black art felt, 75 cents. Cottons for working come to 25 cents. A form can be supplied at 55 cents.

C296—Scattered Roses make a dainty and unusual decoration for this very useful luncheon set—45-inch cloth and four serviettes. Comes stamped on finest cream or white linen finished English cotton; please be sure to state which you prefer. Button-

hole and satin stitches are used for the design. The set is priced at \$1.35 and cottons for working come to 30 cents.

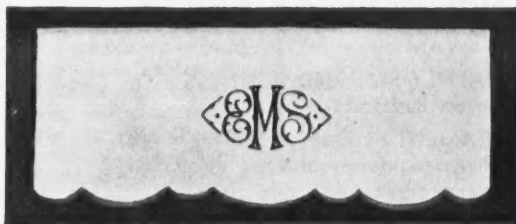
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**SIMPLY CONNECT PLACES SHOWN ON MAP
IN WHICH LETTER "O" APPEARS**

That's the first test in Maclean's Magazine Travel Game. Looks easy, doesn't it? Well, why not try it! Your answer will open an opportunity for you to share in more than \$3,500.00 in Cash Prizes.

Above is a Map of Canada on which a number of Places are shown. Without any trouble you can find Toronto, Vancouver and Saint John, all of which contain the letter "O" in the spelling of the Names. The others are just as easy to find, but the idea is to see who can draw a continuous line from "dot" to "dot" and connect the MOST "O" Places, making sure that your line between "dots" is straight.

Start from Toronto and finish your Path at Toronto, including it but once in your count. Go in any direction with your Path, up or down, any way you like, but do not cross your Path at any Point. Players must submit their Maps, giving total number of "O" Places reached and Path marked with pen or pencil in a straight line from "dot" to "dot."

YOU MAY WIN \$1500.00!!!

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A First Prize of \$1,500.00, including \$500.00 extra for promptness, will be awarded! In all more than \$3,500.00 in CASH may be won in Maclean's Magazine Travel Game. Closing date for entries November 30th, 1934. There will be Thirty-Five Winners. The first prize, the Golden Opportunity, is \$1,000.00 CASH (plus \$500.00 CASH Extra for Promptness)—a Total of \$1,500.00. You should act quickly—remember the \$500.00 extra for promptness.

If there is a tie for any prize in the Judges' award the amount of the prize concerned will be DOUBLED and this amount divided equally among those tied for it. Anyone who in any contest has won as much as \$100.00 in Cash or Merchandise is not eligible to enter this Travel Game.

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3rd PRIZE \$250.00 6th PRIZE 75.00

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5th PRIZE 100.00 8th to 14th PRIZES, Each. 20.00

15th to 35th PRIZES, Each 15.00

200 POINTS

will positively win first prize. We will give you 100 Points for sending in the correct answer to this Travel Game Map. Promptly upon receipt of your correct answer, we will tell you how you may gain the remaining 100 points to win \$1,500.00 IN CASH, including \$500.00 Extra for Promptness or any one of the other 34 cash prizes. Now connect those "O" Places and mail your Map promptly to: Prize Manager, Maclean's Magazine Travel Game, 210 Dundas St. West, Toronto, Ontario.

try Davis, not English Davis, you know—"He couldn't earn a living in business," said Ralph, "he has to teach school."

"And Professor James—"

"What's the profession coming to," demanded Ralph, changing sides without compunction. "He has no right to be called a professor; he's only a coach."

"And Professor Ibanez-Marin, the new one who teaches Spanish."

Ralph banged his fist down on the dining-room table.

"I won't have you dancing with foreigners," he cried. "Do you hear, I won't have it."

They all stared at him, astonished at his unusual vehemence.

"You're too old," he shouted, "to let Spaniards put their arms about you. I won't have it."

Light dawned on the family.

"Why, papa's jealous," cried Jo, and all four children went off into gales of laughter. Mary and Jo laughed until they had to lay their heads down on the table. Dick and little Ralph rose and leaned weakly on each other's shoulders.

"Papa's jealous," they screamed with delight. "Papa's jealous," until big Ralph, red with rage, sprang to his feet and threw his napkin on the table.

"Impudent young devils," he yelled and strode from the room.

Mary was flabbergasted. That her husband could be jealous of her after all these years was unthinkable.

"Ridiculous," she snorted, as she rose to gather up the dishes. "At his age, too." But as she carried the dishes to the kitchen, a little smile twitched at her mouth. Flushed with a glow of pride, she executed a dance step on the linoleum.

Her pride was short-lived. The following Saturday night, garbed in a new flowered chiffon, she presented herself at the Club, to be greeted with a new announcement on the bulletin board. The Saturday night dances would be changed to Wednesdays. Below was a typewritten list of members behind in their dues, and below that, names of those who had dropped their membership. Professor Ralph Springer's name headed the list.

Mary gaped at it. Ralph had dropped their membership. That meant she had no business here—that she was no longer a member of the Club. While she stood assimilating this devastating information, Mrs. Eidenberg passed her on the way to the dance floor.

"Come along," she said, "the music's already started." But with her husband's name posted on the board for all to see, Mary could not. She had no business here now. With her face hot, she hurried to the dressing room, procured her wraps and slunk out of the building.

At home she faced Ralph, lounging as usual in his chair beneath the lamp.

Her eyes aflame, she began at once:

"Why did you do that?"

"Do what?"

"Drop our membership in the Club."

He ran his finger around the inside of his collar. "Well, mamma, we don't get much use out of the Club. I joined only to read their periodicals, and they have dropped the technical ones I was most interested in, and the taxes are due next month, and times are hard and the dues are high and—"

Mary stamped her foot. "You're a mean, selfish, stubborn old man," and finding her eyes full of tears and her throat thick with disappointment, she ran from the room.

From then on she went about her household tasks with fierce energy, her eyes angry, her mouth set.

"Mean," she snipped from between tight lips, polishing a table furiously.

"Selfish," she snorted, banging the iron down on one of Dick's shirts.

"Stubborn," she hissed and threw the dishcloth into a pan of suds with such force that the water splashed to the floor.

"I'll make him dance," she vowed, punishing the wet spot with a mop. "I'll make him dance if it's the last thing I ever do in this world."

Deprived of her Club dances, Mary set her wits to work. Charged now with the

rhythm of music and the glamour of colored electric lights on black coats and bright dresses, she was determined more than ever to dance.

"I won't be balked," she pronounced, and immediately proceeded to ask five couples from the class to meet at her home the following Saturday night.

"You see," she explained to each in turn over the telephone, "the dances have been changed to Wednesdays, and I thought it would be nice if we had a party at my house."

The others, as eager as Mary to enjoy their new-found delight, willingly accepted.

"You can't frustrate me," said Mary grimly to her husband. "You can't drop my membership in this family. I'm too necessary."

He glowered at her over the table and said nothing. The children listened, fascinated. Privately they had bets among themselves as to the outcome of this prolonged struggle. Mary and Dick backed up their mother. Jo and little Ralph were putting their money on their father.

"I'm too important," declared Mary, rubbing it in. "Who'd cook your meals, who'd iron your shirts, who'd darn your socks?"

Big Ralph said nothing.

She leaned forward over the table triumphantly.

"Who'd fix your orange juice? Barrels and barrels and barrels of it? Tell me that?"

Ralph's face lost its dark glower. He ran a big hand over his heavy chin.

"Nobody but you, mamma," he said, and this momentary capitulation took her by surprise.

"No, nobody but me," she agreed rather lamely. "So you might as well appear at my party Saturday night and enjoy yourself."

"I'll be here," said Ralph. His wife glanced at him suspiciously. "If I didn't know you so well," she said. "I'd say you looked crafty. Don't you try any monkey tricks, now."

He continued to rub his chin.

SATURDAY MORNING dawned crisp and fair. Mary was up early, hustling and bullying her family.

"Hurry up now and eat your breakfast. I've got lots to do today and I don't want you hanging around." She hurried her children off to their various Saturday occupations, made sure again that they all had dates for the evening. By noon, the house shone like a new pin. By four o'clock in the afternoon there was a great pile of dainty sandwiches wrapped up in a damp towel, stowed safely, in the refrigerator. Big bowls of potato chips reposed on the shelf in the breakfast room, dishes of olives, pickles.

"Lots of coffee, cream, lump sugar," she ticked off on her fingers. "Let me see, what else. Oh, yes, pumpkin pie with whipped cream. Men like lots to eat. They have a better time." Happily and with tireless energy, she scuttled about, making ready for her party.

"Supper in the kitchen," she announced at five-thirty. "Hurry now and eat." The hungry quartet gathered round the small table. "Run fetch papa, Jo."

Jo left the room, came back, stuck her head through the door. "Papa's in bed, he wants you."

Mary received the news with a stricken face. A bowl of gravy in her hand tipped and poured a dark, thick stream on the floor. Placing the bowl on the table, she stepped over the dark pool and hurried from the room. In the bedroom, she found her husband under the covers, his big red face flushed on the pillow.

"Well, what now?" she demanded.

"I'm sorry, mamma, but I'm sick. I'm afraid I'm going to have bronchitis."

Mary's face whitened. Bronchitis, that dread word, the very mention of which always conjured up visions of long fevers, sleepless nights, worry, doctor's bills, and at the end of two weeks, a big man, shaky and trembling, trying to get up and go back to work before he was able. Bronchitis, the spectre that had haunted them for years, with its always attendant fear of a deeper inflam-

Continued on page 60

Snapshots Worth Keeping

by HAROLD B. LOCKE

IF FROM every film you slip into your camera there emerge six or eight perfect little photographs, this article is not for you. But if your snapshots are often disappointingly blurred or if sometimes they are badly focused, then there are certain things you are doing wrongly. For casual handling of a camera seldom results in good pictures. Whether you regard your camera as a delightful means of keeping a pictorial record of people and events, or whether you are interested in photography as a hobby-craft, you must be guided by a few basic "laws of good photography."

So, because now is the time when all owners and borrowers of cameras are roaming the countryside with an eye cocked for "a good view," and because it is vacation time when there are endless opportunities to catch children in unconscious charming groupings, these few simple rules for good camera pictures are presented in the hope that they will lead to "bigger and better snapshot albums."

A good picture is the result of three factors:

1. Correct focus—to give a sharp image.
2. Proper exposure—to give a negative of sufficient density.
3. Artistic composition—to make the picture pleasing to look at.

These three simple rules apply to every form of picture-making, from amateur snapshots on the beach to professional portraits in the studio. When a picture is disappointing it usually means that one of these rules has been ignored.

Correct Focus

To obtain a sharply defined image of the object photographed, the film must be at a certain distance from the camera lens. If you use a box type of camera, it is a simple

the picture will be spoiled. Distances greater than twenty-five feet may, however, be safely estimated.

Proper Exposure

There are numerous mechanical aids to help the photographer solve the exposure problem in the form of meters, calculators and tables, ranging in cost from a few cents to many dollars. But one of the best ways to learn the correct exposure for different subjects under varying conditions of light is to experiment, make notes, and thus profit from your errors.

Always err on the generous side when calculating exposures. The latitude of modern supersensitive film allows one to overexpose to a great extent without detriment to the quality of the negative, but it cannot make up for underexposure. An exposure which seems adequate for a light-toned background may not be sufficient for heavy shadow detail in the foreground. When in doubt, therefore, it is a good plan to use the next larger lens aperture or a somewhat slower shutter speed.

Most of the subjects which amateurs photograph can be listed in one of four main groups, and for each of these groups it is possible to determine a standard exposure which will give satisfactory results. This exposure is halfway between the shortest and the longest time required to secure a good negative.

The advantage of this exposure table is that when you are in doubt what exposure to give an outdoor subject, you have only to decide in which group it belongs, and the exposure is determined for you. The guide is calculated for use with regular and supersensitive film on days when the sun is shining brightly. The exposures suggested should give good results with regular film for two and a half hours after sunrise until two and a half hours before sunset; with supersensitive film from one hour after sunrise until one hour before sunset.

	Shutter Speed	Stop Openings Marked in U.S. System	Stop Openings Marked in Foreign System
Group 1— Marine and beach scenes, distant landscapes, snow scenes without prominent dark objects in the foreground.....	1/25	U.S. 32	f.22
Group 2— Ordinary landscapes showing sky, with principal object in the foreground.....	1/25	U.S. 16	f.16
Group 3— Near-by landscapes showing little or no sky, groups, street scenes.....	1/25	U.S. 8	f.11
Group 4— Portraits in the open shade, not under trees or the roof of a porch, shaded near-by scenes.....	1/25	U.S. 4	f.7.7

Composition

matter to focus correctly This type of camera has a "fixed focus" lens which will give a sharply defined image of all objects not nearer to the camera than ten or twelve feet. Some late models are fitted with an ingenious lens system, which, without sacrificing any of the simplicity of previous design, yields clearer, sharper pictures of both near and distant subjects.

The majority of modern folding cameras are provided with some means of changing the distance between the film and the lens, according to the distance of the subject from the camera. This operation, described as focusing, is automatically achieved when the focusing pointer is "set" opposite the number on the scale which corresponds to the number of feet between camera and subject. When near-by objects, six to fifteen feet from camera, are being photographed, it is particularly important to focus accurately, and for this reason it is advisable to pace off the distance, knowing the length of your stride, before setting the pointer on the focusing scale. Do not guess short distances. If the object is ten feet away and the focusing scale is set at fifteen feet, some essential feature may be "out of focus" and

Study the image of the scene in the finder from various viewpoints before making the exposure. Finally select the one which presents the subject in its most attractive aspect, and be quite sure that no uninteresting or unnecessary objects are included in the camera's field of view before making the exposure.

For Advanced Workers

The recent introduction in roll form of films which are particularly sensitive to color makes possible the successful taking of photographs at night. Brilliantly lit shop windows make an excellent subject for experiment. The exposure required varies, of course, with the lighting conditions, but for a window illuminated by two or three medium powered lamps, an exposure of half a second at f.6.5 will give a good negative. For a window brilliantly lighted by highly actinic gas filled lamps, an exposure of one-tenth second at f.4.5 may be given. Remember to warn your finisher that the film is of this particular type, as special care in development is necessary for this type of film.



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BROWNATONE
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Dancing Mothers

(Continued from page 58)

mation, pneumonia, death, loss of the head of the family.

By long experience Mary knew what must be done with the advent of this illness. Mustard plasters, aspirin, hot water bottles, thermometers, soda water, orange juice. Intermittent sleep for nights, quiet. And her party was tonight. She could not carry on a dance with loud music and laughter and wait on Ralph at the same time.

Mingled with her pity for him was a deep sullen anger against fate that this should have happened tonight. Heaven and earth seemed to conspire against her.

She stuck a thermometer under his tongue and while she waited, she looked at him carefully. He seemed flushed, but he always had a high color and a red face showed up startlingly against a white pillow.

She pulled out the thermometer and read it. "Only ninety-nine," she said.

Ralph drew a deep shuddering breath. "Sometimes it doesn't go up fast," he said, "but I've got those hot and cold flashes, and I feel shaky inside like I always did."

Mary regarded him thoughtfully.

"Anybody might have half a degree," she said.

"I can't take chances," he said from the pillow. "You remember that time I tried to keep going. I almost died."

Mary nodded. "I remember."

"How about some orange juice," he suggested. "A big pitcherful. I'm not very hungry. I don't want any supper."

Something about orange juice stirred a momentary suggestion in Mary's mind. She hurried back to the kitchen and began slicing the fruit.

"I'll have to call up everybody," she thought with deep disappointment. "Five oranges, six. That'll do him for a while. I'll fix some more after I get through telephoning."

With pitcher and tumbler she started back to the bedroom. In the hallway just before she reached the bedroom door, the flickering suggestion solidified into a definite image. Orange juice and a crafty look in Ralph's eyes. A second time a stream of liquid poured from the vessel in her hands to the floor. Then she went on into the bedroom.

With much puffing and complaining,

Ralph heaved himself up and began to sip his drink. Mary placed the pitcher on a table beside the bed.

"I have some telephoning to do," she said and left the room.

Fifteen minutes later, she came back.

"The ambulance is here," she announced.

Ralph's eyes flew open, two black interrogation points.

"Wh-what?" he stammered.

"The ambulance is out in front." She opened the closet door and took out his bathrobe. "Here, get into this. The men will be in here with the stretcher in a moment."

"What—what for?"

"For you. If you're going to be sick, the hospital is the place for you. I'm too old to stay awake all night and take care of you in the daytime besides. You'll get better care there."

"Mamma," he cried aghast.

"You'll be much better off in the hospital," she went on, holding up the bathrobe; "the food is good, they wake you up at six o'clock in the morning to give you a bath, the nurses aren't very pretty but they're competent, and you'll have nothing to do all day but rest and get well. Two weeks of complete rest will make a new man out of you."

He sat bolt upright in bed.

"Mamma, you're trying to play a cruel joke on me."

She eyed him coolly. "Oh, no, I'm not. Here are the men."

Two men in white jackets appeared at the door and began to edge a narrow white cot on rubber rollers into the room.

Ralph hunched his knees up under the covers, laid his elbow on them and began rubbing his chin.

"I'll die if I'm taken out in this cold air."

"No, you won't," said his wife, "we'll cover you up well with blankets. Here are your slippers."

"I'm not going," said Ralph stubbornly.

"You can't make me leave my own bed."

"No use fighting now," urged one of the men, "it'll send your fever up. We have your wife's orders to take you to the hospital and we're a-goin' to do it. You might as well go peaceable."

Ralph considered them carefully. They were big strapping fellows, used to heaving sick, petulant patients about.

"I'm not going," he said again, but his voice held a hint of wavering.

The men rolled the stretcher close to the bed.

"Now then," said one of them and bent over the sick man.

Wildly Ralph looked at his wife, and recognized the unyielding glint in her eye.

"Mamma," he pleaded, and at the capi-

tulation in his voice, Mary turned to the men. "Never mind now," she said. "It would be bad for him to struggle, his fever would go up. I'll send for you later."

One of the men scratched his head. "I'm afraid I'll have to collect for this trip anyway," he said.

Mary took her purse from the dresser drawer and extracted a bill which she laid in his hand. After the men had gone, she stood and looked at her husband, her hands on her hips.

Ralph glanced at her, glanced away.

"No use arguing with a stubborn woman," he grumbled and began slowly to climb out of bed.

"Your evening clothes are all laid out in the boys' bedroom," she said and left him.

SOME TIME after midnight, with a big apron tied over her flowered chignon, Mary was in the kitchen stacking up the dishes.

Ralph, his face redder than ever above his white collar, his shock of black hair falling over his forehead, poked around.

"Any of that pumpkin pie left, mamma?"

"Yes, here's the last piece."

He picked it up in his fingers and ate it without benefit of fork.

"That's good pie, mamma. Nobody can cook like you." He wiped his fingers on a discarded napkin. "Listen, mamma."

She lifted her head.

"The radio's still going. That's Charlie's dance orchestra."

A fork in one hand, an empty cup in the other, she stood and listened. From the front came an enticing fox-trot. Her foot tapped the floor, a flush crept up her face, her eyes brightened. Ralph put his arm about her. She tossed the fork toward the sink: it fell with a clatter to the floor. Balancing the cup which she still held on his shoulder, she succumbed to the rhythm that had lain dormant for over twenty years and they danced together in the kitchen.

"You're a good dancer, mamma," he said.

"I didn't know you could dance so well. It's pretty good exercise after all. If I'd been in better shape it would have taken more than those two fellows in white jackets to put me on that stretcher."

He grinned down at her. She eyed him severely, but a smile pulled up her mouth.

"It cost me five dollars," she said. "I was going to buy some new evening slippers with that money."

"You can save it on orange juice," he suggested slyly. "Mamma—"

She tapped him on the shoulder with the cup.

"Papa," she interrupted, "don't call me mamma any more. Call me Mary."

The End

LOOK FORWARD TO THE NEXT ISSUE!

SHALL WOMEN PREACH? By Nellie McClung—a stirring challenge on the possibilities and probabilities for ordaining women in Canada.

WHAT WILL WE WEAR THIS SEASON? Kay Murphy, the Canadian girl who is in New York and writes our popular "Fashion Shorts," has been spending weeks attending the fashion shows. She has an article brimful of news for every woman who is interested in being well dressed this year.

FIVE ENTHRALLING STORIES

THE OBSTINATE THUMB by Ruth Burr Sanborn — the story of a girl who believed in portents.

HILDA SWAM by Isabel Campbell — a dramatic story of a woman's courage.

THIS HAPPILY MARRIED BUSINESS — by Blanche Rebecca More — a tale for every wife, and every husband too.

TEMPERAMENT by Carolyn Darling, a two-part novelette of the clash between a famous actress, her daughter — and two men.

TWICE BLESSED by Maude Radford Warren — the popular authoress of "The Mystery of the Surgeon's House," brings a humorous story that you'll enjoy.

IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

The Black Siberians

(Continued from page 56)

everything, from that whole dreadful place, from Berk, Olga, from Ivan. She could not face either those two returning their separate ways in the early evening, or Ivan's impenetrable glance.

She leaned against a tree stump, breathless, and stared immovably, far across the water, seeing neither the fast gathering wind flecks against the blueness of the sky nor the tiny, rising crests across the water; but only that distant shoreline and the smoke of a passing steamer. She straightened abruptly, still staring. Monday morning! For three weeks now a coastal freighter had crept in somewhere in the first pale dawn, and if by some ingenious chance she might slip, unpursued, upon that boat . . .

A GREY wet approach of dawn found her, white and cold, huddled against a sheltering shed on the wharf, and no one there but two stolid, bearded farmers who stared indifferently and took no further seeming notice. Half-past three, four o'clock, and five, before a distant shape loomed up against the dull morning gloom on that stormy sea.

Ivan found her there, as she leaned wearily, watching that boat—hatless, rain-soaked, and even whiter than herself, to grip her fiercely and pull her out of sight of those two farmers, on the far side of the shed. "Elinor, my lord, I thought you'd gone!" in a curt, strained voice she hardly knew. "I never thought of this until an hour ago. Elinor, tell me—!"

Elinor tried to wrench herself away. "Ivan, let go!" her voice rising wildly as she struggled. "I won't be stopped. Ivan, I mean it. If you have any decency—"

Ivan drew a deep breath. "Elinor, don't!" urgently. "Tell me what happened; why you are here. I want to know."

"It doesn't matter why." But before the impelling insistence of his dark eyes and an even tighter grip of his arms, she found herself stumbling in incoherent speech. "You see I must go; I must," desperately, at length. "I've been a fool long enough: you know that!"

"Elinor!" Ivan pulled her closely, as she tried again to break away, and held her there, his arm about her trembling form, in a sudden silence so tense and strange that she raised a frightened face.

"Ivan!" quickly, almost fiercely. "Stop it! Just because of them, you needn't think you have any business to hold me . . . like that. Ivan, you can't!"

Ivan shook his dark head, and something of greater, deeper alarm reached Elinor then. For Ivan was trembling, too, and the shadows of his white, haggard face spoke of something very different.

"Ivan, what is it?" He bent his head, and his voice was very low, almost inaudible; and there was only the strength of his arms to hold her against that rising blackness as he spoke.

"Elinor, I didn't know how I was going to tell you, but Berk's engine must have broken down, and it was pretty hopeless rowing against that storm. I—we found the empty boat early this morning . . ."

ELINOR STEPPED out of a tall office building on another late May day into a bright sunlight pouring over busy streets, and, pausing a moment, was startled by a voice at her side. "Hello!" quietly, and she wheeled about, the color leaving her face in that unexpected moment. For nearly twelve months could never dim the memory of that voice.

"Ivan!" Her hand was held in a firm, steady grip. "I'm in luck," simply. "I hoped I'd catch you in time. And now I've

got you, you're mine for the evening. How's that!"

"Why, but I—" And stared, enveloped in a whirl of unreality, for this quietly dressed, well-poised man, with the lean, dark face and soft felt hat, seemed a world apart from that man she remembered, with shirt sleeves rolled high above his bare, brown arms, and fine, black hair falling low across his face. "Why, I expect so," almost breathlessly at length; and with a brief nod and smile, he slipped his hand through her arm, leading her across the street.

"I'm hungry, and hope you are, too," casually. "You'll have to show me the most satisfying place you can. I'm down on a few days business. We're cutting telephone poles on some of our land."

Still faced with that sense of unreality, she sat with him and talked across a small white dinner table, and pleasantly or gravely he answered all her questions.

Later in the evening they walked beyond the city streets into a pleasant park trail, and perhaps something of the tall green trees and quiet evening air about them made Elinor forget that she was nervous and constrained. And hesitantly at first, and then with growing, real interest she asked other things—of the sheep, the crops, the oldest apple tree, and the broken handle of the pump . . .

While Ivan answered now with some of that low, vivid interest in his voice, so that she knew quite suddenly that Ivan always had been just the same as now—well poised, and kind in all his quiet, fine strength; and that no one on earth had ever given her that sense of definite care and security. He broke off, quite suddenly, to slip his hand through her arm again. "I'm more glad than you know, to think you remember some things kindly." And there was an odd note of almost surprised gratefulness in his voice. "When I was so sure you never wanted to think of us again . . ."

"Why, I know there was a great deal there I could never want to forget." After a long moment's silence, Elinor's voice was finally very low. "You showed me too much that was lovely—for that. And Ivan—about the other," hesitantly at length. "I think they must have loved each other at the end. I hope so, and I'm not bitter now. I would only like to think they may have found some happiness."

Ivan was silent a long moment, too. "Well, we can at least hope so," soberly at last, and his fingers closed over her arm more tightly. "Berk was a good chap in many ways." Presently, he went on in a lighter, almost whimsical tone. "Old Mikhail often wonders what has happened to my lady bride. It worries him a lot in odd moments—to think I've somehow lost her."

A sudden color crept across Elinor's face, and she turned her head slightly away. "Poor Ivan!" gently at length, and laughed a little. "You've had a dreadful time with that."

"Dreadful? Well, yes, in one sense, very," slowly. "You see, Elinor, it was something I never dared to think of, and especially knowing how you felt. In fact it's only now, this very evening, and I'm probably confusedly presuming even to let myself wonder, Elinor!" He swung around abruptly and gripped both her arms. "Tell me just once, will you, and if not, I'll never worry you again."

Elinor did not struggle now, but her eyes were still averted. "Ivan, if you can't tell me more clearly—I—how do I know what you want me to say?"

"I think perhaps you do, though." Ivan's hands left her arms and rested gently on her shoulders. His eyes did not leave her bent head. "Elinor, would you be afraid of . . . ghosts, or anything, if I asked if I might take you back to Mikhail . . . really as my lady bride?"

And now her eyes met his dark, eager ones, perfectly clear and unafraid, in a glance that spoke of all she could not find the words to tell. "Ivan, my dear!" and her hands reached up swiftly to his own, "I don't think I could ever be afraid of anything on earth . . . with you!"



Chinese-modern, a decorative blend. Setting by Rene Cera; Eaton's—College Street

That tired feeling . . .

STODGY rooms can be lifted out of their depression by means of such original and interesting treatment as that shown above. Walls blocked in grey with a striped treatment in burnished gold denote the Chinese influence which has inspired modern decorators in their search for the unusual and individual. New thoughts on interior decoration are timely in early September when plans for re-furbishing and re-decorating are under consideration. The trends in floor coverings, fabrics, furniture and the like are of interest to those who contemplate a change of decor. The new simplicity in rugs . . . the prevalence of checks, plaids, tweeds and stripes in slipcovers and curtain treatments . . . the dramatic tailoring of furniture . . . the importance of solid colors in unusual combinations of pink and brown, lime green and black, pale yellow and rust — last-minute news from the shops to help you with your re-decorating problems. Further to guide you, a series of important interiors to bring you full inspiration and information concerning the smart things which well-known decorators are doing.

To those who are interested in the rejuvenation of old houses, Canadian Homes and Gardens for August-September brings inspiration and practical guidance for both exterior and interior treatments. On the news stands the first week of September, it gives a strong fillip to the fall season.

CANADIAN HOMES AND GARDENS Autumn Decorating Number

On sale at your nearest news stand September 1

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The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited,
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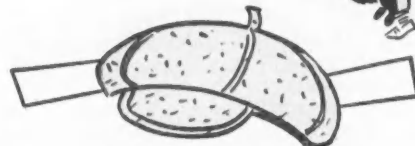
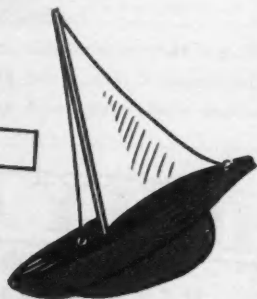
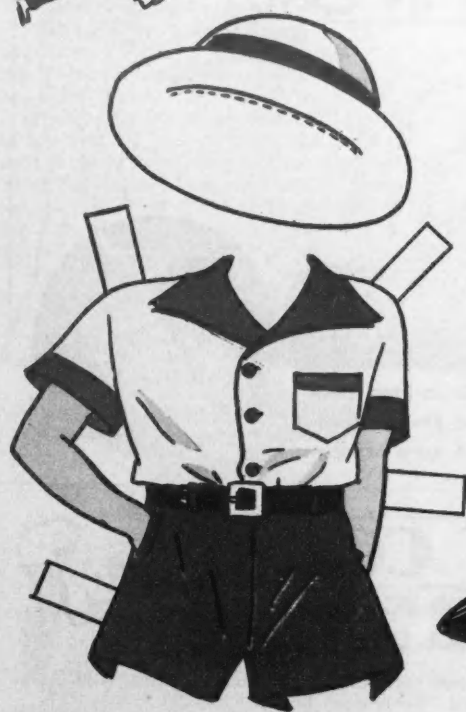
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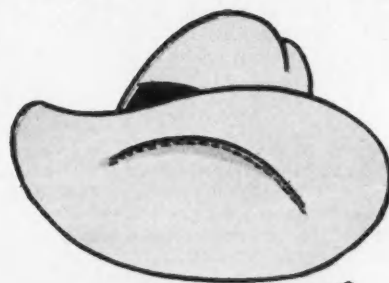
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PETER JUNIOR

A CUTOUT BY GEORGETTE BERKMANS



PASTE PETER ON THIN CARDBOARD



Is Love a Disease of the Liver?

(Continued from page 39)

to receive criticism. Not so today. Medical science has invented a machine that has put the thyroid decidedly at a disadvantage. If you are too fat or too lean, a harness is thrown over your head and the thyroid is on the carpet. In fact, it is a smart gland almost anywhere in the body that can get away with any high jinks these days.

But about love, that malady which attacks almost everyone at least once in a lifetime very little is known.

BEING IN LOVE is funny only when the other fellow is suffering from it.

And one thing which makes it so difficult to deal with is that it strikes people in so many different ways.

It makes some people maudlin. We all know the mush-hound who moons around looking like a sick calf and yodels love songs in a voice that fills even the heart of a pillar of the church with thoughts of murder.

Another person in love will become so uncertain of temper that it's about as safe to toy with him as with a sabre-toothed tiger.

A third type it jaundices until they see everything distorted. These are the people who need medical assistance. They are the insanely jealous people; those given to violence.

Apart from the havoc caused by people while they are in love, there is this to be considered. The victim himself is apt to suffer from the consequences of his rash act for long years after the lunacy has worn off.

A certain business friend of mine always contended that, when he married, his wife must be of a certain type. A sylphlike creature of not more than a hundred pounds. A dainty wisp of femininity whose beauty would be a perpetual joy. In the words of the poet, "a creature much too bright and good for human nature's daily food."

That's what this man wanted for a wife when he was in a sane mind.

Last January he went east on a business trip and was attacked by this psychosis, this "beautiful madness," and he returned with a woman in tow who had a face like a gargoyle and a chassis like a water buffalo. And as for being too bright and good—her appearance would have discouraged the most enthusiastic cannibal.

The question arising is: When that man

awakens some morning, the scales fallen from his eyes, is he going to be content with the woman he annexed while in a state of dementia? Will he take it philosophically, admit that the joke is on him, and settle down to the lifelong job of pulling the old matrimonial buggy? Or will this devotee of beauty kick over the traces, and will it be just one more rumpus to be cleared up in the divorce court?

This is the menace of mating while afflicted with this form of insanity. Neither of the contracting parties sees clearly what they are getting. Reason has been temporarily dethroned.

Again I quote Anatole France. No man in love is capable of reasoning, he contends. In fact, he says, the ability to reason is proof positive that the person is not in love.

If this beautiful madness were a permanent form of insanity instead of a temporary one, the whole thing would be much more simple. The trouble is that it is not. Three years is, I believe, the greatest length of time through which the parties to the marriage contract have been known to view each other through rose-colored glasses.

Last summer a young woman was extolling to an unsuccessful suitor all the virtues of the man whom she had decided to marry.

He listened with mouth increasingly agape. When she had finished he snorted "Rubbish! No such paragon of virtue has ever lived. He's just some poor mutt who came along at the psychological moment."

There was a lot more truth than poetry in his statement.

The thinking man asks himself if it would not be wiser to choose a lifetime companion in the strong light of the noonday sun when one's reasoning faculties are hitting on all eight cylinders, rather than decide such an important question in the moonlight when one is mildly insane.

Then up chirps the cynic, saying that no man in his sane mind ever would get married.

I don't agree with him. I think that most men who steer clear of matrimony do so because they see so many matrimonial barks going on the rocks.

Man is a peace-loving animal who prizes his comfort above all else, and he's not going to venture into marriage as long as he's sold on the idea that matrimony is a state of war into which the victim is tricked while suffering from this mental dog-bite that we know as love.

In the meantime, to keep from falling in love he will keep his fingers crossed, tote around the left hind leg of a cross-eyed rabbit, or practise any other form of necromancy of which he knows.

So let's hope that these scientists poking around in the human liver find the cause of love and hasten to compound an antidote.

In the meantime we know that it won't be shooed away by an apple a day, but there's no harm in trying a daily onion.

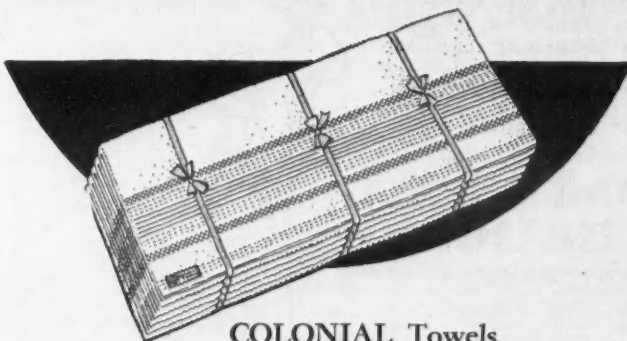


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...after 52 Launderings

That is the amazing record of a Colonial sheet, bought in the open market by an independent laundry and subjected to 52 washings. At the end of this gruelling test, this sheet had all the appearance and feel of one fresh from the loom; without a broken fibre or perceptible blemish over its entire area. A very slight shrinkage and an insignificant loss in tensile strength were the only tolls taken by the equivalent of two years of actual service. Always ask for COLONIAL Sheets, made to Early-Victorian traditions of quality and lasting wear. They are full-size, contain no filling and will dress your beds in a way you will be proud of. Sold by drygoods stores throughout the Dominion.

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CERTAIN MANUFACTURERS have placed upon the Canadian market articles bearing the name Chatelaine.

- In one case the name of the product has been lettered in a style closely resembling the established name-plate of this magazine.
- The Publishers desire to call attention to the fact that, with the single exception of Chatelaine Patterns, *Chatelaine Magazine* and the Chatelaine Institute maintained by it have no connection whatever with commercial products sold under the same name.

EXTRA FROCKS FOR THE DOG DAYS



Chatelaine Patterns

No. 1276—A faggoted yoke for the little girl's "occasional" frock. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

Price 15 cents

No. 235 — Bind the sleeve-edges of this gay printed cotton frock, so that your sleeves stick out flippantly, and then bind the tied belt to match. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 35 inch material.

No. 1238 — The pattern for this very becoming negligee with high-closed neck and drop yoke, makes just as delightful a frock. It all depends on the material used. Sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Size 15 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 39 inch material.

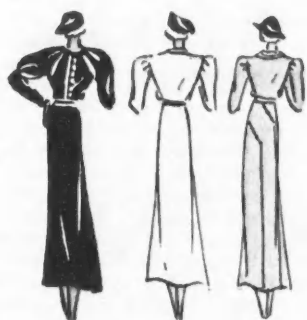
No. 193 — Right in the forefront of sports fashions in the shirtwaist frock. Have it in striped sports silk, with a broad patent leather belt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 1293 — Here's a charming three-piece ensemble which will carry you well into the fall. The blouse has a square neckline and is pleated at each side of the front, from yoke to hem. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards for skirt and jacket, with $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards for blouse — both 39 inch material.

These are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. If your favorite dealer does not carry them in stock we would be glad to have you give us his name and address. When ordering Patterns name the number and size of the style desired.

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From New York and Paris Styles



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In ordering by mail be careful to write the pattern number plainly, and be sure to state the size required.

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CHATELAINE has an easy plan for Canadian women and girls to receive a weekly allowance for those little things needed every day of the year—and particularly at the holiday season. Chatelaine presents this great opportunity for regular earnings.

Chatelaine offers commission and weekly bonuses to all Canadian girls and women who would like to introduce this outstanding women's magazine to their friends.

Send your enquiry today—Address

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THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
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Chatelaine's August, 1934 Index of Advertisers

ONLY worthy products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. Readers, therefore, can buy the lines advertised in Chatelaine with confidence of satisfactory service. By insisting on trade-marked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.

Absorbine Jr. 41	Kellogg's Corn Flakes 53
Alma College 60	Kellogg's Whole Wheat Flakes... 55
Aristo Products 42-59	Kenton Pharmacal Co. 60
Baker's Coconut 56	Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd. 32
Benedict, F. L. Co. 42-54-60	Kodak 34-35
Bishop Strachen School 60	Kraft-Phenix Cheese Co. Ltd. ... 50-51
Boots Chemists 40	Kruschen Salts 60
Borden Co. Ltd., The 57	Lambert, Marion of Canada Ltd. 32
Brownatone 60	Lambert Pharmacal Co. 2nd Cover
Campbell's Soup 17	Lever Bros.:
Canada Starch Co. 54	Lux 26
Canadian General Rubber... 42-59	Listerine 2nd Cover
Canadian Homes and Gardens.. 63	Maxwell House Coffee 49
Canadian Kodak Co. 34-35	Maybelline 32
Canadian National Exhibition .. 59	Mazola 54
Canadian Spool Cotton, The 67	Merck & Co. 43
Castoria 43	Mercolized Wax 36
Chesebrough Mfg. Co. 36	Metropolitan Life Ins. Co. 22
Chipso 4th Cover	Miracle Whip Mayonnaise 50
Coats' and Clark's Spool Cotton.. 67	Mum 24
Colgate Palmolive Peet Co.:	Northam Warren Corporation:
Palmolive Soap 29	Glazo 33
Ribbon Dental Cream 28	Odorono 39
Colonial Sheets 65	Odorono, The Co. Inc. 39
Cream of Wheat Co. 3rd Cover	Oxydol 44
Cuticura Remedies 40	Palmers Ltd.:
Delnaps 32	Tangee 36
Delong Hook & Eye Co. 32	Palmolive Soap 29
Dew 32	Paris Paté 42-54-60
Dominion Textile Co. Ltd. 65	Pepsodent Toothpaste 40
Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal 56	Polk Miller Products 59
Fletcher's Castoria 43	Pond's Extract Co. of Can. Ltd. 19
Forhan's Limited 37	Potter Drug & Chemical Co. 40
General Foods:	Procter & Gamble Co.:
Baker's Coconut 56	Chipso 4th Cover
Maxwell House Coffee 49	Oxydol 44
General Motors of Canada Ltd. 20-21	Resinol 38
Glazo Limited 33	Rexall Drug Stores 40
Gouraud Oriental Cream 38	Ridley College 61
Hall & Ruckle Co. 36-38	Roman Meal 56
Hansen, Chris. Laboratories 54	Sani-Flush 59
Heinz, H. J. Company 2	Sergeant's Dog Medicines 59
Hosezone 40	Stillman Freckle Cream 36
Hurlbut Shoes 42	Tangee 36
Hughes, E. Griffith & Co. 60	Texcraft 57
Hygienic Products Co. Ltd. 59	Three-in-One-Oil 61
Jergens, The Andrew Co. 31	Viceroy Mfg. Co. 54
Johnson & Johnson Limited 42	Woodbury's Facial Powder 30
Junket Folks 54	Woodbury's Facial Soap 23
	X-Bazin 36-38
	Young, W. F. & Co. 41
	Zonite 38

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fabrics like pure silk and all woolen materials call for J. & P. Coats' Spool Silk. Ideal for hemstitching and finishing. Dependable for hand or machine sewing—150 shades to choose from ... 50 yards of pure silk to every spool.

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Dept. X-32, P.O. Box 519, Montreal, P.Q.

I enclose 10¢ for new book, "Sewing Secrets."

Name.....

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TUBBABLE SUMMER STYLES



No. 229 — Try seersucker for this gay cruising ensemble — plain for skirt and jacket, brilliant-striped for the top. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards for dress and jacket, 1 yard for bodice — 39 inch material.

No. 1295 — Sleeveless dress and romper-undergarment — ideal for hot weather play, and all included in the one pattern. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards for frock; $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards for undergarment — 39 inch material.

No. 1180 — The simpler the summer frock the cooler and more comfortable it is. This one has pretty lines and is very easily laundered. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 1291 — The wide cape collar disguises heavy upper-arms, and the softly draped surplice closing is kind to fuller figures. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 35 inch material.

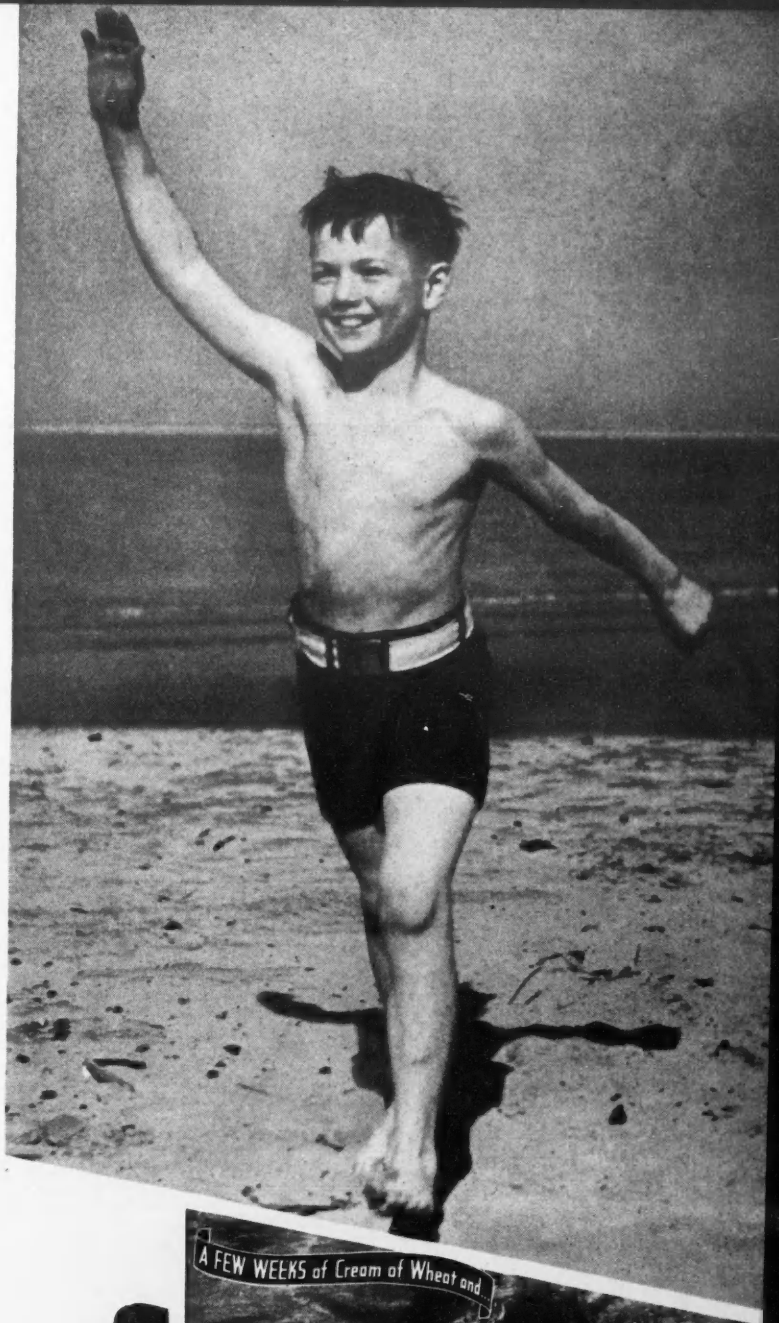
No. 1294 — A delightful style for a tennis or beach frock. There is a capelet, too, which may be buttoned on over the shoulders and sun-tan back. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard for capelet and belt.

Chatelaine Patterns

Price 15 cents

Imagine!

He was once a
"quick-tiring" child...



AREN'T THE YOUNGSTERS
HAVING THE TIME OF
THEIR LIVES? LOOK . . .
IT'S A RACE!

WITH MY JIMMY
A BAD SECOND, AS
USUAL. HE TIRES
SO QUICKLY!

IT WORRIES ME.
HE SHOULDN'T GET
ALL IN LIKE THAT.
YOUR BOBBY DOESN'T

HE PROBABLY NEEDS
MORE QUICK ENERGY.
WHY NOT START HIM
ON CREAM OF WHEAT
BREAKFASTS?

A FEW WEEKS of Cream of Wheat and

HOLY SMOKES!
BLUB! WAIT UP,
JIMMY

COME ON, SPEEDY.
I THOUGHT YOU SAID
YOU'D BEAT ME!

1 to 6 are "Danger Years",
doctors warn! Are you giving this
approved protection?

Yes, there is a sure way to help keep your child alert, thriving—even through wilting summer heat. A way which doctors have advised for nearly two generations.

Keep up his bodily energy with delicious, quick-acting Cream of Wheat! Serve it at breakfast—often at supper time, too.

If only you could realize, as medical men do, what this will mean to your child!

Right now, day after day, he is burning up vital energy in grown-up amounts. Yet his immature, little-boy system, unlike a grown-up's, cannot store up more than half the energy he needs for a single day!

The chance of overdoing—of serious strain—is great. So great that these years from 1 to 6 are actually known as the most dangerous in all childhood!

Cream of Wheat fights strain! It yields an abundance of the energy needed

for work and play and sturdy growth.

And because Cream of Wheat digests as easily as milk, its energy benefits a youngster faster than that of any other type of cereal ordinarily served.

Cream of Wheat is made from the best hard Canadian wheat, purified and re-purified by scientific heat treatment.

The child who begins each day with a bowl of this protective food develops an important margin of safety. He isn't so likely to "catch everything going". He gains weight steadily and naturally.

Start now to give your child Cream of Wheat each day. It comes only in boxes. Kept clean—kept fresh—kept safe by a unique triple seal. Taints and contaminations like those found in bulk cereals in bins and loose bags are locked out for good. The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

Cream of Wheat *Costs little more than
½ cent a serving*

*Gleaming new Silver
for your table...*

SEE THE MARVELOUS OFFER ON THE CREAM
OF WHEAT PACKAGE YOU BUY TODAY

Get a whole set of it! The exciting Coronet Pattern, manufactured in heavy silver plate by the well-known Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd. It's a wonderful opportunity. And here's a happy thought: save on gifts and bridge prizes—give some of this exquisite silver!

CREAM OF WHEAT IS NEVER SOLD LOOSE
IN BAGS, ONLY IN THIS BOX—Made in Canada from Canadian Wheat



• THE LAST WORD •

Our Readers Have It.

The Young-Old

THE "LAST WORD" is certainly an addition to your fine magazine that your readers appreciate. I have always felt that the editor of *Chatelaine* entered my home with the magazine; now the readers come in, too. "M. W.'s" comment was perfectly true. She said "Thrift and self-denial have no place nowadays. It is the leisure lover, the dishonest and wasters who get the 'plums.'" My own case seems just the same—all our savings gone to tide us over the bad years we have just passed through. Now we are on relief. While not really old, our earning power is getting weaker, so we cannot possibly replace those savings. And yet we are young enough to have a good many years ahead of us. What is going to happen to these young-old people who will never be able to replace what the gluttonous Depression has cheated us of?—Disgusted, Montreal.



Let the Woman Propose

APPARENTLY Constance Templeton would have women adopt a more masculine mode of procedure. I do not think the man of today would appreciate it. We know that woman does go out after her man now, and makes him understand, in a more or less round-about way, that she wants him.

Through business, woman is becoming a better mate for man. The real place for her is in her own home, which becomes a happier place when run on business lines. What is needed in the marriage partnership is more love and mutual respect, more love and more romance. The proper place for romance is after marriage, not before. It will come in the thrill of mutual effort and achievement, the well-managed home and well-brought up family. We need less glamour in wooing. Less of the idea that good looks, the open hand and good times are indications of character and worth. A business instinct as a background to love should be a guiding factor toward detecting worth and compatibility. All of this without love is worth nothing. If you cannot view it as a sacred thing, at least abolish the superficial from marriage and you will nigh abolish the divorce court.—A Mere Man, Toronto.

Outdoor Living Room

I WANT to tell you how deeply indebted we are to *Chatelaine* and the article "An Outdoor Living Room." The description was so descriptive and comprehensive.

We immediately set to work to make an outdoor living room for our home, as we have no verandah that is suitable. On the southwest side of the house was an unutilized space where the living room extended at right angles beyond the dining room. We put our summer room there, enclosed it on all four sides with screenings and awnings about three feet high for privacy. A three-foot square, screened window on hinges was put opposite our dining room window and a foot-and-a-half wide shelf put outside to

accommodate dishes, food, or anything we wished to hand out from the dining room. We brought electricity from the basement. The radio is near enough to hear pleasantly. The room is ten by twelve and commands a view of the front lawn and flowers, and at the other end our garden, flowers, trees, and children playing. One and all of our family of twelve are delighted with our room. We finished it similarly to the one described in your magazine. The total cost was about one hundred dollars but we feel it constituted a good, sound investment with good returns for our money. We painted it to correspond with the house proper and built it level to the ground.—L. J. C., Winnipeg.

Adventure

THE ARTICLE "Queer Jobs" by Madge Huston will appeal to the entire feminine sex, both the adventurous and the timid, because girls as well as boys have a decided streak of adventure in their make-up, for which it is not always possible to find an outlet. Will you give us more like it?—(Mrs.) R. MacDuff, Toronto.

Finding Fault

MY LITTLE word of criticism is for Elizabeth Hope. I often wonder if it would be possible for her to comment upon a British talkie without always finding fault with the picture or the actors. On looking over my back numbers I have come to the conclusion that she must be distinctly "agin them."—M. F., Edmonton.



Teaching New Canadians

I DO enjoy your magazine! Isn't it wonderful when you stop to think of how far your influence goes? I was out in the country the other day—taking bird pictures, and a little girl of eleven, a Ruthenian, housekeeper and cook on her daddy's farm, brought out a copy of *Chatelaine* to show me. It was dog-eared and soiled but every page was intact.

"I learned how to set tables from this book," she said, "and I'm learning different things to cook." She was so proud of a tablecloth of red-checked gingham, copied from an illustration in one of the issues, and was doing her best to plan her family's meals as you advised.—M. J. B., Winnipeg.

The Baby Cover

I WISH you could know the real pleasure your July baby cover gave us. It is such a long time since you have had a baby cover that we were afraid you had given them up altogether. This one has the prettiest eyes in the world, and we have cut it out and framed it to keep in the children's room. I have heard many comments on it from friends everywhere. So be sure to give us more covers like this, if you want your magazine talked about!—J. B., Ottawa.

Genuine Canadian

MAY I congratulate you on your story "Lady in Homespun." It was delightful, well conceived and written, and with an interesting background. It was especially timely when interest centres in my part of the world in the Toronto Centennial. I hope we have more like it. There is all too little fiction that is genuinely Canadian in its mood these days.—N. G., Hamilton.

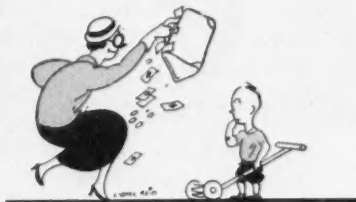
Helpful Fiction

WHAT A fine story "Disturbing Age" was. It showed so clearly what a father is up against with a daughter of that age. It was one of the most sympathetic and valuable stories I have read. That type of story makes fiction more than worth while, for we can find help in our daily living. And what more can any story do? I advise every reader not to miss it. If you have, get your back copy and read it now.—R. L. M., Ottawa.



World Conditions

THE ONLY way our Canadian women can ever do anything helpful in the way of peace work is to search into the causes of war, and every other social evil, by a thorough study of our present world conditions. It is ridiculous to hear women discussing plans and ideas when they haven't the faintest idea of what really constitutes the danger we are facing today. Until women know something really definite about what is happening in the world today, their interest and enthusiasm are only pathetic.—(Mrs.) R. H., Regina.



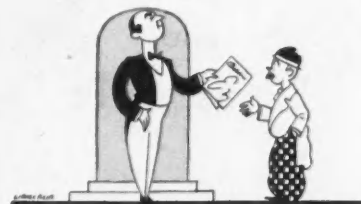
Easy Money

CONGRATULATIONS on your article "We Teach Them!" by Donna Matthews, discussing how easily children learn to lie through their parents. Another theme on the same line which might well be developed, is the harm done to children when they see their parents getting money without work—in horseracing and gambling, for instance. When mother comes in from the races, shrill and excited over her winnings, the boy or girl gets a glimpse of easy money and begins to think that only the dull and simple-minded have to work for their money. . . . You are doing remarkably well with the magazine.—Nellie McClung, Vancouver.

Women and Peace Work

MAY I suggest in reply to G. C. M. of Vancouver, who wanted to know what she could do to get her group really working for peace, that she realize that the first duty of every interested woman is to study the causes of war, nationalism, the manufacture of armaments for profits, imperialism and the futile effects of war. Gather a group of women and study such books as "The Intelligent Man's Way to Prevent War," or Sir Norman Angell's "From Chaos to Control."

Knowledge is more important than enthusiasm. Ask for a minute or two to tell important international events to any society or group to which you belong. Get ideas and suggestions from the League of Nations Society in Ottawa. Arrange for an Armistice service in your church. Start a Peace Section in your public library. Get a representative from every woman's organization in your community for a League of Nations Society Committee whose duty will be to keep the women's societies interested in the work of the League of Nations. Commence with the spirit of peace and good will toward all creeds, races and colors in your community. The prayer of the Women's League of Nations Association is "God is love, and they that dwell in love, dwell in God, therefore we unite our prayers and our efforts that love and good will may prevail in our own hearts, in our community and the world." A. A. C., Toronto.



Thank You

I THINK it is quite time that I told you how much I do appreciate your magazine. I give a Christmas gift of it to my friends in England and they cannot speak too highly of it, always passing it along so that it may be enjoyed by as many people as possible.—B., Toronto.

A Sad Ending

AS A FICTION fan I'd like to tell you I admire your bravery in publishing "Each in His Own Time" in the July issue—a love story with a sad ending! Most magazines feel that we readers only want the story-book finish to a tale, whereas this story was so true to life as so many men and women have experienced it, that it makes a memorable piece of reading. And the impression it left in the mind—that of generation after generation struggling triumphantly through difficulties—is one to give us all more courage. Why pretend that life is a bed of roses when we know through actual living how hard it can be? You can't scare us with true-to-life endings. But you can disgust us with endless repetitions of "she got her man." Hundreds of us don't!—A. W., Toronto.

"I just can't find faded clothes in our wardrobe now"



SAYS THIS PLEASED
YOUNG MOTHER



"It is easy to get David's pants and sweater clean with Chipso. These clothes are 8 MONTHS OLD."

"Nancy's dress is an old-timer—UNFADED by repeated Chipso washing."

"This new waffle-weave cotton homespun washes beautifully, with Chipso. And see how new Jo Ann's dress looks after at least 60 WASHINGS!"

"You know," admitted Mrs. Rae Bryant, with her attractive, frank smile, "maybe I have a washwoman's soul, but really I love to slosh clothes in Chipso suds! They get so clean. In no time at all!"

"Look," I said, pulling a handful of white pieces out of the tub one day when a friend came in while I was washing, 'aren't they white . . . aren't they just gorgeous?"

"And they *smell* so clean!" she enthused.

"Well they do. All our clothes are nicer and stay so much brighter and crisper since I've washed them myself with Chipso. My colored woman hangs the clothes out and irons them, so the part I do is EASY. You don't have to rub, with Chipso, to get the clothes clean.

"Yet Chipso is too beautifully safe for everything! Even the children's sweaters. As for colors, you can hardly pick the old clothes from the new ones in our wardrobe now. And I'll tell you a joke on me. I had a cheap kimono I didn't like. 'Oh, well, it will fade when it's washed,' I thought, 'then I can throw it away.' But I reckoned without Chipso. My kimono didn't fade at all!"

Chipso is SOAPIER . .

therefore quick and SAFE

Chipso, although it works so fast, is safe for colors and fabrics, because Chipso is not adulterated with harsh, "dirt-cutting" ingredients. It is SOAPIER. Its bland, RICHER SUDS loosen the dirt and float it out without friction. Don't endanger clothes you have

spent good money for by washing them in cheap flakes or strong granulated soaps and powders. Play safe . . . with Chipso. The big package at its low price is an economy in itself, and . . . it keeps the clothes new-looking. Your grocer has Chipso for you, remember.

This is an unretouched, direct color photograph of Mrs. Rae Bryant and her children, Nancy, David and Jo Ann.

MADE IN CANADA

Chipso
makes clothes wear longer



"When I bought my colored bed-spreads I was so afraid they'd fade. But they come out of Chipso suds every time with the color even and clear as new."